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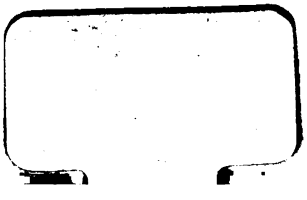

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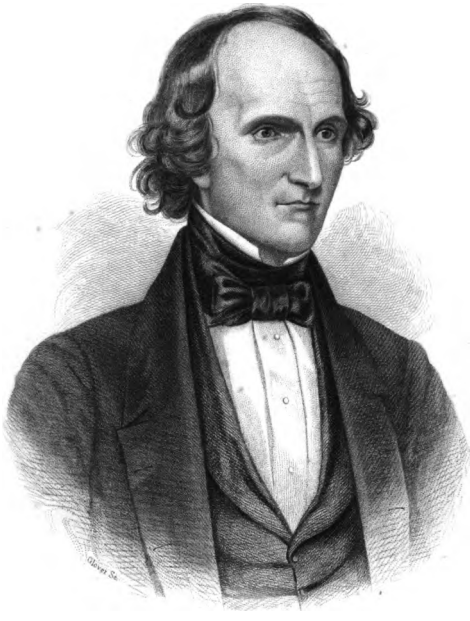

Yours Fraternally—

Elihu Burritt

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THOUGHTS AND THINGS

AT

HOME AND ABROAD.

BY

ELIHU BURRITT.

AUTHOR OF "SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL," ETC.

WITH A MEMOIR,

BY MARY HOWITT.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY,
NEW YORK: J. C. DERBY.
1854.

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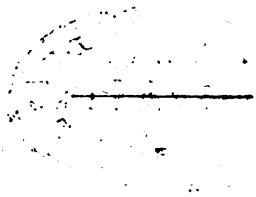

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MEMOIR OF ELIHU BURRITT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Among the many remarkable men of this remarkable age, most of whom we hope to present from time to time to our readers, no one seems to us more worthy of notice than Elihu Burritt. Elihu Burritt is not merely remarkable for his knowledge of languages — a knowledge which is perfectly stupendous, and which having been acquired under circumstances which at first sight would seem to present insuperable barriers to anything beyond the most ordinary acquirements, may naturally excite our surprise and admiration — but he is remarkable in a high moral degree; and this it is, combined with his great learning, which entitles him to our love and reverence. His many languaged head is wedded to a large and benevolent heart, every throb of which is a sentiment of brotherhood to all mankind. Like an apostle of peace and good-will, he has come amongst us, with the clasped hands as his cognizance, as a teacher and promulgator of Christ's own doctrine of love. He has not read Homer and Virgil, and the Sagas of the North, and the Vedas of the East, to admire only, and

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to teach others to admire, the strong-handed warrior, cutting his way to glory through prostrate and bleeding thousands: he has read, only to learn more emphatically, that God made all men to be brethren; and that Christ gave, as the sum-total of his doctrines, that they should love one another. This is the end of all his reading and learning; and better by far to have learned thus, with hard hands and a swarthy brow, over the labors of his forge and hammer, than to have studied in easy universities, to have worn lawn and ermine, yet to have garnered no expansive benevolence while he became a prodigy of learning.

And let us here be permitted to say one word upon what may justly be called the true aristocracy of America. This class is calculated to produce a moral era; and it is with a joyful spirit that we say it is not only influential, but it is becoming more so day by day. Of this class, many are poor, as to worldly wealth, and lowly as to birth and station — where station is reckoned by income, fine equipages, etc. — yet their influence is diffusive as light and air, and, like these pure elements, they produce only vitality and a healthy moral existence. Of this class are the Garrisons, the Chapmans, the Channings, the Whittiers, the Childs, the Hutchinsons, the ——s, the ——s: we could add a long list of names, but we refrain, for many of those on whom our eye is fixed are men and women, many of them quite young, who, though influencing a large circle, are as yet unknown to the public. The outward characteristics of this class are gentleness, the spirit of self-sacrifice, purity, benevolence, simplicity, combined with great intelligence, activity of mind, broad sympathies, and the most innate refinement and good breeding. It is unlike anything English, French, or German that we ever saw. It is the pure, affectionate Christian life of young America. It is the realization of all that Franklin and Washington dreamed of, and

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out of which true national greatness will grow. It is the spiritual life of the holiest and best of the pilgrim fathers and mothers, now coming forth, like seed long buried, to a beautiful and noble growth, which, having truth and religion for its supports, will spread like light, and become universal. Of this class is Elihu Burritt, and to him we now return with pleasure.

Elihu Burritt was born in New Brittain, Connecticut, Dec. 8, 1811. His father and grandfather both bore the same christian name, and, with all who bear the name of Burritt in America, are descended from William Burritt, who died at Stratford, in Connecticut, in 1651. Our Elihu's father was a shoemaker, and supported in credit and respectability a family of ten children, of whom the subject of this memoir was the youngest of the five sons. His was a hard life, as may well be imagined; but his troubles and difficulties never soured the milk of human kindness with which his heart was full. His son describes him as "a man of nervous temperament, quick apprehension, and vivid sympathies;" in proof of this latter virtue, we need only tell, that his house, which was a very small one, and very full of its own inmates, yet afforded a sheltering roof for more poor and benighted travellers than any other house in the town. It stood near the church too, and in cold winter weather received all such poor old men and women, during the interval of the morning and afternoon service, as had no other refuge than the frosty walls of the church. Amongst the earliest recollections of Burritt's childhood is the arranging of all the chairs and stools in the house in a semi-circle around the fire, and the benevolent expression of countenance with which his father used to conduct to the best seat in this social circle an old idiotic pauper, known by the name of "Aunt Sarah." No respect of persons was shown here, excepting in so far as they were pre-eminently poor and friendless. It must not be supposed,

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however, that "Aunt Sarah" stood in this relationship to the family. The Burritts had multitudes of aunts and uncles, but the connection came alone from "consanguinity of affliction." If any one in the town met with a misfortune, lost a limb, or became halt, or blind, or dumb, he became to this good family an uncle or an aunt. What a sermon might be preached from this text!

Many a time, when returning weary from market, at ten miles distance, the good shoemaker would walk two or three miles out of his way to leave a few oysters or oranges, or some such acceptable present, to some sick person or poor sufferer, who stood in need of these things. The wife of this good man was worthy of him. In the emphatic words of her youngest son — "She was the best friend her children had on this side of Jesus Christ." Those of her children who died, as well as those who are still living, testified to the influence of her prayers, and to the teachings of her godly life. She exhibited all their father's benevolence and human sympathies, with an unruffled placidity of manner which was truly beautiful.

With such home-training was it to be wondered at that the children of the poor shoemaker grew up good men and women? The wonder would have been, we think, if they had grown up otherwise. Elijah, the eldest son, was apprenticed to a blacksmith, with whom he served two or three years, studying the while mathematics, for which he had a taste. At the end of this time, however, he met with an accident which disabled him for some months, during which he pursued his favorite study with such ardor, as to induce some benevolent friends to send him to college as soon as he was able to lay aside his crutches. Before he was twenty-one, he brought out his work called *Logarithmetic*. On leaving college, he went to the State of Georgia, where he resided several years; first as a schoolmaster, then as a civil

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engineer, and lastly as editor and proprietor of a newspaper at the seat of government. Being suspected of holding principles favorable to the total abolition of slavery, he was obliged to fly for his life to the north. All he had gained by severe industry for years was thus confiscated; and in 1830 he began life anew in his native town. He now completed an astronomical work called *The Geography of the Heavens*, which soon became a popular school-book.

Being the youngest of the five sons, it was the privilege of our Elihu to remain at home with his parents, and contribute to the support and comfort of their old age. Among the pleasantest reminiscences of his earlier life are the exertions he made for this purpose. At sixteen he had arrived at the full stature and strength of a man. He now united himself with the Congregational Church in New Brittain, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Henry Jones; and is at the present time a member in regular standing of the same Church, whose articles of faith are the same as those of the Independents in England. At this time his father's first and last illness commenced, which lasted for almost a year. During the whole of this time, this excellent son labored through the day in the field or the forest, and then watched through half the night at the bedside of his father, that his mother might be enabled to take necessary rest. After his father's death he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith of the town, the only school education he had as yet received being three months at a district-school during the winter, before he was fifteen. Of far greater importance, however, than this scanty tuition was the keen appetite for reading which kept his mind awake, and which was doubtless stimulated by the difficulty he had in procuring books. This intense passion for reading he attributes in the first place, less to to the innate force of his own mind than to a mere adventitious cir-

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cumstance in his early youth. At that time the old revolutionary soldiers abounded in every neighborhood of New England. It was a pleasure to them, and they deemed it a duty of the first magnitude also, to gather around such hearths as were open to their reception, and to rehearse to the rising generation all their strange stories about the wars. A knot of these garrulous old pensioners were regular visitors at his father's house; and it fell to Elihu's share to draw the cider for them, from which they derived a certain degree of inspiration. The graphic manner in which these earnest old men related, embellished and exaggerated, perhaps, the fictions or facts of their revolutionary experience, excited the mind of the boy to the highest degree. He had the keenest relish for their stories, or for any such as resembled them. It was not long, therefore, before he made the delightful discovery that tales of a similar character might be found in books. He read such as fell into his hands, and found them as interesting as those told by the old grandfathers of the village. It was this love of narrative which made the bible such a fascinating book to him: it had all the charms to him which the novel-reader finds in the last new romance. It was the first book which he read, after getting through the spelling-book, and he used to steal away with it under his arm, and devour its wonderful histories and its personal narratives with a zest which his good mother fondly mistook for religious impressions. Often has he heard her telling her neighbors with pride of this characteristic of the boy, and how she built upon it a hope of his becoming a useful and eminent Christian.

When the bible was exhausted, a great vacuum remained, which it would require a somewhat large library to fill. All the books in the village were contained in the parish library; and from this, only once in two months could a subscriber obtain any book,

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and then he could only take two quartos, or four duodecimos. It was an event of the deepest interest to the poor lad, whose mind was fairly famishing for books, when he first accompanied his mother to one of these important meetings. With a breathless feeling of impatience, he saw the librarian open a kind of cupboard in the church, and thus reveal to his eyes about two hundred volumes. There was no great choice amongst them. They consisted of history and sermons; but he had had an earnest conference with his mother in the church porch, and they had come to a compromise with regard to the books to be selected for the next two months, with which he could not be greatly dissatisfied. He was to select one half, according to his own particular taste, for his own particular reading, and she the remainder. It is needless to say that his choice fell upon books of history, while his mother devoted herself to sermons and homilies. Two little duodecimo volumes were, however, but scanty fare for his hungry mind, and, spite of the most rigid frugality of reading, never lasted him beyond the first month of the stipulated time; so that, to use his own phrase, for the last month he was in a state of intellectual famine. The last week of this month, and the one before the "next drawing of books," was one of great excitement; and most earnest used his endeavors to be, to persuade his mother that, with so good a minister as they had, one small volume of sermons might suffice for her spiritual necessities; and sometimes, but not often, he induced her to be of his opinion.

In this way, by the time he was sixteen, he was master of the contents of all the historical works contained in the little parish-library, and many of which he had read two or three times over. Burritt himself attributes the living, unappeasable zest which he has ever had for books, to the early difficulty which he had in obtaining them. It is probable, he says, that had he been turned

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into an immense library as soon as he was able to read, he should never have acquired such a taste for reading, and the whole tenor of his life might have been different.

Soon after the age of sixteen, he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith, and took up his residence with his brother Elijah, who, as we said before, fled from Georgia to his native town, and here opened a school. By Elijah's advice, however, when his term of apprenticeship had expired, and he was one and twenty, he laid aside his hammer, and became a student with his brother for one half-year. In doing this he had no higher aim in view than that of being able to manage a surveyor's compass, and perhaps of reading Virgil in Latin. He could earn a dollar and a half a day at his trade, and consequently might consider that every day he spent in school cost him that sum of money. This reflection made him doubly industrious. After this half-year of study, in the spring, he found himself well-versed in mathematics; he had gone through Virgil in Latin, and had read several French works; he was therefore well satisfied with himself, and returned again to the forge, determined to make up for lost time. To accomplish this thoroughly, he engaged himself to do the work of two men, and thus received double wages. Severe as this labor was, and requiring fourteen hours of each day, he still found time to read a little of Virgil, or a few pages of French, morning or evening. He at this time also first began to look into the Spanish, which, to his delight he found he could read without much difficulty. Burritt's was not a mind to stand still, or to be satisfied with the attainment of the nearest goal; there was still always a goal beyond, and that must also be reached. Thus it was that, during this summer, he conceived the idea of making himself acquainted with Greek. He procured, therefore, a Greek grammar, a little book which would just lie in the crown of his straw

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hat, and which he thus carried with him to his work, which was the casting of brass cow-bells in a couple of furnaces, which he had to watch with no small attention. Whilst standing over these waiting for the fusing of the metal, he would take out his little grammar, and commit part of a Greek verb to memory. Thus he worked on, both with head and hands, till autumn.

With autumn came self-dissatisfaction. He saw again the intellectual world lying before him like an undiscovered land; and again he resolved to sacrifice a whole winter to extend that knowledge which was so necessary to him. He left his furnaces, therefore, and went to New Haven, not, as our readers may imagine, with the intention of entering Yale College, but with a vague sort notion that the very atmosphere of that seat of learning would facilitate his progress. If, however, this did not much assist, it certainly did not retard him, for the intellectual labor of this winter seems perfectly miraculous. On arriving in town he took lodgings at an inn, and commenced a course of study on the following plan, which we will give in his own words: — "As soon as the man who attended to the fires had made one in the common sitting-room, which was at about half-past four in the morning, I arose, and studied German till breakfast, which was served at half-past seven. When the boarders were gone to their places of business, I sat down to Homer's Iliad, without a note or comment to assist me, and with a Greek and Latin lexicon. A few minutes before the people came in to their dinners I put away all my Greek and Latin, and began reading Italian, which was less calculated to attract the notice of the noisy men who at that hour thronged the room. After dinner I took a short walk, and then again sat down to Homer's Iliad, with a determination to master it without a master. The proudest moment of my life was when I had first possessed myself of the full meaning of the first

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fifteen lines of that noble work. I took a triumphal walk in celebration of that exploit. In the evening I read in the Spanish language until bedtime. I followed this course for two or three months, at the end of which time I had read about the whole of the Iliad in Greek, and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German, and Spanish."

When the winter was over, he returned again to New Britain, girded on his leathern apron, and again resolved to "make up for lost time." The fame of his learning, however, had travelled before him, and he was requested to undertake the management of a grammar-school in a neighboring town. This post he occupied for a year, attending no less sedulously to his own studies than to those of his pupils. At the end of this time, however, his health suffered from the confinement, and from the want of that vigorous exercise to which he had been accustomed, and he was compelled to give up his school.

After having given up his school, Elihu Burritt engaged himself, much to his own advantage, as a travelling agent to a manufacturing company in New Britain. He took his books with him on his journeys, and whenever he came to unfrequented places on the road would leave the horse at liberty to take its own time, while he devoted himself to his favorite studies, and very soon the animal so well understood this mode of procedure, which was pleasant enough to him, as to act upon it instinctively. During these journeys, he commenced and pursued the study of Hebrew. His Hebrew bible and several works in Spanish were his daily companions, and even occupied some hours of each night. This mode of life continued for twelve months, during which he made his first essay in original authorship, in a story called *My Brother's Grave.* Thus a new faculty was discovered, and ever after the pen became a medium of communication between him and the public.

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His next change was to commence business on his own account in New Britain, but unfortunately this was just before the great commercial revulsion, which was felt not only in America, but also in England, and Burritt, like many another trader, was an unsuccessful man. Besides all this, he was not one calculated for success in trade, where it is necessary that a man should have undivided thoughts, and two eyes behind and before, all directed to his own interest — no, Burritt's heart and soul were still in his learned books, and to these he again very wisely devoted his attention, determined to consecrate his life, henceforth, to intellectual pursuits. His mind was now turned to the study of the Oriental languages, but a difficulty soon arose from the want of books. To overcome this difficulty he resolved to make a voyage to Europe, working his way across the Atlantic as a common sailor, or in any other capacity in which he could receive wages for the work of his hands. These wages it was his intention to spend in the purchase of books at any port at which the ship might stop, and thus return to his own country with a little library. Boston was the nearest port, at the distance of a hundred and twenty miles, and to Boston he set out on foot. All his worldly wealth went with him; his change of linen tied in a handkerchief, three dollars and an old silver watch in his pocket, which watch was of no use to him, as it did not go, and he could not afford to have it mended. His mother furnished him with gingerbread and other light provision for his journey, little knowing, however, what the real object of this journey was, for he told neither her nor any of his acquaintance.

Foot-sore and weary after a travel of a hundred and twenty miles, he arrived at Boston to find that no vessel was sailing from that port. He learned, however, to his comfort, that an antiquarian library existed in the town of Worcester, which was forty miles distance, and to that place he now resolved on going, de-

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termined to take work as a journeyman, and to gain access to the library. A feeling, however, of unwonted depression lay heavily on his mind; he was exhausted by bodily fatigue, lame, and reduced in finances to one dollar and the old watch. He limped along the streets of this city as he was about to leave it, feeling himself poor, and weak, and mean, in comparison with the very walls of the houses, which as he glanced up to them looked to him, as he himself has been heard to say, like the walls of the New Jerusalem. When he reached Boston bridge, on his way to Worcester, he was overtaken by a waggon which a boy was driving. On inquiry, he found that the boy was going to Worcester, and was willing to take him there as he requested. This was a great god-send to his weary frame, for it was forty miles to that town. Arrived at the end of the journey, he counselled with himself as to the payment which he should make the boy for the ride. The dollar, which was available money, he could not part with; he offered him, therefore, the old watch, telling him of its present useless condition, but that as he could perhaps afford to have it mended, it might be worth more even than the ride; and if he found it so, at some future time, he might give him the difference. The boy accepted the watch on these terms, and so they parted for that time; Burritt very soon engaging himself as a journeyman blacksmith, at the low rate of twelve dollars a month, with board. To pursue the little history of the watch, we must say, that a few weeks after he had been thus engaged, the boy entered the shop one day when he was at work at the anvil, and with a smiling countenance handed him a few dollars, which he considered due to him out of the watch; it had been mended, he said, and was then going cleverly. This was a pleasant surprise, but a further surprise remained. During the very last year, when Burritt happened to be travelling from Worcester to New Britain

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by railway, he was familiarly and kindly accosted by a handsome, well-dressed young man, his fellow-traveller. "You have forgotten me, Mr. Burritt," he said, "but I have not forgotten you.' Burritt asked for information to assist his recognition. "You remember," returned the other, "the boy to whom you gave the watch. I am he; a young man now, and a student of Harvard College." It was a pleasant meeting; the warmest hand-shakings followed. "And about that watch," said Burritt, "what has become of it? for, to tell you the truth, I was much attached to it, and should like to have it back again." "That you shall," replied the young man, "you *shall* have it back. I sold it; but I know where it is, and it shall be yours." The watch soon became Burritt's again; and, as he told us with pride, now hangs in his printing-office, and regulates the hours of that Ezekiel who remains behind as the working agent, and to whom our readers have already been pleasantly introduced by Burritt himself.

We now return to Burritt working for his twelve dollars a month. A very short time sufficed to show him that the antiquarian library of Worcester could be of little or no use to him, and this discovery filled him with deep sorrow. The library was open to the public but a certain number of hours in the day, and these were the very hours when his duties as a journeyman-smith confined him to the anvil. He continued, therefore, his Hebrew studies unassisted, as he best was able. Every moment which he could steal out of the four-and-twenty hours was devoted to study; he rose early in the winter mornings, and while the mistress of the house was preparing breakfast by lamplight, he would stand by the mantel-piece, with his Hebrew bible on the shelf, and his lexicon in his hand, thus studying while he ate; the same method was pursued at the other meals; mental and bodily food being taken in together. This severe labor of mind, as might be expected,

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produced serious effects on his health; he suffered much from headaches, the characteristic remedy for which were two or three additional hours of hard forging, and a little less study. We will copy from his diary of this date one week's work, as a specimen of the whole, and our readers may then judge of the gigantic labors of this Titan of learning.

"*Monday*, June 18, headache; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. *Tuesday*, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemain, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging. *Wednesday*, twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, eleven hours forging. *Thursday*, fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours forging. *Friday*, unwell; twelve hours forging. *Saturday*, unwell; fifty pages Natural Philosophy, ten hours forging. *Sunday*, lesson for Bible class."

So wore on the year of 1837. The next spring he engaged himself to work by the piece, and was thus able to arrange his time so as to make the library of use to him. Burritt had already studied the Celtic tongue, and with this an interesting circumstance is connected; he found in the library a grammar and dictionary of the Celto-Breton tongue, which had been presented by the Royal Antiquarian Society of Paris. Suddenly it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to write a letter in that language to the president of that society. Nobody but Burritt would have thought of such a thing, especially when at that moment he knew not one word of the language; however, let no one henceforth talk of difficulties. In three months the language was mastered and the letter duly forwarded to Paris, in August, 1838. About a year afterwards, a gentleman residing in Worcester presented himself before him, as he was at work at the anvil, bearing in his hand a large packet addressed to him. This was from the Royal

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Antiquarian Society of Paris, containing a letter from the secretary acknowledging, with honorable mention, his communication in the Celto-Breton tongue, and forwarding to him the Transactions of the Society and many other interesting documents. Burritt declares this to have been the most gratifying incident that ever occurred to him connected with his studies; and it was extraordinary, for our readers must take it into consideration, that in looking for the necessary word, his dictionary being Celto-Breton and French, he had frequently to hunt through the whole work two or three times before he could find it. Again we say, there are no such things as impediments to the mind that wills it shall be so. About the time of this remarkable letter he commenced his studies of the various languages of the Scandinavian and Sclavonic field.

He had begun to communicate as we have already said, with the public through his pen, and he now conceived that he might add to his small earnings by translations from various tongues, particularly the German. He wrote, therefore, to a gentleman whom he thought could be helpful in this way, giving him a short history of his life and of his present views. This letter was sent to Governor Everett. The first intimation, however, that he had of this circumstance, was by the librarian handing him one day a newspaper which lay on the desk, and pointing out something to which he would call his attention. This was, that Governor Everett had read his letter at a public meeting. A great deal was said on the subject, and all at once he found himself, as he says, "laboring under notoriety." This circumstance, which would have pleased a weak or common mind, was at first sight so overpowering that his instant idea was to flee away to some unknown region, change his name, and thus avoid the evils that he dreaded. A few days afterwards he received an invitation to go to Boston

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on a visit to his Excellency. To this city, accordingly, he once more came. How different this time to the last; then poor, and foot-sore, and oppressed by a sense of his own nothingness — now on a visit to Governor Everett by his own express desire!

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he was received; every offer was made him which could facilitate his studies; he was requested even to enter Harvard College; many were the persons who generously came forward to assist him, and offer him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies. Did he accept of these? No! We are not empowered to say what his exact mode of reasoning might be on this subject; but we could well believe that he shrunk from the paralyzing idea of patronage; from aid which in any way might fetter him, or render him less independent than he had hitherto been. This we can believe. This, however, is certain; he preferred the old course; there was a pleasure to him in it; he loved to feel that he was still of the ranks of the working man. Hear this, working men of England, and honor him for it. He was happy, he was proud, to labor with his hands as you do! He courteously declined the help proffered to him by the great and the wealthy, and stated that he thought he could make better progress by pursuing his own course. One word more to the working young people of England. Burritt states emphatically, and he is capable of judging, that according to his idea, the condition of journeyman or apprentice is the most advantageous for the acquisition of knowledge. Such have no cares on their minds beyond the faithful performance of their day's work; this once done, leaves the mind free for the pursuit of knowledge. Such as these, spite of indentures and engagements, are so far their own masters. Had Burritt, also, in accordance with the generous offers of his new friends, devoted all his time to literary pursuits, and looked to this as a profession, a responsi-

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bility would have been laid upon him; he must have confined the whole of his powers to this one object. As it was now — his day's work done, he had no one to please but himself, and he could wander unblamed over the wide fields of literature, culling where and how he pleased.

He returned again to Worcester, applied to labor harder than ever, and commenced in 1839, a monthly periodical called the *Literary Gemini*, in English and French, designed principally for the students of the latter language. This was not a successful speculation to him, and after a year it was discontinued. His fame, however, by this time had spread far and wide; and during the winter of 1840 he received invitations to lecture in various cities, which he accepted. In 1841, finding his journeyman's wages inadequate to his requirings, he began to trade a little on his own account. He hired an anvil, which he set up in one corner of the shop; and worked here at overtime in the making of garden-tools, which brought in a little extra money. All went to assist in his favorite studies, and his life was happy.

As may naturally be supposed, the press was anxious to obtain his aid, or the advantage of his name. He wrote accordingly, more particularly for the *American Eclectic Review*, which was intended to contain the literature of the world. For this work he translated several of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as a series of papers from the Samaritan, Arabic, and Hebrew. During the winter of 1842 he again lectured, among other places, at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, etc., where the fame of his acquirements, as well as admiration of his character, drew together large audiences. In the course of this season he lectured no less than sixty-eight times. In the spring he returned to his trade in Worcester, where he commenced the study of the Ethiopic, Persian, and Turkish languages.

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Thus passed his time for the next two years; in the winter lecturing; in summer working and studying. After that time, in 1844, having saved a few hundred dollars, he commenced his paper called *The Christian Citizen;* a paper portioned out in a systematic manner, and devoted to religion, peace, anti-slavery advocacy, education, and general information. With regard to the subject of peace, we must state that, shortly before this time, his mind had taken a decided bent. Naturally there was a tendency in him, as every one must believe, to an admiration of the heroic. The vanquisher of difficulties, the victor in any sense, was to his feelings an object of respect and admiration. The heroes of the old times inflamed his imagination: he had rather a tendency than otherwise to regard them as glorious, in the common sense of the word. Now, however, he began to study geography, or, as he styles it, the anatomy of the globe; and from this study he became convinced of a few simple facts. In the first place, it seemed to him plain enough that God meant one nation to be dependant on another, by the arrangement of climates, soils, etc., and by the difference of production; so that while one country could barely subsist upon its own productions, it was dependant for its luxuries — and just in proportion as it becomes elevated, it requires luxuries — upon other countries; and thus by this very simple law of mutual benefit, nation is bound to its brother nation, and the whole world should have no other bond than that of good will.

With these views, Burritt came forth in his paper, as the advocate of universal peace and brotherhood. There was a sentiment in the better part of the American mind which responded cordially to this new and enlarged doctrine of peace; and on all hands papers started up, not, perhaps, so much as generous co-operators as willing participators in the profits to be acquired. Unfortunately, however, for Burritt, at the same time that he advocates the in-

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creasingly popular subject of peace, he advocates, likewise, the liberty of the black man; and this at present tends very much to lessen his pecuniary advantages; but that is of small consequence to this brave man. His motto, that God made of one flesh all nations of the earth, and his cognizance, which henceforth, as he told us, shall be the black hand clasped in the white, testify to his opinions: and the time will come when they will cease to bring odium or loss to any one.

Burritt now stood before the public as the promulgator of peace rather than as the marvellous linguist. The allotted columns of his paper, however, were too narrow for this broad subject; and like Noah cooped in the ark, he sent forth his dove, bearing the olive leaf as a token of the better time that was approaching. The dove, kowever, unlike the patriarch's, came not back with tidings that the better time was not come. The time *was* come. Forth flew every week, from the little printing-house in Worcester, larger and larger flocks of doves and olive-leaves. In the city and in forest — in the seaport town and the log hut of the backwoodsman — with the poor slave who could just read and with the members of Congress — they found their welcome: they even crossed the Atlantic, and were amongst us.

They came here; and at the time when the Oregon question assumed its most serious aspect, most probably suggested to the mind of a good man in Manchester the idea of the merchants of Great Britain addressing the merchants of America, on the mutual benefits to be derived from the continuance of peace. The idea was adopted and acted upon; and to Elihu Burritt, as the publisher of the Olive Leaves, it was sent, with a request that in this form he would circulate it through the Union. The same steamer that carried over this address, brought back one also to the ministers of the gospel of the two countries, urging them to imitate

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the merchants, and address each other on this truly Christian subject. Nothing could have been more consonant to Elihu Burritt's heart. He called upon one class to address another, one town to address another — and especially its namesake in the kindred land — that thus a spirit of international good-fellowship should be excited, and the two countries, as it were, shake hands. The suggestion reached willing hearts: the very next steamer brought out addresses from Old England's Boston and Plymouth, to New England's Boston and Plymouth; and subsequently friendly addresses were interchanged between Edinburgh and Washington, Manchester and New York, Exeter and Philadelphia, Norwich and Norwich, Worcester and Worcester. What a glorious moral spectacle was this! These addresses furnished fresh Olive Leaves; and Burritt went to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York to deliver the addresses in person. All this still further identified him with the question of peace; and in January of the present year (1846) he became, in addition to his other labors, the editor and proprietor of the *Peace Advocate.*

The Mexican war broke out, and then the dove for the first time came back discomforted: there was not the rest for the sole of her foot that there had been. This was a melancholy token; but Burritt, nothing disheartened, commenced then a little work, consisting of four pages, called the *Bond of Brotherhood*, which he purposed for distribution on steamers and at railway stations. Why this should have been more successful than the dove, with her olive leaf, we know not; but it seems to have been so, for Burritt employed for many months no less than four young men, actively employed in distributing them. These *Bonds of Brotherhood* were circulated on the railways in most of the free States.

On the 16th of June, 1846, Burritt left America for this country. He came out in the "Hibernia," the same vessel which carried

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the news of the Oregon question. At the very moment when he stepped on board, he heard the joyful tidings announced that there should be no war. The coincidence was beautiful and singular, to say nothing else.

For a year or two he had been agitating in his mind the scheme of a grand Peace League, which should be to all questions of peace and free trade what the Anti-Corn-Law League had already been to that question. He wished that every one, of any land, who was willing to co-operate, should be members of it; that it should embrace all nations; that the very world should be its platform. The scheme was a grand one; and it seemed to him on coming to England, that a conjuncture of favorable circumstances at that moment was propitious to its commencement. The idea was never absent from his mind, but even more suddenly than he expected did he bring it into operation. He was on his way to London, alone and on foot, when he came to the small town of Pershore, nine miles from Worcester, on the evening of Juiy 29th. It was his intention to stay here for a day or two to write. Here he drew up the pledge which he intended should be signed by the members of the future League of Peace; he bought a little clasped note-book, into which he entered it. That same evening a Mr. Conn invited him to drink tea with him and his friends. There were about twenty in number; he spoke of the pledge, and read it to them, having first signed his own name to it; at once were added, as he himself has chronicled in this same little book, "the names of seventeen men of Pershore, — good men and true." Thus commenced the League of Universal Brotherhood — may it gather the whole world in one fraternal embrace!

Burritt had travelled already through many parts of this country, meeting everywhere with a cordial welcome. Whilst he was

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thus laboring in his vocation of wisdom and love on this side the Atlantic, his worthy assistant, Ezekiel, in conjunction with several earnest friends of peace in New England, was circulating there the pledge of the league, and receiving signatures to it. On the 18th of August, 1846, he sent over, as the first fruits of his labors, the names of 160 persons, many of whom were of high standing and influence. By every steamer which has left since then he has been able to send an equal number, amounting in all to upwards of one thousand. The League of Peace progresses rapidly in America; its numbers increase daily, and in future, as the periodical steamers cross each other on the ocean, each of them will be carrying over, as it were, a detachment of the army of peace to each other's shore. It will not be, as in war, an exchange of the vanquished, but an exchange of victors and friends. Thus shall two great countries be knit together.

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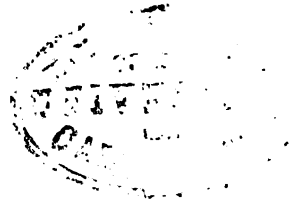

THOUGHTS AND THINGS AT HOME.

WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

I SEE it, you would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now, and tell you the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends, it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless, iron intellects, those iron fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton, and twirled it in the twinkling of an eye, into a whirlwind of wizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts; there was no attribute of Divinity in them, and I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger power; so I am away and left them spinning — cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much intellectual philosophy

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in my hammer as in any of the enginery agoing in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears; I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! Yes, he had come looking for all the world like the great Dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the "base use," to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexiped move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards their city-slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy bee-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded the cities together! But for its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of — horse power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer. Passing along the street one afternoon I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So without more ado, I stepped in, and there, in a corner of a room, I saw the chef d'œuvre of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese press. It went with a lever — with a lever, longer, stronger, than that, with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

"It is a printing press," said a boy standing by the ink trough with a queueless turban of brown paper on his head. "A printing press!" I queried musingly to myself. "A printing press? what do you print?" I asked. "Print?" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully, "why we print thoughts." "Print thoughts!" I

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slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration, he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another ink mark on his forehead from a pathetic motion of his left hand to quicken his apprehension of my meaning. "Why, yes," he reiterated, in a tone of forced confidence, as if passing an idea, which, though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeit, for all he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts, to be sure." "But, my boy," I asked in honest soberness, "what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?" "Thoughts are what come out of the people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed? Why minds arn't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, would n't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they do n't make any noise, nor have any color; they do n't weigh anything. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says, that a man weighs just as much when his mind has gone out of him as he did before.—No, sir, all the minds that ever lived would n't weigh an ounce troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts?" I asked. "If minds are thin as air, and thoughts thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or color, and are like the winds, and more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment; sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth and in the waters under the earth; how can you get hold of them? how can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, replied, "Thoughts work and walk in things what make tracks; and we take them tracks, and stamp them on paper, or iron,

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wood, stone, or what not. This is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"

The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on.

"Thoughts make tracks," he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type-case, with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us. "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can print it too," giving the inked form a blow of triumph with his fist, "we can print it too, give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlid of thoughts, as much like the pattern as two peas." Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him, and then at the press, with evident astonishment. "Talk about the mind's living for ever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if mind were lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand, "why the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, as dead as a stone, if it had n't been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! why, people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, "people's minds would n't be immortal if 't was n't for

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the printers — at any rate, in this here planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality for dead men," he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honor, for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in sublime apocalypse. "Give us one good healthy mind," resumed Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here bits of inky pewter. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands."

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind." "Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought-tracks" ever since.

THE MIND.

THERE is nothing in the might and matter exhibited in the material universe; there is nothing in the magnitude and mysteries of creation; there is nothing in the distance and dimensions — in the amplitude and infinity of Jehovah's works, so worthy of study and admiration as the intellectual *soul*. This, among and above all the traces of Omnipotence, is the most legible foot-print

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of the God-head. The reasoning, immortal mind, whether, in the incipient stages of its existence, it be confined within these perishable tenements of flesh and blood, or whether, exalted to the most intimate proximity to its great, incomprehensible Source, it be the all-acting principle in the very next being less than Infinite Perfection; whether it shine in sun-like lustre hard by the throne of the Eternal, or be appointed to scintillate in solitude far out upon the extremest promontory of his universe; yet, wherever and with whatever it may be found, it is the living Omniscience, the crowning characteristic of Divinity.

Our earth might have been filled to overflowing with all the other monuments of Omnipotence; it might have been furnished with all those scenes in nature which are fair and fascinating to the eye; every field and forest, every mountain and valley, every hill and dale might have gushed forth with the sweetest sounds that ever fell upon mortal ears; every hill might have been clad with everlasting verdure, and worn the diadem of an enduring rainbow; every tree, even those that now bear sparsely among their blunted boughs the bitter acorn, might have been overhung with flowers more lovely than the blooming rose, and have bent beneath a load of more enticing fruit than ever grew in Eden; every rivulet and river might have gushed forth from living fountains of ambrosial nectar; the heavens above us might have been inconceivably more glorious than those which we now behold and admire; our skies, like those of that far, belted planet, might have been girdled with golden, translucent zones, which, for ever rolling between us and "the burning eye of day," should intercept his fiery rays, and transmit them to our eyes, tinted with every rainbow hue; that distant planet might have lent us the peerless beauty, the simultaneous splendor of all her waning and crescent moons — might have put around this earth, her little

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twin-born sister, both her encircling zones of mellowed light: every realm and region of the universe might have been laid under contribution to have fitted up our heavens with a panorama of such magnificence and glory, as would captivate an angel's eye; — all these things might have been on and above the earth, and others more numerous than man could desire or describe; and myriads of beings, too, might have tenanted this terrestrial elysium, — beings susceptible of all the varied pleasures of sense; yet, had the reasoning, rational, reflecting *mind* been left out of the list, the most sapient of these created things could not have looked upon the scene, and felt, seen, and known that a *God* had been there.

The *mind*, among all the works of creative power and wisdom, is the only one that bears the *private mark* of the invisible God. It is the *chef d'œuvre* of Omniscience, whose heaven-piercing frontlet bears the "*image* and superscription" of the Almighty, written in the monoglot of the universe, and legible to every being intervening between Infinite, Underived Wisdom, and the incipient limit of the brute creation. It may outreach the capacities of the eldest primeval seraph beside the Eternal's throne, to get hold of a perception of the elements of the *material* universe; even Gabriel, with all his experience in the great cycles of eternity, may not be able, without a special revelation from higher wisdom, to tell some young inquiring cherub, what things are *heights* and *depths* — what *distance* and *dimensions* — what are *mountains* and *valleys* — what *rocks* and *rivers*, *sands* and *seas* — what are any of the properties and peculiarities of *matter*; — what is meant by things *adjacent* or *remote* — by things *past*, *present*, or *to come*: all these circumstances of a *corporeal* existence, — all these things, or *ideas* of things, which exist in, or are derived exclusively from the operation of our senses, may never

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enter the conceptions of those purely spiritual beings, whose means of intelligence are not limited to the action or influence of such frail and fallible agents of perception, as the physical organs and faculties of the human race. But however obtuse or imperceptible these objects of sense may be to those incorporeal beings, still, they cannot but recognize, in the simplest operation of the weakest human mind, that spiritual essence, that one lineament of Divinity, which likens the lowliest being between the angel and the brute to a common Creator. Yes; it is the choicest prerogative of this state of existence, that we have something within us, — and may feel it too, — which may entitle us to the communion of our God, in the very presence-chamber of his glory. O, it is enough to redeem all "the ills that flesh is heir to," that we have that within us, which may not shame the angels to take us to their fellowship; that, with the rational soul, we have received from the Creator those credentials to immortality, which neither height nor depth, nor principalities or powers, nor things present or to come, can rob us of.

Why then should man, "who may look erect on heaven," and read his pedigree in the skies, and feel a principle of divinity stirring within him, — why should he so overlook the dignity of his being, why come so immeasurably short of the goal of his destiny as to sit idling in the dust, and famish upon the husks of time and sense! O, what an emotive to action, to great desire, and grand emprise, is the consciousness which we may all enjoy, that we have an active principle within us, that shall *winter* the torpedo chill of death, which soon shall freeze up the fountains of our blood! It is enough to take away the calamity of mortal dissolution, that all that part of our being which distinguishes us from the brutes that go down beneath the reach of resurrection, will never be lost or merged in the listless inactivity of non-

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existence! No, let the grave yawn upon us as it may; let the palsying rattle of the valley clods startle our poor weak natures as it may, — still, we may rest assured, that all that we may be proud of in our being, will never lose the sentiment of its existence; and, if we act well our parts in our present capacities and circumstances, we shall be transferred, not to a state of long, unconscious lethargy, — of vague, indefinite suspense with respect to our future awards and occupations in eternity, but to an immediate and active participation in all the exalted and endless employments of which intellectual beings are susceptible. No, I cannot think so meanly of the future attainments of the human mind, as to suppose that, at some period in eternity, not far removed from the time of its dissolution from the terraneous composition of flesh and blood — it may not be elected by its Author to some office in the universe, now occupied by some one of the minor angels; and thence reaching higher and higher in its upward and endless gradations, at last put the diadem of Gabriel on its brow, and wear his insignia before the eternal Throne.

A SHORT LAY-SERMON FOR BOARDING SCHOOLS.

"IF GOD SO CLOTHE THE GRASS OF THE FIELD."
Matt. vi. 30.

THE social principle is the soul of the material universe. In the moral and intellectual world it is a species of spiritual gravitation, which does there what its physical colleague does throughout the universe of matter. While corporeal gravitation reaches across the amplitudes of space, and associates systems of suns and worlds, and moors them all around a common centre, the

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social principle reaches through the universe of mind, and associates all the orders of intelligent, sentient beings, and diffuses everywhere a spiritual attraction of heart to heart, mind to mind, angel to angel, man to man, man to God, and God to man.

Even matter itself is pervaded with a ramification of this principle; which sustains the same relation to gravitation as the nervous system does to the veins and arteries of the human body. You cannot go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of the little flower, is replete with social elements. A little social circle had been formed around that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and the dew-drop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. And the earths took them to their bosom and introduced them to the daisy germ; and they all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed "the wee canny thing" with an aliment that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes towards the sky, they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves and smiled as he passed on; and then by starlight and by moonlight they worked on. And the daisy lifted up his head, and one morning, while the sun was looking upon the dews, it put on its silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars. And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky. And all of them that had silver-lined wings came; and birds in black, and gray, and quaker brown came; and the querulous blue-bird, and the courtesying yellow-bird came, and each sung a native air at the coronation of that daisy.

Everything that sung or shone upon that wee modest flower,

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was a member of that social circle, and conspired to its harmony and added to its music. Heaven, earth, sky and sea were its companions; the sun and stars walked hand in hand with it as kindly as if they never saw another daisy, or had another companion. The sober ocean, even the distant Pacific, laded the fleet-winged clouds with sweet-savored dews to brighten its countenance when the sun appeared.

Such was the social circle which you broke up when you put forth your hand to crush the little canny thing "*amang the stoure.*" Such were the companions you severed, and the harmony you interrupted. This little social system was one of the least of those concentric circles which go on increasing in diameter, until the last sweeps around the whole universe, and completes the infinite series of harmonies which was celebrated by the morning stars on the birth-day of creation.

Now, all the members of this social circle were necessary to the well-being of that daisy. It needed such companions. It needed the sun-beam, the dew-drop, and rain-drop, and the soft summer breeze to develop its character and unfold its beauties. It needed the morning song of the birds and the chirping lay of the meadow stream to keep time by, as it waved its silver diadem to the tittering swallow's wing.

If, then, my young friends, our heavenly Father has provided such companions and social influences for the lily or the daisy, what provision has he not made for the society of his children! In the first place, his relation to them as Creator, makes them all brethren and sisters, — all the children of one Father. Then all the revelations of his word and providence are designed to associate us together in one great family; offering to us all the same motives to obedience, the same earth, the same heaven, and home. All the teachings of our Saviour, all the promises of the Gos-

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pel, and the substance of faith, are designed to fit us for *society*, the society of earth, and the society of heaven; for the society of our fellow-beings, and the society of angels, our Redeemer, and our God. Whatever may be your destiny in this world or that to come, you never will be left *alone;* you will be still the member of a *society;* you will be associated, through all the years of time and eternity, with beings whose happiness or misery you will have the capacity and disposition to increase. You are now acquiring an education; and that term may express to you merely a list of graceful accomplishments, fitting you for the transient brilliance of the drawing-room, or the easy gentility of the parlor. But let me, with a gentle hand, draw aside the intervening drapery of the eternal world, that you may know what an *education* means. Are you taking lessons upon the piano; there are harps in heaven, and God has sent his teachers down to show you how to touch their golden strings. That is an *education.* Are you preparing to make a graceful debut in the upper circles of society; yonder are upper circles of spirits blest and pure, and angels of highest rank; and none but the *graceful,* — full of the grace of Him who walked gracefully those golden streets amid "quiring cherubim," and the rough road to Calvary's top, amid the imprecations of blood-bought man, — none but those can be admitted to their society. To make a graceful debut there, will require an *education,* which the fastidious fashions of this world never dreamed of; an education, too, whose lessons must be learned in this infant school of time. Your heavenly Father has filled the world around you with invisible teachers; *the Spirit and the bride say come;* come, "learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart," and he will teach you the court language of that heavenly communion, the songs that he taught the seraphim when eternity was young, — the songs that tremble on every

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golden harp, and float in the melody of angel lips over the waters of the crystal sea. The Gospel whispers, *come!* and opens its hallowed lips and all its sublime teachings; and nature spreads out the breathing leaves of her vast volume, and with all the minstrelsy of her ten thousand tongues, comes in, under-tutor of Revelation,—to *educate* you for those successive circles of society which shall carry you upward, from communion to communion, into the fellowship of angels around the Throne.

Never say or think, then, that you have *finished your education*, until it has fitted you for these great ends of your being. Remember, that you are now not only forming a character, but choosing companions for eternity. Who and what those companions shall be, may be determined by the character of those whom you are choosing as associates now. Your heavenly Father has assigned you a little social circle on probation; if you learn to walk therein with the grace that was in Jesus Christ, small as it may be, you shall be promoted to another circle and another communion, until, in your upward gradations, you shall enter into the most intimate fellowship of the blest above.

What importance, then, must inevitably attach to your deportment in the little circle in which you move! It is the active scene and present compass of your probation; where all your acts of faith, religion, duty, and love must be performed. The Christian spirit cannot breathe in the contracted isolation of the heart; it must perfume the surrounding air, the air which others breathe. You must be the centre of a little solar system, in which your companions, like the sun-illumined planets, shall move in the reflection of your light. The education which shall fit you for the duties and pleasures of this sphere, must reach the dispositions of the heart as well as the faculties of the mind.

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"BURY ME IN THE GARDEN."

THERE was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye; and there were low, half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room; but the little sufferer was still: its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of parental love, with one arm under its pillow, and with the other, unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field; and while he was there engaged in his labor, it had patted around among the meadow-flowers, and had stuck its bosom full, and all its burnished tresses, with carmine and lily-tinted things; and returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat, and the ponderous iron-rimmed wheels had ground it down into the very cart-path, — and the little crushed creature was dying.

We had all gathered up closely to its bed-side, and were hanging over the young, bruised thing, to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips, and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids, which a mother alone could interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath, — its eyes opened a little farther, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those ashy lips: "Mother! mother! don't let them carry me away down to the dark, cold grave-yard, but bury me in the garden — in the garden, mother."

A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the meltings of her heart, had crept up to the bed-side, and taking the hand

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of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its ears, — "Julia! Julia! can't you speak to Antoinette?"

The last fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter one more wish and word of affection: its soul was on its lips, as it whispered again: "Bury me in the garden, mother, — bury me in the ——," and a quivering came over its limbs, — one feeble struggle, and all was still.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

THERE are new developments of human character, which, like the distant stars, are yet to visit the eye of man, and operate upon human society. Ever since the image of the Godhead was first sketched in Eden, its great Author and angels have been painting upon it; men have tried their hands upon it; influences, like the incessant breath of Heaven, have left each its line upon the canvas; still, the finishing stroke of the pencil will not be accomplished until the last lingering survivor of "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," "is changed in the twinkling of an eye."

The hemisphere of the present age is studded all over with such pearls "and patines of bright gold," as never shone before in the heavens of the human soul. In these latter days, the waves of time have washed up from depths that angels never fathomed, "gems of purer light serene" than were ever worn before in the crown of man. We are now but half way advanced in a new cycle of human society. The race is but just emerging from the long-reaching shadows of an iron age, and coming out into the starlight and sunlight of new influences. If, as we are

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assured, scores of new stars have taken rank with the heavenly hosts, during the last two centuries, stars brighter than they, have, in the same period, kindled up new lights in the moral firmament. Among these new stars, one, a little lower than that of Bethlehem, has just appeared above the horizon. It is the star of woman's influence! Influential woman is a being of scarcely two centuries; up to that period, and almost hitherto, her influences have fallen upon human character and society, like the feeble rays of a rising winter's sun upon polar fields of ice. But *her* sun is reaching upward. There is a glorious meridian to which she shall as surely come as to-morrow's sun shall reach his in our natural heavens. What man will be when she shall smile on him then and thence, we are unable to divine; but we can found no anticipation from the influence of her dawning rays. Her morning light has gilded the visions of human hope, and silvered over the night shadows of human sorrow. There has been no depth of human misery beyond the reach of her ameliorating influence, nor any height of human happiness which she has not raised still higher. Whoever has touched at either of these extremities, could attest that "neither height nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present or to come," could divert or vitiate the accents and anodynes of her love. Whether we trace the lineaments of her character in the mild twilight of her morning sun, or in the living beams of her risen day, we find that she has touched human society like an angel. It would be irreverent to her worth to say, in what walks of life she has walked most like an angel of light and love; in what vicissitudes, in what joys or sorrows, in what situations or circumstances, she has most signally discharged the heavenly ministrations of her mission; what ordeals have best brought out the radiance of her hidden jewels; what fruitions of earthly bliss, or furnaces of affliction, have best

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declared the fineness of her gold. Still, there is a scene which has escaped the "vulture's eye," and almost every other eye, where she has cast forth her costliest pearls, and shown such qualities of her native character, as almost merit our adoration. This scene has been allotted to the *drunkard's wife*. How she has filled this most desperate outpost of humanity, will be revealed when the secrets of human life shall be disclosed "to more worlds than this." When the history of hovels and of murky garrets shall be given in, when the career of the enslaved inebriate shall be told, from the first to the lowest degree of his degradation — there will be a memorial made of woman, worthy of being read and heard in heaven. From the first moment she gave up her young and hoping heart, and all its treasures, into the hands of him she loved, to the luckless hour when the charmer, wine, fastened around the loved one, all the serpent spells of its sorcery — down through all the crushing of her young-born hopes — through years of estrangement and strange insanity — when harsh unkindness bit at her heart-strings with an adder's tooth — thence down through each successive depth of disgrace and misery, until she bent over the drunkard's grave; through all these scenes, a halo of divinity has gathered around her, and stirred her to angel deeds of love. When the maddened victim tried to cut himself adrift from the sympathy and society of God and man, she has clung to him and held him to her heart with hooks of steel. And when he was cast out, all defiled with his leprous pollution — when he was reduced to such a *thing* as the beasts of the field would bellow at — there was one who still kept him throned in her heart of hearts; who could say to the fallen, drivelling creature, "Although you are nothing to the world, you are all the world to *me*." When that awful insanity of the drunkard set in upon him, with all its fiendish shapes of torture; while

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he lay writhing beneath the scorpion stings of the fiery phantasies and furies of *delirium tremens* — there was a woman by his side, en-sexed with all the attributes of her loveliness. There was her tearful, love-beaming eye, that never dimmed but with tears when the black spirits were around him.

There she stood alone, and in lone hours of night, to watch his breathings, with her heart braced up with the omnipotence of her love. No! brute as he was, not a tie which her young heart had thrown around him in his bright days, had ever given way, but had grown stronger as he approached the nadir of his degradation. And if he sank into that dark, hopeless grave, she enswathed him in her broken heart, and laid it in his coffin; or if some mighty angel's voice or arm brought him up from the grave of drunkenness, the deepest ever dug for man, he came forth, Lazarus-like, bound fast and forever in the cerements of her deathless affection.

Such is her sceptre; such are the cords which she throws around the wayward and wandering, and leads them back to virtue and to Heaven, saying as she gives him in, "*Here am I, and he whom Thou gavest me.*"

DISMANTLED ARSENALS.

We love to contemplate the ruins of those black-looking war-factories that were wont to pour forth a stream that gladdened the fellest spirit that ever breathed on this green world. There they stand in haggard desolation, like things built before the sun was made, and unable to bear its light; or like a bloated, ragged

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drunkard before a mirror with a thousand angel faces in it. Still and cold is now that terrible, mysterious enginery that turned the best things nature ever made for man into lava-streams of hot poison, that burnt his heart up with fierce inhuman passions. And those coiled, copper-colored worms are dead — the greedy metallic snakes that devoured whole fields of yellow grain a day, the bread for which a thousand widows prayed, and plied their lean fingers at the midnight hour. They are dead! and when they died, their fiery malignant ghosts, I trow, were expelled the fellowship of better spirits in the bottomless pit, that could not brook their alcoholic breath. They are dead, the skulking reptiles! that, half-buried in the earth, poured invisible their rivulets of blighting ruin into the fountains of human happiness and life; that stung to death, in the sunniest walks of youth, hopes that took hold of heaven, of earth, of the love and joy of a thousand hearts. They are dead! and the stream is dry that fed the veins of War with hot vitality. And, next, that monstrous Gorgon will die. Depend upon it; War never had in its devil's heart any other blood than *rum*. Nay, its heart itself is but a vast distillery, keeping its huge veins and arteries full of that fiery fluid. The vat of fermenting grain and cane juice is the stomach of War, and the still-worm its viscera. These are the nutritive and digestive organs of the great red dragon; and for this, — like other dragons killed in olden times — it must be mortal; for rum is mortal, and all its fiery fountains will dry up, while the earth is full of springs of water, pure and sweet as that which the sinless Adam drank out of the hand of God.

Will war die? War that claimed the immortality of Death and Sin? Yes; and Death, and Sin, and Satan, will live to weep over the grave of their renowned confederate. And such a funeral! methinks I see it now. The earth, sea, and sky, are

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vibrating with joyous emotion, and there is gladness in the heart of every living thing. The dust of fourteen thousand million of human beings butchered on the battle-field, stirs into life and form: and upspringing from their coral graves and caverns fathomless in the sea, myriads of human skeletons leap upon the land and clap their bony hands in triumph, and around the globe runs the exulting gibber of "the sheeted dead," that the great DESTROYER has fallen. And yonder, methinks, there rolls a sea, full fifty fathoms deep — a dark, dead, salt sea of tears, fed by the outlets of a hundred thousand millions of human eyes that wept at War's doings. And now a wailing wind, a monsoon of widows' and orphans' sighs moves over the briny deep, and lifts its bitter waves in sympathy with the world's jubilee. And Labor, wan, dejected Labor, at whose veins the monster fed, runs up and down the green hills, exulting to see the curse removed. And red-handed Slavery, the eldest thing of the leprous beast, lets go from her palsied hands the bonded millions she held with iron grasp, to throw their fetters into the grave of war, and shout for joy with all the sons of God that man is free. And all beings that live and love the face of man, the face of nature — that love to look up into the pure, peaceful sky, and on the peaceful sea, and fields and flocks, — that love to commune with the silent harmonies of the great creation, and listen to the music of unreasoning things, — all these fill the heavens with one *jubilate!* that the great CANNIBAL is dead — the great MAN-EATER, that, whetting his appetite on the flesh of Abel, ate up a large portion of the human race, and enslaved the rest to cater to the appetites of its wolfish maw.

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THE NEIGHBORS;

OR

A SHORT LAY SERMON TO PEOPLE ABOUT HOME.

Luke x. 29.

AND *who is my neighbor?* This question was one of intense importance to the lawyer; for our Saviour had accepted the conditions which he conceived would entitle him to eternal life. "*This do, and thou shalt live,*" was the brief response to his recapitulation of the requirements of the law. "*But he, willing to justify himself*" — justify himself! for what? who had accused him? — His conscience, probably. Notwithstanding his evident insincerity, his first question, "*What shall I do to inherit eternal life?*" indicated that, in his own eyes, what he had done had not secured him a title to the desired inheritance. *What shall I do?* then, was the question.

With regard to loving God with all his heart, soul, and strength — that was a part of the condition which apparently gave him but little concern. He probably took the same view of this requirement as Paul did, before his conversion; believing it to consist essentially in the minute and punctilious discharge of all the ordinances and traditionary ceremonies of the Jewish church. "*But willing to justify himself*" — that is, to inherit eternal life by doing just what he had done — he seemed half disconcerted at such an intimate association of the love of God with the love of his *neighbor*. This latter requisition was an entirely different matter. Tithing mint or cummin, or any thing in that line, would not do here; nor could it be done periodically or by proxy. He had a disagreeable presentiment that it might be an every-

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day business; involving the performance of a long series of difficult, unpleasant, and onerous duties. It might bring him into a disreputable intimacy with a low sort of folks, for ought he knew; and admit within his *neighborhood* some dozen or more of destitute families, with lean, hungry groups of orphan children, and men and women who could not trace back their genealogy beyond years of bitter, houseless poverty. Let us understand the difficulties in the case, as they were understood by both parties in this serious colloquy.

In the first place, Jerusalem, at that time — like all other cities within the jurisdiction of the Roman empire — was distinguished for a very heterogeneous population. Its streets were filled daily with people from all quarters of the globe. The confused din of all languages and dialects, from the Bay of Biscay to "the extremest Inde," mingled with the noise of the multitude. The armed bands of Rome trod heavily over the pavements; and the haughty Parthian, the voluptuous Egyptian, Medes, Cretes, Arabians, and Lybians, displayed their national costume in every thoroughfare of the city. What wonder, then, being a Jew of the straitest sect, — that he was anxious to know who was his *neighbor*, whom he was to love as himself! Surely, these uncircumcised infidels could not be his neighbors; barbarians, whose presence would have defiled the temple; aliens from God, and the commonwealth of Israel.

But there was another class of men, more intolerable still, whom he regarded with an aversion strengthened by every element of hatred. These were the Samaritans, who were an abomination to the Jews. All the prejudice that ever grew out of caste, color, name, or nation, combined into one intense sentiment of repugnance, were nothing to the inherent, irreconcilable hatred which the Jews entertained towards this unfortunate people. For

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it was a hatred set on fire by religious zeal and Jewish intolerance, pursuing the poor Samaritan with a curse that burned down into his grave. His presence was pollution: no religious Jew would enter his habitation, or drink from his well, or eat from his table, or touch anything that belonged to him. He would exchange with him no salutation or expression of civility. Every avenue of reconciliation was closed; the privilege of repentance was denied him; the hope of pardon was cut off; for he was the only being on earth who could not attain to the communion of the Jews by a conversion to their faith. These bigots could not stop here; they would fain consign his soul to annihilation, and sink his grave beneath the hearing of the archangel's voice. Presumptuous profanity! they launched an anathema against his sleeping dust, and excommunicated his body from the resurrection of the dead!

What wonder, then, that the Pharisaical lawyer was anxious to know *who was his neighbor*, whom he was to love as himself, as an evidence, or rather consequence, of his loving God with all his heart, soul, and strength? It was an important question; the very one that would be proposed in every future age and generation of men. Every human being who was to become a worshipper of the only true God, would have a vital interest in that question. And our Saviour, knowing what was in man, and what would be in him until the expiration of humanity, answered the question definitively, not only for that lawyer, but all lawyers, and all the living and to live, and for all conditions of men. With a pencil that no man or angel could bring to the canvas, he drew a group of remarkable characters, and holding up the picture before the lawyer's eyes, he left it to his own conscience to decide which of the *picturæ personæ* was the *neighbor*. It required no connoisseur in painting to recognize, at the first glance, that prom-

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inent character in the group; for his individuality was as distinctive as that of the Apollo Belvidere among dwarfish statues of clay. Let us contemplate this picture a moment. Let us take in, at a glance, the whole scope of the foreground and background; inspect every stroke of the pencil; estimate the design and effect of every incident and image delineated on the canvas.

"*A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho*" — bear in mind the term, a *certain man;* for it designates a peculiar individuality. He was, undoubtedly, a Jew, otherwise our Saviour would not have introduced a Samaritan. And a Jew — a religious Jew, especially — was a very *certain* character. He was known, the world over, by certain proverbial characteristics, which betrayed him wherever he went. Clinging with desperate adhesion to all the physical forms of the Jewish religion, he was painfully pious and religiously exclusive in every thing but those inconvenient and weightier matters of the law — a kindly charity to his neighbors, common honesty in his every-day business, and other duties of the same nature.

"*He went down from Jerusalem to Jericho:*" — Let us go down, too, by a shorter road, and intercept him, in our imagination, somewhere between those celebrated places. Perhaps we may overtake him in the dark, dangerous pass through yonder deep ravine. Tread softly, now. — Hark! was that a footfall? no; 'twas a groan. Carefully! there 's some foul play here. Stay a moment — there! another groan! — Methought it came from yonder clump of cedars. Turn we this angle now, and get behind this shelving crag; for, depend upon it, there are murderous bandits close at hand. Hist! friends — see! there he is? O murder most foul! his mangled limbs are writhing in the dust, while from his gashed temples the blood is oozing in clotted streams, which he tries in vain to staunch with handfuls of hot sand. The burn-

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ing sun is broiling the gore over his glazed eyes, and setting the marrow of his broken bones on fire. He has groaned out unheard his dying strength, and his swollen tongue has choked up the gateway of his voice. See! he moves — the pattering of water-drops, dripping from distant rocks, falls on his ear like the whisper of far-off angels; and the thirst that 's burning him to agony, is wringing his frame with one more effort. He strikes out his nerveless hand, and clutching the shallow-rooted grass, he draws his bloody length along toward the imagined blissful fountain of healing waters. Once more — once more he strikes his fingers into the ground: his whole body quivers with the effort; but, alas! his broken limbs are as heavy as rocks of iron — the deceitful grass gives way, and with it clutched despairingly in his hand, he rolls over his bloody trail. Every ray of hope forsakes his broken heart, while he breaths out the burden of his despair in the half-articulated exclamation, "*Where, who is my neighbor?*"

Courage, poor man! — keep up a moment longer. I guess he is coming; I hear a step beyond the bushes yonder. Yes; here he comes! Heaven bless him! and you, too. It is not only your old *neighbor*, but your old minister, who lives up in Jerusalem; and who, for these twenty years, has been your spiritual pastor and teacher, and day's-man between you and God; presenting your meat-offerings for a commission sufficient to supply his table, and clothe himself with that fine linen robe in which he approaches like a walking statue of Grecian marble.

Look closely, brethren; it will be a luxury to see this white-fingered priest bend over his fallen parishioner, and slake his parched lips, and wash the crusted gore from his face, and bind up his broken bones with strips of linen torn in magnanimous haste from his flowing robe. There! he is close at hand. He carries his head high, to be sure, but he cannot but see the poor

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bruised creature; for he is lying with half his length in the cart-path. He must see him — he does see him — he starts aside as if he had come upon a snake, or a dead beast. — What! he is not going *to pass by on the other side*, is he? Reverend sir, stop! for the sake of sweet mercy, stop! That 's not a beast — 'tis a *man;* one of your old neighbors. Look at him! why, don't you remember! it's that man who brought to the temple yesterday his offering of two young pigeons; 'twas all he had, and you had one of them for breakfast this very morning. Nay, now; don't curl up your lip so at him; don't draw your white robe around you to step unsoiled over the purple pool of his blood. Minister of a merciful God! leave him not to die in the sand there. He has a poor old mother that waits his return in one of the back streets of Jerusalem; and he is her only son. And his wife, poor soul! would weep to hear of such a mishap to any body's husband; and he has two bright-eyed boys playing at his cabin door, that are asking their mother, *When father will come back?* — O stay! remember those two boys; it was but the other day you laid your priestly hands upon them, and consecrated them to the God of Israel. Come back! O, come back! dear sir: he is a poor man, indeed; but God, who made him in his image, sets more value to that running blood, than all the blood of bulls and goats shed on your altars since Moses' day.

Alas! he is gone; — gone clear out of sight! Who would have thought it! But do not judge him harshly. Perhaps he is going on a sort of missionary tour; or has an appointment down in Jericho, which waits him there. His mission demands haste: for the assembled people are expecting an exposition of the law from his learned lips. And, besides, mark the whiteness of that robe: would it befit the purity of his priestly office to soil it in the blood of that obscure vagabond; and then stand up before

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the great congregation with his ministerial habiliments blotched and stiffened with human gore? Be charitable, friends: remember the delicacy of his position, both by profession and custom, which no man may laugh at. Ah, I have it! perhaps he knew there was some one on the road just behind him, who could and would attend to this small matter of mercy more conveniently: or, rather, more *professionally*.

Mark you! I am right — another footstep! Poor man, don't give up! — here is another *neighbor* just at hand. Softly now — ah! it's the Deacon himself — the Levite set apart to wait on the congregation at the temple door, and help them through the preliminaries of their worship. Yes, here he comes — a saintly-looking man, indeed. Good sir! — what! he is not going to miss the prostrate man, is he? Good sir! take down your eyes from the clouds, and, for heaven's charity, look at your feet! Hold, hold, sir! — the hasty priest has left you to do something for this mangled human being. Alack! he too crosses over to the other side. Good sir! O please your saintly reverence, one moment, — one look of pity — one drop of water to quench the fever of those pallid lips. See! your footstep has shaken the leaden lethargy from his heart-strings. He feels the breath of a fellow-being on the air. O, pass him not by, and quench the hope his blood-congealed lips cannot utter. Stay, good Deacon! but one moment now. See! he is trying to beckon you to him with his stiffened fingers. Good Jew! nay now, don't go! remember Moses, and Abraham, and David, and step again and say but one kind word to him, and Heaven will bless you. Do but raise his head from the clotted dust, and make a pillow for it with a handful of moss; shade it with a palm or plantain, to keep away the burning sun from the raw gashes in his flesh: do any thing, the smallest act of mercy to him, and you shall be called David's son, and child

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of God. O, can you stand that wordless, entreating groan! Come back, dear sir: fear not your temple livery; 'tis not a Samaritan — it is a Jew — Abraham's son, who has kept the law of Moses from his youth up. He is your neighbor; and his little cabin is within stone's throw of the temple. O think of it! what will you say to his weeping wife and children, when they shall ask you next Sabbath in the temple gate: "*Where is my husband? Please your reverence, did you see our father on the road to Jericho the other day? He has been long from home, and mother grows pale with midnight watching for his return. Good sir, you know our father; did no one on your journey say when he would come home again? The long, silent nights are gloomy, and sad are we all when evening brings not back his voice and blessing.*"

He's gone! Let him go — the voice of Him who made inquisition for Abel's blood, will reach his conscience one of these nights, and stir it up to mutiny with his hard heart. *Neighbors*, indeed! Heaven pity the man that leans upon the like of them for any kindly sympathy. Saintly-looking men, have Mercy and soft-eyed Compassion no business within the jurisdiction of your ministry, that you refuse to stoop to deeds of vulgar pity? Teachers of the people, expounders of the just and good commandments, are all the mercy-drops distilled upon the bleeding heart exhaled out of earth or heaven? Is the upper atmosphere you breathe devoid of such impure humidity, or does gravitation press it down to the surface of the ground, to feed the breath of the common herd?

Go your ways, reverend gentlemen, go your ways: when I am well, I will send for such physicians as you to cure me. Ye both were neighbors to this poor man; near neighbors. Ye were teachers and spiritual guides: ye circumcised his boys, and offered his sacrifices and oblations. And when he put them into

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your hands, his own trembled at the idea of your sanctity. And he feigned ye were somewhat identified with God, and had daily access to the Holy of Holies, where his blessed and merciful spirit overshadowed you. And those white robes ye gathered around you, as ye passed him by, he fancied the angels had clad you with, on some hallowed morning as ye waited by the altar. And now ye have gone and left him bleeding in the sand, without dropping him a single word or look of pity! Had he been a wounded, dying beast, his fellow-brute would have stopped and moaned over him, and licked his gaping wounds; and, with the eloquent murmurings of instinctive sympathy, assuaged the pangs that wring him. But ye, wearing the livery of Heaven, teaching mercy by profession, have gone and left him; left the bruised, broken image of God reeking and writhing in the dust.

Quicken your pace, good Deacon: the priest is already in Jericho, and he cannot commence his ministration without your service. Hasten, good Levite; heed not these unpleasant objects of vulgar pity by the way: attend strictly to the order of your course. The minister has already selected a text from the book of Job; hasten, or you will lose a rich sermon from these gracious words: "*I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.*" Go! I will stay and watch the fate of your gasping neighbor here. Perhaps some truant dog, that has never been ordained to any particular order of mercy, may come along, and do to him what his compeers did to the blotched Lazarus. Or some leisurely journeying wolf, that has found a hearty dinner elsewhere, may happen this way, and, in a capricious mood of charity, lick off from his temples the black and crusted gore.

But hark again! there is a rustling behind that thicket. Listen!

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it approaches. Heaven grant it may not be another neighbor from Jerusalem! See! a burly form emerges in the glade. Here he comes, whistling to his mule, that keeps time with her flapping ears. Methinks I see the sunlight of good-humored philanthropy playing on his bronzed countenance, as he jogs along with his ample pouch slung loosely at his side. He is a Samaritan; I know him by his dress, and dialect, and whistle; for a Jew never whistles. But the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans! Never mind: see if this broad-faced Samaritan does not have some dealing with that half-murdered Jew. One step more, and he will see him. There now! he leaps from the snorting mule. Hear his first exclamation: "*Great father Joseph!* what's this! who's here? why here's a murdered man! Heaven's peace be on thee!—ah! he still breathes. Look up, neighbor!—softly, now—there, lean thy head against my bosom, till I make thee a pillow of my turban. Courage! brother,—keep up thy heart. There, let me prop up this broken limb with this soft moss; and then I will bring some water from yonder spring to wet thy lips, and wash the clotted blood from thy gashed temples. Peace be with thee till I return.

"There,—easy, friend; try not to speak till I have moistened thy parched and swollen lips; for I can read the language in thy tearful eyes better than thy verbal speech, for I am a Samaritan. But heed it not; thy priest and Levite, who taught thee to hate me, and turn me from thy door, need never know that a vile Samaritan succored thee by the way. Or if they do, they will wink at it, and give thee absolution. Gently now! I see thy tears have mingled with the blood upon thy cheek, and commixing there with the hot dust, have formed upon thy face a briny crust, which is burning into thy flesh. Perhaps I have something in my pouch here that will take it off. Yes; here's a cruet of gentle

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dive: my wife — peace be with her! put it up with my luncheon this very morning. There, softly now; 't will make thy face shine, and thou shalt smile again — nay, shake not thy head! thou shalt smile again, depend upon it; and the ones thou lovest at home shall smile on thee too. This question of lineage, brother, is a small matter after all — ah! never fear; I'll make a bandage of my tunic's sleeve for that broken limb. Gently now: a little on this side. Good Jew, thou hast children in thy native city, hast thou not? and perhaps an aged mother there? What wouldst thou whisper in my ear? '*Leave thee!*' leave thee! never, never! Here, let me moisten these swathing bands with a little more of this olive. Leave thee! no, no! Come, I will bolster thee up against this cedar, while I make my good mule kneel and give thee a seat upon his back. Fear not; I can stay thee up with some old garments in my panniers here. Now rest thy hand steadily on my shoulder. Softly! good Athon — there, now — step gently, — gently, my beast! Slowly, now; the inn is near.

"I was saying, brother, that this question of lineage from Judah or Joseph is a small matter to make such enemies of us. For surely we have one great Father in Heaven, who has no grandchildren in his family. Let us leave to him this question of genealogy; for Abraham was his son, and Israel, and Judah, and Joseph, and David. And I have thought that all men, even these thick-lipped Ethiopians that come this way to trade, were his children. And thou art his son, my brother; and I too, pardon me, good Jew, — though a Samaritan heretic, — I too, call him *Father*. And when I do it, whether by the road-side or in the field, or on Mount Gerizim, a gentle spirit comes stealing into my heart, and whispers there, '*What wilt thou, my son?*' I ween he does not always live in your great Temple, or tarry day and

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night on your Mount Zion. Nor do I believe, as many of my people do, that his home is on Mount Gerizim; for I have been on Mount Ebal, the Mount of Cursing, when the wild night-clouds hung their sullen drapery on the jagged rocks, and the winds were wailing in the cedar-tops, and thunders dropped their forked javelins adown the pendant crags, and huge shadows, crested with the glistening lightning, stalked across my path like armed giants, and shook their long, red swords at me; — even then I whispered, '*Abba Father!*' and found him as near me as on the other mount, where our House of Prayer was built.

"And, too, this very morning, I feigned his communing spirit was hovering around me, though five hundred furlongs from home. I had made the topmost height of Gibeah, and paused to let old Athon breathe, when strange musings came over me. Methought I stood upon one of God's great altars, and the stars that glowed in the blue heavens were censers lit in the hands of angels, that were burning the incense of morning in the concave sea of crystal which God had made them to worship in. And while I gazed and mused, my heart listened for music, though much was my mind in doubt if human ear could read the notes that angels sing. But, as I stood listening, and gazing in pensive wonder at the long pavilion of purpled light expanding, like a mountain of molten sapphire, over the whole length of Jordan, lo! the sun arose from out that ancient river, and lifting the veil he had put on in reverence of the starry worshippers, he stood forth, Nature's great minister, in the porch of that vast temple. Familiar as it was, his countenance awed me; for I fancied I was standing on holy ground. At that moment, the mellow-throated chorister of the morning gave out the matin tune from a tall sycamore, and all the birds of Palestine joined in the concert; and such an anthem, I trow, was never heard by man. There

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were singers everywhere; in every cedar's top, and bush, and brake, and dell, birds of silver wing, and plumage of every hue, warbled out notes of sweet accord. And methought the sparkling torrent, that ran down the mountain side, had music in it; and the lowing of herds that fed in Bethany, and bleating flocks, and everything that had a voice, took part in that morning psalm to Israel's God, to everybody's God. Good Jew, had thy priest permitted me to worship in the great temple at Jerusalem, and even offered my sacrifice with his own hands, I question much if our heavenly Father would have given me a richer sentiment of adoption than on that mountain. I would that thou hadst been with me there; for, though I cannot sing one of your songs of Zion, yet there is one old song of joy, which all the beasts and birds sing by rote; we would have sung that together, my brother, and helped out the tune with heart-sung bass.

"But here 's the inn: lean steadily on my arm, while I call the landlord. Gaius! mine host! Ah, here he comes. Good sir, here is one of thy neighbors I found by the wayside, half murdered by prowling bandits, who left him bleeding in the dust. The softest bed thou hast in thy house, give him; and if thou hast a physician who hast skill to heal such wounds as these, bid him hither with all speed. And if in this neighborhood there is any choice cordial, or anodyne, or balm, that will soothe this poor brother's pain, bring them, cost what they may. Feel not for thy purse, good Jew; the robbers half-killed thee for that, and carried away thy raiment with it. But here is mine; 't is somewhat shallower than thine was, 't is true; but what in it is, is thine. Nay, strain not thy voice to thank me; for, though I am not quite sure I can trace my genealogy back through Jacob, or even Abraham, still thou art my *brother*. I do believe some unseen angel taught me that, while I was singing that psalm with the birds on the

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mountain this morning. '*Leave thee!*' dost thou ask, good friend? nay, it would make my evening journey long and heavy to leave thee to make acquaintance with these strangers here in the lone and painful hours of night. Nay, I will stay here by thy bed, and renovate thy pillow and the olive on these swathing bands, and wet thy lips with soothing cordials. And when, from the balmy eyelids of the morning, the young light salutes thee through this low lattice, I will make thee a score of friends, who shall stand around thy bed with healing balm in their hands, and gentler anodynes of sympathy in their eyes and hearts, and sweet charity-droppings on their lips, that shall fall on thee like the dew of your own Hermon.

"Peace be with thee, my brother: it is but a little way to my journey's end: I will quickly despatch my business there, and, returning soon, bring thee some choice cordial thence to cheer thy heart with. Thou hast children, Jew? Two bright-haired boys sayest thou? I have also two at home of like age — heaven bless the four lads and their mothers! If in Jericho any ingenious toys of Arabian or Indian skill are found, I'll fill my pockets full of them, and we will divide them among our frolicsome boys at home. And now, good Abraham's son, fare thee well! Be of good cheer till I return. Let no thought of thine dwell on the payment of thy physician and host here; thy bill is settled, brother, for all they can do for thy comfort. Nor mind the distance that removes thy home, nor the loss of thy beast or money; for thou shalt ride good Athon here clear to thy own door. And I will walk by thy side as far as thy priest and Levite will let me, and make thy way pleasant with friendly cheer. Peace be with thee! Nay, thou art welcome to all that is in my purse, and heart, and house too, shouldest thou ever happen in Samaria. Fare thee well!"

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Friends, what think you of this picture? Ye connoisseurs of painting, what think you of the composition of this *tableau vivant*? of its plot, the foreground, and background, and *dramatis personæ*? Has the painter developed the real neighbor in his individuality? Does he look *natural*? But this tableau is not a picture; it is a mirror; let us hang it up before the conscience for one week, and perhaps we may see our own faces in it; or, at least, some family resemblance in the portraits of those three neighbors.

THE NEIGHBORS;

OR,

THE SAMARITAN MIRROR.

SECOND GLANCE.

We have been contemplating a celebrated *tableau vivant* of a group of neighbors, which was executed by a master-hand more than eighteen hundred years ago. We suggested that it might possess, besides its other marvellous qualities, that capacity of *reflection* which is common to every mirror. We were invited to hang it up before our consciences, in order to test this reflective capacity. Have we done so? and, as face answers to face in a glass, did it give back to us some well-known features?

To overcome any obliquity of the resemblance, let us analyze each of the characters that figure in this portrait. We will first take up the several great principles that enter into the basis of the plot, and then proceed from stroke to stroke, and feature to feature. We will commence with the first neighbor, the Priest. This reverend gentleman sustained the most intimate relation to

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the maltreated Jew. Local proximity made him his neighbor. His sacerdotal office made him his spiritual guide and teacher. It was, in fact, his profession to love him as himself; to watch over him, to counsel and aid him in his necessity, to comfort him in his affliction. His unfortunate parishioner looked up to him with a soul of filial confidence; he regarded him as his friend; he was to him, as it were, somewhat in God's stead; presenting his oblations, and propitiating the Divine blessing upon his head.

But the simple-hearted parishioner fell among thieves, who robbed him and left him half dead in a desert place, away from his home. And by chance his minister came down that way, and saw him in this pitiable condition. He saw his bleeding wounds, for the thieves had stripped him of his raiment. He heard his groans and long-drawn sighs for help. He saw what hope of relief the sound of his footstep had awakened in the poor man's heart: he heard his inarticulate cries for mercy: he could have raised him from his bloody wallowing place. The means of mercy were in his hands, but he passed by on the other side, without a look or word of pity!

Was he a neighbor? No! Why not? He sustained all the local affinities of that relation; why, then, was he not his neighbor? The reason constitutes the great *morale* of the case. He had never obeyed the first commandment, never loved God with all his mind, soul, and strength. The evidence of this was brought out in startling prominence by his conduct to his neighbor. The great principle, wrought out by philosophical demonstration in this parable, is the eternal truth, that the love of our neighbor is not only a constituent element, but the only evidence of our love to God. Hence, the repeated declarations of the Gospel are corroborated by every principle of moral philosophy, when they assert that no one can love God without loving his neighbor.

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As in the case of Pharaoh's dream, two illustrations were employed by our Saviour to develop this truth. The Levite succeeded the priest in the same course and for the same end as the seven lean ears followed the seven lean kine in the Egyptian's vision. Like that memorable dream, the parable was *one;* it illustrated but one proposition. The Levite, indeed, sustained a more intimate local relation to the Jew. In his religious and civil duties, he came in half-way between him and the Priest. He might have had more personal intercourse with him, lived near his dwelling, met him oftener in the streets and in the Temple, been more in his confidence, and better acquainted with his family. He lacked but one thing of being an excellent *neighbor;* and that was, the love of God in his heart.

Man never did and never can create a greater distance between himself and his fellow, than that which divided between the Jew and the Samaritan. Local proximity, a common fealty to the Roman empire, a mutual contention for the same religious faith, tenacious claims to the same lineage, a close resemblance of language and customs, made them not neighbors, but mutual enemies. The Samaritans had the disadvantage, in their hatred to the Jews, in being the despised party, — an aggravation that added acrimony to their hostility. The Jews had expelled them from their communion, not so much as enemies as vagabonds, branded with every epithet of contempt and harrowing indignity. Had the Samaritans burned the temple they built on Mount Gerizim, and their pentateuch, and espoused any form of idolatry, they would have escaped the deathless fury of that indignation which has always visited that sin of sins, *heresy*, or a difference of religious opinion and worship.

The Samaritan in the parable, of course, was fully aware of the sentiments the wounded traveller had cherished towards him

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the very morning he left Jerusalem. He knew it was part of the Jews' religion to despise and hate him. It is this circumstance that confers an eternal lustre upon his act of mercy. Had the traveller been a mortal enemy; had nothing but a dignified hatred divided the parties, the pleasure of a magnanimous conquest of the heart of a foe might have inspired the noble deed. But no such condition offered a middle ground of charity. When the good Samaritan alighted from his mule and bent over the bleeding man, he knew that he had been an object of disgust and religious repugnance to the person he was about to succor. He had sufficient reason to believe that the Jew would have driven him from his door, or his dogs chased him from Jerusalem, had he applied there for aid or social intercourse. With the recollection of all this bitter prejudice, wrong, and insult, darting through his mind, a half-suppressed thought might have whispered to his memory, — "*Is this my neighbor?*" Is this proud man, who has hated me all his life, despised me, treated me as a vagabond, excommunicated me from the human family, cursed my children and my grave, and theirs and my disembodied spirit, — *is this man my neighbor?* Such a thought may or may not have passed through his mind. If it did, it checked not the instantaneous impulse of his sympathy. But was the Jew his neighbor? *He knew that he sustained a blood relation to God;* that they both had one heavenly Father, and consequently were not only neighbors, but brethren. In other words, his charity to the helpless Jew was nothing else than an involuntary exercise of *the love of God*, that was burning on the altar of his heart. The instantaneous impulse of his philanthropy was a regular pulse of his religion, — his deed of mercy an involuntary emotion of his faith. His conduct on the occasion developed the whole philosophy of the moral law It illustrated the great principle, that a man cannot be *a neighbor*

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or love his brother as himself, without first loving God with all his soul, and mind, and strength.

This principle established, the parable brings out, in beautiful elucidation, the result of the problem, "*Who is my neighbor?*" At every stage of the position we see the horizon of our neighborhood expand and expand, until it embraces the whole continent of humanity. But the glorious corollary embodies the whole genius of the Gospel, and the great philanthropy of God. Ye angels and ministers of grace! here is a truth that makes one of the elements of heaven: OUR *neighbor is* MAN! wherever he may be found, whatever may be the color of his skin, into whatever pit of misery and degradation he may have fallen. Yes, my friends, neither principalities nor powers, nor things present or to come, can ever break up that heaven-created relation. The long, dark annals of despotism, reaching back to the murder of Abel; all the blood that has steeped the earth for unrecorded years of violence, wrong, and outrage; all the chains of bondage that have fettered human souls to hopeless slavery, have never worn in two a single ligament of that mysterious connection which exists between man and man. Is your fellow-being guilty of a skin not colored like your own? Do you suspect him of poverty, guilt, or misery? Is he a heretic, a Roman Catholic, an infidel, or a pagan? He is your *brother* still; and no disparity of condition, character, or sentiment, will release you from the great cardinal obligation of loving him as yourself.

Let an individual keep this love burning in his heart, and he will never ask in the presence of a human being, "*Who is my neighbor?*" The neighborhood of such a man will embrace the world. Reducing this great truth to a practical application, we come to this important principle, *Whatever we do for God, we must do to our neighbor.* Our neighborhood is the only field of

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labor that he has assigned his children in this state of probation. The slightest act of philanthropy, performed in the spirit of Jesus, he will accept as done unto himself. Nor has he stationed us in this field alone, to labor under the task-master of the law. He has entered it himself, clothed with all the attributes of his omnipotence, grace, and truth, to labor with us. He comes to give his children the example of a Father; that, like his eternal Son, they may say, "*Our Father works, therefore we work,*" to promote the happiness of the great neighborhood of mankind. Is the servant greater than his lord, or the disciple than his master? Go work with God! think of that! go into copartnership with him! to share in the profits of salvation with our Redeemer! to enter first into the labor, and then into the joy of our Lord, and spend an eternity upon the equal *dividends* of Redemption! Shall we decline his service, when all that we do in concert with him is done for ourselves? Nor is this service onerous or unpleasant. "His yoke is easy and his burden light." A cup of cold water given in the spirit of our Master, the slightest expression or act of kindness to one of these little ones that throng our neighborhood, he will accept as works of coöperation with him, in the great field of philanthropy. Yes, the humblest disciple, — be he too poor to give aught but a tear, a prayer, a kind look, to alleviate the bitterness of human woe — may feel that he is a co-worker with God.

What an importance, then does our conduct to our neighbor assume! It is faith rendered visible, — our religion *materialized.* Let us examine it in this form, and see if it is the substance of things *done* as well as *hoped for.*

It may be a part of the economy of Divine Goodness to keep our field of labor continually supplied with objects of charity and beneficence. This provision extends to all the members of the

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human family, individually and collectively. For the whole Christian world, there is a whole pagan world to labor for. For one enlightened corner, there are three "dark corners of the earth" to be supplied with the light of the gospel. For one abode of Christianity and civilization, there are a thousand habitations of cruelty to be regenerated. For one free nation, there are a hundred ruled with the iron rod of despotism, to be rescued from tyranny. For *one land of the brave and home of the free*, there are a hundred Egypts of human bondage to empty of slaves. For one Hampden or Washington, there are a hundred Pharaohs to soften down to mercy and justice. Just so with the individual Christian: could he live till time shall be no more, he would always find some new object of charity provided to exercise his kindly sympathies; some one toward whom he could manifest the spirit of Jesus; whom he could labor, and weep, wish, and pray for; whom he could raise to another degree of knowledge and happiness. The Christian, if I may say so, is an *apprentice to Jesus Christ*, in this period of probation. He is here learning the *trade* of love and mercy, which he is going to carry on with his heavenly Master, on an infinitely increasing scale, through all the cycles of eternity. Apprentice! *apprentice!* nay, more, — the everlasting Son of God had taken him into co-partnership with him already! he offers him a share of all the purchase of his blood, and all the wealth of God.

Each one of us has a homestead, a home-field assigned him in this heaven-appointed distribution of charity-works. Let us survey our fields, and "what our hands find to do, do quickly with our might;" feeling *that it is God that worketh in us, by his own good pleasure, to will and to do.*

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GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

NOT many years since, a young married couple from the far, "fast-anchored isle," sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when, in an evil hour, the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it "when it gives its color in the cup." The charmer fastened around his victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell, and, at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the Bacchanalian crowd who were revelling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "*Give me back my husband!*"

"There 's your husband," said the man, as he pointed towards the prostrate wretch. "*That my husband!* What have you done to him? *That my husband!* What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? *That my husband!* With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? *That my husband!* What have you done to that once noble brow, which he wore

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high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? *That my husband!* What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to 'look erect on heaven,' and see in his mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and tnrned the pure fountains of the heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Reverse your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me by the altar!"

The ears of the rum-seller, ever since the first demijohn of that burning liquid was opened upon our shores, have been saluted, at every stage of the traffic, with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows and mothers, such fatherless children, as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem, or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, night, and evening, "*Give me back my husband! Give me back my boy! Give me back my brother!*"

But has the rum-seller been confounded or speechless at these appeals? No! not he. He could show his credentials at a moment's notice, with proud defiance. He always carried in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done, and could do, in his work of destruction. *He had bought a letter of indulgence.* I mean a *license!* a precious instrument, signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the pope's. He confounded! Why, the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in his defence and support. Thus shielded by the Ægis of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of Cæsar on his credentials, and unto Cæsar he appealed, and unto Cæsar, too, his victims appealed, and appealed in vain.

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THE EMIGRANT'S DOG.

It was a very sultry day, and I turned my horse a little out of the road, to rest him a few minutes under the shade of a large elm. A waggon was standing a little on before me, loaded with all the heterogeneous inventory of a Yankee farmer's kitchen, parlor, pantry, cellar, and garret. There was the old bureau, with its carved lion-feet carefully wrapt around with blankets, and occupying, par excellence, the chiefest and safest place in the cart. Then there were those venerable high-backed chairs that reflect so much credit on the taste and skill of the seventeenth century: all occupying such places as would seem to intimate a covert and respectful reference to the eye of the spectator. Sundry barrels filled with minor matters of importance, made up the foundation of such a superstructure of beds, bedsteads, bedding, bags, brooms, boxes, benches, bowls, bread, and bacon, as might have puzzled the patriarch to have adjusted properly within the ark. The whole was surmounted by an ancient and ample cradle, which seemed to have done some service to several antecedent generations, and which was as cumbersome and capacious as a common-sized canoe. At the end of the cart was suspended the large brass kettle, which had assumed the capacity of a kind of sub-treasury, in which the proprietors deposited weekly their six days' stock of provisions.

At another time and place, I should not have noticed particularly this familiar cortege of an emigrant; but just at that moment I had nothing else to do but look right at it; besides, what most attracted my attention, it was in the middle of the state of New York, and the waggon was headed eastward, a direction in

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which I had never before met a turn-out, as Willis would say, of this description. I could not conceive how any true-spirited Yankee, for I knew that one of them was the proprietor of "the plunder," — should, in direct opposition to common sense, I mean the common sense of his countrymen, have so far mistaken the cry of WESTWARD HO! as to have actually and obstinately turned away from the golden visions of the western world, to pine away upon the sterile hills of New England. A slight curiosity on this point, occasioned in my mind a few conjectures upon the possible causes or circumstances which had induced Jonathan to such an unpopular and retrograde step. Had he not realized all those golden dreams of the new country which had enchanted him beneath his father's roof on the banks of the Connecticut? Had he become discontented with the poetry of a log cabin? Had the wife of his youth, who had followed him thither with unspoken regrets concealed in the depths of her sorrowing heart, had she pined for her childhood's home, in the interesting solitude of some vast prairie of the West? Had the little ones which he bore thither like transplanted flowers, withered before the miasma of an uncultivated wilderness? Had the music of a church-going bell, and all the hallowed associations of love and friendship connected with his native village, been dallying with his heart both night and day in that new country, until he had finally listened to the speechless entreaties of her eye, whose tongue never asked for her home? Had his young, sickly, sallow-faced children climbed upon his knee, as he returned at evening to his smoky cabin, and plead with him to take them back to grandpa's fire-side?

I was interrupted in the midst of these ruminations, by a low murmuring of voices, which seemed to come from a neighboring field partly concealed from the road by a thick growth of sap-

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lings. I rose up in my saddle, and obtained a sudden coup-d'œil of a little scene which was of no slight interest to my mind, especially as it seemed to throw some light upon the subject I had been contemplating. The first glance of my eye fell upon a group of four or five persons, beneath the shade of a large maple, whither they seemed to have resorted to partake of a slight repast out of the heat of the sun. But an affecting incident had interrupted their peaceful entertainment, and filled them all, from father to child, with emotions which, even at a considerable distance, I could plainly perceive on their faces. A man, apparently thirty-five, was standing a few yards from the rest, exerting himself at the top of his ingenuity, to coax an old emaciated dog to follow him. The poor dumb creature was lying motionless at the foot of the tree, with his head reposing in the lap of a young girl of fifteen, who, with tears on her cheeks, was lavishing upon the poor brute all the caresses of that affection that was swelling up in her young heart. "Tyg!" said the father, stepping up and patting him gently on the head, "Here he is, Tyg, hereaway!" when he would run back a few rods, as if in actual pursuit of some wild animal. The girl, at the same time, would lift up the creature's head, and trying to open his eyes with her fingers, would point to some pretended game at a little distance, beseeching him half crying with, "Do look, Tyg! see, see yonder, see the rabbit, Tyg!" Again the father would return, and taking out his handkerchief, constructed out of it something like a rude representation of a small animal; this he would make to rustle along by the dying dog, while he tried to imitate the cry of some wild quadruped.

But it was in vain. The old creature opened his eyes once, just as I came up; he looked up wistfully into the girl's face, whose tears were raining down upon his shaggy brow; his eyes

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were glassy, but there was an expression of grateful recognition in them, as they rested a moment upon each member of the afflicted group. "Mother!" exclaimed the girl to a woman with a child in her arms, who was looking on in pensive silence, "mother, he 's growing stiff, I can 't open his eyes." The father, putting up his handkerchief, and bending over the dead brute, sighed in the tenderest accents of sorrow; "Poor Tyg! poor old faithful creature! how can I leave you here behind!" The child, that could hardly speak plain, crept along up to the old dog, and putting its little bare arm under his neck, put a piece of hard gingerbread to his mouth, sobbing, "Do eat that, old Ti!"

There is nothing like an expression of real sympathy to shorten the period of making an acquaintance with our fellow-beings. I felt that this truth was worthy of becoming an axiom in social life, from the cordiality and almost gratitude with which that home-bound family testified to me as I accompanied them to their waggon. And when I told them that I was a Connecticut man, and that my home was not far from their native town, they invited me urgently to pay them a visit on my return to that State, which I promised and afterwards fulfilled. You remember, Lizzy, my ride over to the village of B——, the second day after my return from the West; the object of that visit was to see those emigrants at their first and last home. Although a year and more had elapsed since the incident which resulted in our partial acquaintance, yet they recognized me as soon as I crossed their threshold, and gave me a most cordial welcome to their fire-side. They told me the story of their sojourn in the western world; what privations, hardships, sickness and death had visited them; how two of their little ones had fallen victims to the diseases of the country; how they had wasted away under

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the ague, and how they had buried them in one grave in the midst of the prairies. They told me of all the incidents of their homeward journey; and when they came to the one I have just described, Julia pointed me to the stuffed skin of old Tyg, that had died in her arms under the tree where I had first met them.

STORMING QUEBEC.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE GREAT FIRE IN QUEBEC, IN THE SPRING OF 1845.

As the conquest of Canada seems to have been a leading object in our two defensive wars with Great Britain, we would respectfully call the attention of all those whose patriotism is not "run" in a pair of bullet moulds, to the present juncture of affairs in Quebec. We are firmly persuaded that that redoubtable city might be easily overcome, if a well-arranged descent were made upon it without a moment's delay. And if Captain Polk would but commission us to fit out that great lazy leviathan, the *Ohio* which lies basking its crocodile back in Boston harbor, and permit us to man and arm it with such men and arms as we wot of, we would engage to reduce that American Gibraltar in ten days without the loss of a single drop of blood. Who cares for Wolfe and Montgomery? Brave men they were in a certain sort of fashion; but they did "not know any thing about war," about overcoming enemies; they had not the Gospel knack of taking a city. Their tactics and tools were all short-sighted and short-bitted. The difficulty with them and all of their kind was this — they could not get at the enemy. They pushed thousands of their foes into eter-

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nity upon the points of their bayonets; their cannons fenced the plains of Abraham with windrows of dead men; but they never killed an enemy. Enemies are as immortal as any malignant spirits, and you might as well hope to shoot sin stone dead, as to shoot an enemy. There is but one way given under heaven by which one can kill an enemy, and that is, by putting coals of fire upon his head; that does the business for him at once. Lie in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him like a good Samaritan, with your hands, eyes, tongue, and heart full of good gifts. Feed him, give him drink, and warm him with clothing and words of kindness; and he is done for. You have killed an enemy and made a friend at one shot.

Now, as we were saying, we should like to be put in command of the *Ohio* for thirty days. We would trundle out all that was made of iron, except the anchor, cable, and marlinspike — we would not save a single cutlass, though it had been domesticated as a cheese knife. Then, the way we would lade down the huge vessel to the water's edge with food and covering for human beings, should be a marvel in the carrying trade. The very ballast should be something good to eat. Let's see — yes — we have it! The ballast should be round clams, or the real quahaugs, — heavy as cast iron, and capital for roasting. Then we would build along up, filling every square inch with well-cured provisions. We would have a hogshead of bacon, mounted into every port-hole, each of which should discharge fifty hams a minute when the ship was brought into action. And the state-rooms should be filled with well-made garments, and the taut cordage, and the long tapering spars should be festooned with boys' jackets and trousers. Then, when there should be no more room for another codfish or herring, or sprig of catnip, we would run up the white flag of peace, and, ere the moon

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changed, it should wave in triumph in the harbor of Quebec. We would anchor under the silent cannon of her Gibraltar, and open our BUTTERIES upon the hungry and houseless thousands begging bread upon the hot ashes of their dwellings. We would throw as many hams into the city, in twenty-four hours, as there were bomb-shells and cannon-balls thrown into Kiel by the besieging armies. We would barricade the low narrow streets, where live the low and hungry people, with loaves of bread. We would throw up a breast-work, clear around the market-place, of barrels of flour, pork, and beef; and in the middle, we would raise a stack of salmon and codfish as large as a small Methodist meeting-house, with a steeple to it, and a bell in the steeple; and the bell should ring to all the city bells; and the city bells should ring to all the people to come to market and buy provisions, "without money and without price." And white flags should every where wave in the breeze, on the vanes of steeples, on mast-heads, on flag-staves along the embattled walls, on the end of willow sticks borne by the romping, laughing, trooping children. All the blood-colored drapery of war should bow and blush before the stainless standard of Peace, and generations of Anglo-Saxons should remember, with mutual felicitations, THE CONQUEST OF THE WHITE FLAG; or, The Storming of Quebec.

WINE-DRINKING ADVOCATES OF TEMPERANCE.

WE need no new evidence to prove, that our moderate wine-drinking citizens are the most formidable enemies that retain the field against the progress of temperance. We know that they are strong, very strong: that they occupy the highest walks of life,

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and fill almost every station of honor, trust, and emolument. We know they number in their ranks the learned, the wise, and powerful. We cannot employ towards them any other language than that of respectable entreaty and expostulation; nor would we do it if we could. No; we would say to our fashionable wine-drinking citizens, "Come, let us reason together." To you, gentlemen, we must address our appeal; for we recognize no other opponents in the field. The unreformed inebriate, the rum manufacturer, the rum-seller and importer, are mere supernumeraries in your camp; they wear no arms; they are under your protection, and subsist on your example and support. Gentlemen, we are your fellow-citizens. In many of the duties and avocations of life we walk side by side; in many of the interests of our community and country we take sweet counsel together. We can testify to the integrity of your honor, to the respectability of your standing, the cordiality of your friendship, and the munificence of your philanthropy. And we appeal to these bright qualities of the heart when we say, that there are thousands of unfortunate beings who are trying in vain to reform on your principle. At the corners of the streets you may meet scores of poor inebriates who have tried to become temperate men by following your example; but it has plunged them deeper in the mire. These side-walks are daily thronged with those who are trying to arise from habitual intoxication to the *moderate* use of the intoxicating cup. Alas! is it your example that is hanging out this tantalizing phantom? Will you cheat their souls with the insidious delusion, that they may again be *moderate* drinkers? Will you bind, with wanton hands, another stone to the willing neck of a Sisyphus, to drag him back into the fiery abyss, at each successive attempt to rise from its torments? Will you torture a Tantalus with visions of the cooling waters of life, with which he may never slake his burning lips?

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Shall that father who has almost strength enough to face the tempter; shall that husband who has just recommenced an existence of life and love; shall that son and brother who has just been rescued from the lee-shore of intemperance — shall these be dashed back into their original ruin by a glance at the wine that sparkles on your tables? When the shipwrecked mariner has clung to his frail plank through all the wilderness of the wintry waves, and when he is in sight of the haven of rest, will you hang out false beacon-lights, to lure him on to breakers, whence his mangled corse shall be dashed on the shore? When, with a desperate effort, he has caught hold of the ark of safety, will you strike off his hand and leave him to sink in the waves?

AN HOUR AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

TO EZEKIEL HUMPHREY, JUNIOR.

DEAR EZEKIEL — If I felt any reluctance at leaving Worcester the other day, it was not because I was starting on my western trip with the thermometer ten degrees below zero, and with a prospect of its running down still lower, but because I could not take you along with me, and enjoy on the way the entertainment of our NOCTES NIVOSÆ. If you had been with me to-day, while passing over the Western Railroad to this place, we should have had matter to talk about one snowy night, I assure you. I know not what these steam-engines may yet be led to do with this globe of ours; they have already "done up" time and distance, and their doings in these cold Berkshire mountains, indicate that neither heights nor depths will long withstand their giant powers of loco-

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motion. No one knows but that the child is born that will see travellers ascending Mount Blanc on a spiral railroad, reaching from the base to the highest peak, and at the rate of ten miles an hour. Such a thing will depend entirely upon the value of the stock, and not upon the height of the mountain.

I love to see one of these huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall back gently into his harness. There he stands, champing and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews; he pants to be gone. He would "snake" St. Peter's across the desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little sober-eyed, tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive or vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for, begrimmed as he may be with coal diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steam horse.

A passage through (you can hardly say over), these mountains is more interesting in the dead of winter than at any other season of the year. "The precipices huge," if not entirely "smoothed up with snow," are so hung with that frosty drapery, and their pendant rocks studded with such fantastic statuary of ice glancing in the sun, that you can fancy yourself dashing through a Giant's Causeway of porcelain, where old winter is keeping Christmas beneath the icy arches of his temple. After crossing the Connecticut, you pass over the beautiful valley of that and the Westfield river, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. The snow-covered mountains loom up before you, and seem "walled up to heaven,"

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with no gateway through their successive barriers. Presently there is a long shadow darkening on the snow; and at the first glance through the window at your side, you see a crest of stinted cedars half way in the clouds. While you are drawing some comparison between them and the curly locks half shading some majestic forehead, and deciphering other features of the human face divine in the round, swelling brow of the mountain, the sound of the hundred iron wheels loses the iron clatter, and changes into a suppressed thunder. In a moment, the mountain, with its great forehead and cedar locks, and the other features your imagination had almost completed, is gone, and a long, perpendicular wall of solid rock, hacked, chiselled, drilled, and bleak, runs up, almost within arm's length, to the height of sixty feet. The proximity of this immovable wall seems to quicken the speed of your steam-chariot; the big engine now feels its load; like a panting giant, it breathes shorter and louder as it thunders through the rocky defile. Columns of smoke fill up the pass and climb the icy butments into the clear, frosty air. The scene changes in a moment; you have dashed out into the broad daylight, and there you are; winding around the edge of a precipice deep as the foundation of the seated hills. Over this chasm you seem to be riding on an atmospheric railroad, for the axles of the engine-wheels reach across the narrow bridge of terra firma that lifts you half way to the level of some mountain top. The frosted rocks adown the deep abyss look into the sunlight as if washed with silver, and the bright blue stream that comes leaping down its mountain channel is like a rivulet of liquid pearl, whose coral banks are studded with diamonds. But it is the vision of a dream; the next moment the sun is darkened, the silvery scene with all its sudden enchantment has vanished; you are in another damp, dark, "deep cut;" the indignant engine is again dashing into a mountain rift, and, with a firm, un-

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wavering step, whose strength you can feel, is mounting towards the summit at the grade of eighty feet to a mile.

I know not how nature may yet be subjugated by steam and this mighty machinery; but I am confident that the mastery of these Berkshire Alps by the Western Railroad, will be esteemed, for ages to come, the *chef-d'œuvre* of New England enterprise. No one but a New Englander, I am sure, could have conceived the possibility of surmounting these rocks, chasms, and wintry heights, and levelling them, practically, with the banks of Connecticut. If Southern tourists would see the omnipotent energy of FREE LABOR, let them make the passage of these mountains. While the engine, with strong, unwavering step, is mounting with its long splendid train of cars, from height to height, let them cast their eyes up those high walls which rewarded toil has hewn out of the eternal rocks. There those adamantine butments will stand till the mountains melt, and at the end of time will bear the marks of the Irishman's drill, his bar, and pick-axe; but no SLAVE MARK, no! no! Thanks be to God, when the angel shall stand with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, and swear "that time shall be no more," he will not find a hand-print nor foot-print of a SLAVE, nor any Cain-mark hieroglyphic of Slavery along our rock-bound coast, or on any inch of New England soil!

THE CONSERVATISM OF PROGRESS.

THE progress of truth depends upon no French Revolution in the empire of thought. Through the whole universe of matter and of mind, a conservative principle prescribes the terms of

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progression. The past is perpetuated in the present, and the present projects into the future, making one continuous continent of time, in which no yawning chasm, no breaking gulf, intervenes to separate one age from another, and break the continuity of human experience. Thus there never was, there never will be, a time when an entire generation have been or shall be all children or all old men; or when an entire generation shall die and another be born consentaneously. There never was a period in the history of mankind, when the cool, conservative deliberation of age did not blend with the sturdy vigor of manhood, and the impetuous vivacity of youth. Infancy, youth, manhood and old age have ever transmitted the race entire through the successive periods of its progression.

In the earlier ages, human life was prolonged apparently for the express design to compensate the first generations of men for their want of the experience of an antiquity. Had not the antediluvian patriarchs been allowed centuries of personal experience and observation, the disparity between their situation and ours would have been more immense in our favor. It required nearly a thousand years of continuous observation to place Methuselah in a relative approximation to the child of ten years now studying Peter Parley's Geography and Astronomy in one of our district schools. That child, in comprehending a few condensed ideas of philosophy, has appropriated to himself five thousand years of living, breathing and speaking antiquity.

If then, the mere perpetuation of the species is based upon this conservative principle, which makes one generation run over into another, upon what other basis may we predict any progression in truth or science? But it would be a dangerous error to conceive that this conservative principle confined us to a rigid adhesion to the opinions of the past. This position would render

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abortive the whole series of progression. It would break up the conservative principle, and identify the present and future with the past, and make all time both prospective and retrospective, one unbroken continuity of antiquity. Then is it any irreverence to past opinions, on any subject, if we adopt them in a modified form; if we divest them of a few excrescences of error; if, in a word, we rectify them to the present latitude and altitude of the human mind?

Let me assume that I am travelling over an extensive plain ten miles in width. As my eyes roam along the horizon, I detect something resembling, it may be, a string let down from the sky. From an instantaneous deduction of experience, I infer that it is the spire of some distant church, although I can see no building, belfry, clock, ball, or vane. Leaning against a mile-stone, I pencil down a description of the distant spire, as it appears to me at that point of observation. I may say that its apparent diameter at the base is six inches, and that at the height of twelve feet it seems to terminate in a point. I may say that it is jet black, and specify other particulars of its appearance. I go on to the next mile-stone, and there another object meets my eyes in the horizon. I am certain that I see a spire in the same direction as the first. But this one is essentially different. It runs up further into the sky; it is larger at the base. I detect a lack of uniformity in its dimensions occasioned by the belfry. I carefully write down, on another piece of paper, all the phases of this apparently new object. I then resume my walk, with my eyes fixed on the ground, till I reach the next mile-stone; when, upon looking ahead, I see another spire, taller and better defined than the other. It presents new features, new dimensions, all of which I carefully enter upon another piece of paper. Thus I go on from one mile-stone to another, noting down at each, new observations of an object

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which I believed at first was a steeple. Approaching this ever-changing object, at one point I recognize the belfry, at another the vane. I at last stand under the droppings of the sanctuary. I pass around it. The design, character and connection, of the steeple are all developed to my view. I find that my former observations embraced only the primary phases or elements of a fact now fully developed. I find the steeple to be a mere constituent element instead of the integer of a fact, and that it was made for the sanctuary, of which it constitutes a subordinate part. I have now to begin with a description of the main edifice itself. I write down its dimensions, its order of architecture, its Doric or Corinthian columns, its doors, aisles, pews, pulpit, arches, and orchestra. I finish with a description of the steeple, which is perfectly white. I say that it is a hundred feet in height; that what I at first conceived its base is its centre; that it is studded all the way up to the belfry with balustrades and turrets; that thence it runs in a single octagonal shaft to the ball; thence tapers into an iron spire supporting a gilded vane, and terminating in a brazen star.

I now put my ten different descriptions of the same object into the hands of one living five miles distant from the meeting-house, and who has never approached it any nearer than his residence. He reads these detached and entirely different descriptions. What evidence has he that I am not describing ten entirely different objects? What specific features of resemblance can he find between these observations, to attach them to a single fact? He detects the conservative principle in the solitary fact, that I saw the objects in precisely the same direction or line of progression. He knows, by his own experience, that the difference in my successive observations of that steepled church is common and true to the aspect of every distant object that we approach.

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Will he charge me with "breaking away from received opinions," with violating the conservative principle of progression, because my descriptions do not correspond with each other? Will he tell me he cannot reconcile my last statements with my first, and that I have been guilty of radical innovation; of stretching the truth at one point of observation, and suppressing it at another? Will he accuse me of being short-sighted, narrow-minded, bigoted, and careless, because, when I was at the first mile-stone, I did not see and describe minutely that church and steeple; that I did not give all its dimensions and portray all its features? Will he charge me with a reckless disregard of my first description, because, while standing within that sanctuary, I sketch its Gothic windows and arches, its stained glass, sculpture and carved cornices? I am sure he would not. I should have his and the testimony of every other reasonable man, that I did not "break away from received opinions;" but that a palpable continuity of truth runs through and connects my different observations and statements of a single fact.

We have introduced this illustration here, and at the present time, in order to anticipate some imputation to which we may be subjected hereafter in giving our views on subjects of deep and solemn interest to humanity. We may venture to give occasionally other *phases* of great facts, as yet undeveloped in our destiny as beings who have entered upon an endless series of progression, of which this physical existence may be but one of the terms in its ascending gradations. The Temple of TRUTH lifts its lofty dome high above the highest pinnacle of the universe. Its Almighty Founder has built his Throne thereon, and beckons men and angels up to its temple gates. Every being lessening down from Infinite Perfection, who loves the truth, is on the road, reaching steadily forward toward the goal. Gabriel himself—

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perhaps with a minor seraph by the hand — is leading the course. Like the feeble, unweaned spirits on the earth, he, too, at every degree in his upward gradations, sees new developments, new phases of beauty, glory and grandeur in the eternal Temple of Truth, the Pavilion of the Almighty. And were he to write for our instruction his impressions of that august structure at the successive points of his approximation, he, too, might incur the charge of "breaking away from received opinions;" for his note-book might contain all that variety of observation which characterized my different descriptions of that steepled church which I saw across the plain.

The untravelled residue of the plain of time and the whole expanse of eternity, lies between us and that great Temple of Truth, which we may ever approach but never reach. In this sublime race-course, our predecessors are *before* us, not *behind* us. Let us decipher and follow their footsteps; for they are the footsteps of angels, of the spirits of the just made perfect and disembodied in order to facilitate their progress and that of others toiling and travelling on in "this muddy vesture of decay." The heavenly admonition is that we keep our eye steadily on the goal, though that goal develop a new aspect at every step.

THE INVENTIVE GENIUS OF LABOR.

THE PHYSICAL NECESSITY of mental activity, in every practical sense, confers upon the mind the power to determine our stature, strength, and longevity, to multiply our organs of sense, and increase their capacity, in some cases, to 30,000,000 times their natural power. This capacity of the mind is not a mere

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prospective possibility; it is a fact, a tried, practical fact; and the human mind is more busy than ever in extending this prerogative.

Let us look in upon man while engaged in the very act of adding to his natural strength these gigantic faculties. See him yonder, bending over his stone mortar and pounding and thumping, and sweating, to pulverize his flinty grain into a more esculent form. He stops and looks a moment into the precipitous torrent thundering down its rocky channel. There! a thought has struck him. He begins to whistle; he whistles some, for he learned to whistle soon after he learned to breathe. He gears together, some horizontally, and others perpendicularly, a score of little wooden wheels. He sets them a-going, and claps his hands in triumph to see what they would do, if a thousand times larger.

Look at him again. How proudly he stands, with folded arms, looking at the huge things that are working for him! He has made that wild raging torrent as tame as his horse. He has taught it to walk backward and forward, he has given it hands, and put the crank of his big wheel into them, and made it turn his ponderous grindstone. What a taskmaster!

Look at him again! He is standing on the ocean beach, watching the crested billows as they move in martial squadrons over the deep. He has conceived or heard that richer productions, more delicious fruits and flowers, may be found on yonder invisible shore. In an instant, his mind sympathizes with the yearnings of his physical nature. See! there is a new thought in his eye. He remembers how he first saddled the horse: he now bits and saddles the mountain wave. Not satisfied with subduing this proud element, he breaks another into his service. Remembering his mill-dam, he constructs a floating dam of can-

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vas in the air, to harness the winds to his ocean-waggon. Thus with his water-horse and air-horse harnessed in tandem, he drives across the wilderness of waters with a team that would make old Neptune hide his diminished head for envy, and sink his clumsy chariot beneath the waves.

See now! he wants something else; his appetite for something better than he has, grows by what he feeds on. The fact is, he has plodded about in his one horse waggon till he is disgusted with his poor capacity of locomotion. The wings of Mercury, modern eagles, and paper kites, are all too impracticable for models. He settles down upon the persuasion that he can make a great IRON HORSE, with bones of steel and muscles of brass, that will run against time with Mercury, or any other winged messenger of Jove — the daring man! He brings out his huge leviathan hexaped upon the track. How the giant creature struts forth from his stable, panting to be gone! His great heart is a furnace of burning coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his iron sinews. But his master reins him in with one finger, till the whole of some western village, men, women, children, and half their horned cattle, sheep, poultry, wheat, cheese, and potatoes, have been stowed away in that long train of waggons he has harnessed to his foaming steam-horse. And now he shouts interrogatively, ALL RIGHT? and applying a burning goad to the huge creature, away it thunders over the iron road, breathing forth fire and smoke in its indignant haste to outstrip the wind. More terrible than the war-horse in Scripture, clothed with louder thunder, and emitting a cloud of flame and burning coals from his iron nostrils, he dashes on through dark mountain passes, over jutting precipices, and deep ravines. His tread shakes the earth like a travelling Niagara, and the sound of his chariot wheels warns the

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people of distant towns that he is coming; coming whither! to Boston, of course.

These are few of the faculties which the human mind has invented to increase our physical capacity, and improve our physical condition. And they are the personal property of every individual, and ever ready and able to put him into communication with all the comforts and conveniences they can procure. The steam-engine, the packet-ship, are my own personal faculties, as much, yea, more than they would be, if they were an inseparable part of my being. They are far more available to me, than if my feet were welded on to each of them. Therefore, all these artificial faculties, every invention and implement to give a new capacity to labor; every inch of progress in the arts and sciences; every degree of intellectual development that has been made since the birth of humanity, have all been the result of that impulse of perpetual activity which the yearning necessities of man's physical nature have communicated to his mind. To ameliorate our physical condition, has been the inspiring object of every intellectual attainment. It has led to the discovery of every principle of natural philosophy and science; it has inspired every conception of taste, prompted every act of patriotism and christian philanthropy. It was not to indulge a few mere intellectual abstractions, that the ancient shepherds and sailors clambered up into the blue heavens, and constellated the stars; they wanted them for guide-boards to guide them by night over the vast plains of the East, and the uncharted waters of the ocean. If Phidias and Praxiteles were only bent on a mere diversion of the imagination, neither of them needed to have touched a chisel. The man who created the Apollo Belvidere, looked into the mountain side, and saw the silver-bowed deity invested in all his god-like attributes in the unquarried marble. But he could not bear to

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see him hampered there in his lapideous shroud before his mind's eye; he seized his chisel, and with indignant strokes he tore away the ceremental marble, and let out the god before his BODY'S EYE, to be worshipped by millions who, if they dared, might even touch his marble flesh. All the beautiful orders of architecture and creations of the pencil; all the conceptions of the beautiful in nature and art and humanity, are inventions EXTORTED, as it were, from the mind, to extend and increase the pleasures of sense. All the institutions of human government, the principles of political economy, the aspirations of patriotism, and the efforts of philanthropy, have been called forth by the necessities of our physical nature, which Divine Wisdom ordained should never be supplied without the busy occupation of the MIND.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE;

OR, ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their

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heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant.—"What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except *one*, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is *no royal road to intellectual eminence.* This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, *he* had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up, and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his

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companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. — He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "*William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!* The boy didn't look *down.* His eye is fixed

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like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. — How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. — The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. — At the last faint gash he makes, his knife — his faithful knife — falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the

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height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment — there! — one foot swings off! — he is reeling — trembling — toppling over into eternity! Hark! — a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, *God!* and *Mother!* whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven — the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting — such leaping and weeping for joy — never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

"GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

THE Providence and Gospel of God have conspired to make the present moment one of thrilling interest to the philanthropist, the patriot, and christian. The light of divine truth, which, ages ago, was cast like a solitary torch into the Egyptian night that brooded over the world, has shone on brighter and brighter unto an almost perfect day. The clouds and chaos of tempestuous confusion have slowly rolled away, and disclosed this great truth, spanning, like a rainbow, the whole new heavens of humanity:

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"GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN!" Strange, startling, obnoxious truth! which Mercy lit at the Eternal Throne, and cast all burning with the oil of heaven into the midst of the warring world. The principalities and powers of darkness have leagued with men from age to age *to put out that light*, which the tyrant could not bear. *Put out that light!* has been the watchword of war; and, like the apocalyptical dragon which John saw, it has deluged the earth to quench that heaven-lit censer. The freeman put on his mail, and the slave made a shield of his manacles, and ran with the master and monarch into the deadly rifts of battle; and when he mingled his blood in the same pool with theirs, the sorrowing angels saw, — men mutilated and with glazed eyes saw, vultures and wolves, and ravenous dogs saw, that it was as pure as ever throbbed in royal veins. The earth has been one vast battle-field, where the nations have waged war with Michael and his angels, with God and his Gospel, to prove there was no indentity in the origin and destiny of the human race. Religion, mistaken, earth-wedded religion, with her eyes glaring with a fire that never burned in heaven, has rushed like a fury into the combat. With her angel robe all draggled in human blood, she has stood upon the high places of the earth, and brandishing the Bible in one hand, as if it were the ægis of Jupiter, and in the other the deadly weapon of carnal warfare, she hissed for the nations to join in her sanguinary banner. And they came: the chieftain that furbished his armor by the light of burning Hecla came. The Scandinavian champions of the North led on their trained clansmen from the sunless shores of the Arctic sea; the tartaned Scot that fought at Bannockburn, marched shoulder to shoulder with the mailed southron, and both forgot they ever "met in angry parlance" there, while the clarion of a holy war resounded from glen to glen, and from mountain to the

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sea. All deadly feuds and private griefs, and clannish animosities, were merged into one intense, ferocious frenzy, which Religion baptized into a christian zeal, to do God service with the sword. Seizing the standard of the cross, she led the bannered hosts of Europe to the plains of Palestine, and left them bleaching there before the walls of Gaza, Acre and Jerusalem, to show the uncircumcised infidels of the East, that they had no part nor lot in Calvary, nor in the common blood of man.

From Peter the Hermit's time to Bonaparte's, and from his to the earliest despot after the flood, the human race, in concert with every fiendish spirit that hated God and man, have waged a perpetual crusade against that great truth which Paul uttered on Mars-hill. But did they succeed? Did the dark passions of their alienated hearts, or all their crimson issues put out that light? Nations fell in the struggle; crowns fell like stars in the apocalypse; but did the angel flying through the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel, did he suspend his flight and rest upon his folded wings? No! had we but ears to hear any thing but the din of this noisy world, we might even now catch the sound of his trumpet, proclaiming as he flies, "GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN!"

Christians, hear it! hear it in the harmonies of the universe and the voices of visionless things, that commune like whispering angels with the human soul. Hear it in the music of the birds, that never lose a note to settle any disputed territory in mid air. Hear it! the night winds sigh, that have fainted beneath the burdens they have borne from the battle-fields and scenes of human butchery. Hear it! whisper the summer breezes, that go out by moonlight a wooing the blushing flowers of every zone, and sing the same song of love over boundaries that alone make enemies of nations. Bend your ear to the lily and the rose, and hear it

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there; for the gentle spirit of the summer flowers is the breath of angels, and it comes up from every daisy that lifts its yellow petals to the stars, and pleads the divinity of this lesson. Read it! for it is the autograph of every sunbeam, written at dawn and dewy eve on every inch of the firmament above. Every raindrop distilled from the ocean, that patters against your window or glitters on the rose beneath, is sent to you with this special message of love. And then there are other voices, that come up in whispered wailings, as from a world of moaning spirits, sighing, *Hear it!* Every foot of ground in Europe is blushing with the blood of some murdered Abel, which "*smells rank to heaven,*" and cries to God against the Cain-like profanity of the man that slays his brother. The bones of fathers, sons and brothers, that were gathered up from the field of Waterloo, and burned and ground to lime, and sold to the farmer by the cask to manure his fields — these have voices, that "cry like angels trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of their taking off." Mountains interposed made them enemies; and they rushed into the deadly combat, and plucked out each other's hearts to gain the immortality of human glory, which was promised them for aping fiends. "Like kindred drops they had mingled into one," had it not been for this bloody phantom that summoned them to the field. But they mingled at last; the Briton, the Gaul, and the Austrian, mingled their blood in one huge draught for the thirsty earth, which blushed as she drank it in, because she knew it was human. The ponderous millstones mingled their bones in one common dust, and the farmer merged their obstinate nationalities at every handful of the pulverized humanity which he scattered upon his field. Costly dust! God's images ground to powder! lie peaceful by the tender blade of growing corn! for ye have half attained the honor of resurrection, to be raised from the battle field even to

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this base use. Lie still, and let the dews of heaven weep sweetly over you; and the evening zephyrs whisper as they pass by, that God, angels, and men, had rather ye should bear spears of grass and blades of corn, than murderous spears of steel and blades and bayonets to butcher men. Sleep on! let no malignant spirit breathe on you; but let the archangel whose it shall be to wake you to another life and form, let him keep watch over your desecrated dust, and point mankind to your lowly bed, and then to that eternal truth, written in characters of living light across the heavens—"*God hath made of one blood all nations of men!*" Christians, look upward! Do you not see that handwriting upon the wall of heaven? Can ye not read it? is it not fairly writ? Come, all ye Belshazzars of the earth—come, look there! for ye can read it without a Daniel: the Everlasting Son of God himself has translated it into the language of the human heart, and everything that can sing of love, or love to sing, has set that truth to the soul-melodies of its existence. Aye, read and tremble; for it is the MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN, of your wanton empire over the destinies of man. Has it made you tremble on your thrones to recognize the political existence of one small nation; what will ye do when all the nations of men shall rise up, in the majesty of their divine adoption, and summon you to recognize their lofty lineage!

GOD'S BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

AMONG the books that will be opened when God shall reckon with the universe, one will be produced filled with costlier records than the common transactions of time. In that precious volume

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— that "book of remembrance written before him for those that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name" — how many little acts of the humblest saint, which the world never knew or noticed, will appear in golden capitals! How many forgotten words and looks of kindness, which dropped a healing anodyne into some broken heart, will there be shown the child of God, who fain will ask, *When did I this?* How brightly in those leaves of pearl will glow that pellucid jewel which fell from the eye of him who gave all he had to give — a tear for another's woe! And the poor widow's mite — what a bright record shall be made of that, and of the midnight prayer she made for those pinched with sterner wants than hers? What a page in that heavenly Album will be given to him who gave a cup of cold water to a disciple of the Lamb, with a heart big enough to have given the world! There will be shown the *tableaux vivants* of prison scenes, and sick and dying bed scenes, where eyes with a heaven full of love in them, and hearts big with the immortal sympathy of God, ministered to the sick stranger and him that was ready to perish. In that Souvenir of Eternity, will be preserved charities of celestial water that never found a record or remembrance on earth.

ALL MORTGAGED.

To one born and bred in New England, the sentiment must be inevitable, and that it is a "free country." The language of every-day life teems with that capital idea. It is the first idea that infancy is taught, and the last one forgotten by old age. Freedom, Liberty, Free Institutions, Free Soil, etc., are terms of costly water in the jewelry of our patriotism.

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How pleasant it is to think — be it true or false — that cold, hard-soiled, pure-skyed New England is, indeed, a free land! that in her long struggle for freedom, she expunged from her soil every crimson spot, every lineament of human slavery, and severed every ligament that connected her with that inhuman institution! And so we thought. We got out of our cradle with that idea. It was in our heart when we first looked up at the blue sky, and listened to the little merry birds that were swimming in its bosom. It was in our heart like thoughts of music, when the spring winds came, and the spring voices twittered in the tree tops; when the swallow and the lark and all the summer birds sang for joy, and the meadow stream chimed in its silvery treble, deftly singing to the daisies. When every thing was alive with the rapture of freedom, we thought, among other bright and boyish vagaries, that this land was free — free as the air; otherwise we would never have slid down hill on it, or rolled up a snow fort, or have done any thing of the kind by way of sport. And we were told that it was free. Old men who wore queues, and hobbled about on crutches, came and sat by our father's fire-side, and showed great scars on their flesh, and told how much it had cost to make the land free. And on a hot summer day of every year, the people stuck up a long pole in the middle of the village green; and they tied to the top a large piece of striped cloth; and they rung the bell in the steeple; and they shot off a hollow log of cast-iron; and the hills and woods trembled at the noise, and father said and everybody said, it was because this land was free. It was our boyhood's thought, and of all our young fancies, we loved it best; for there was an element of religion in it. We have clung fondly to the patriotic illusion, and should have hugged it to our bosom through life, but for an incident that suddenly broke up the dream.

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While meditating one Sabbath evening, a few weeks ago, upon the blessings of this free, gospel land, and on the liberty wherewith God here sets his children free, a neighbor opened the door and whispered cautiously in our ear, that a young sable fugitive from slavery had knocked at his door, and he had given him a place by his fire. "A slave in New England!" exclaimed we, as we took down our hat; "is it possible that slaves can breathe here and not be free?

There were many of us that gathered around that young man, and few of us all had ever seen a slave. There were mothers in the group that had sons of the same age as that of the boy; and tears came into their eyes when he spoke of his widowed slave mother; and there were young sisters, with Sunday-School books in their hands, that surrounded him, and looked in his face with strange and tearful earnestness, as he spoke of the sister he had left in bondage. He had been "hunted like a partridge upon the mountains," and his voice trembled as he spoke. His pursuers had tracked him from one place to another; they were even now hard at his heels; his feet were bruised and swollen from the chase; he was faint and weary, and he looked around upon us imploringly for protection. Starting at every sound from without, he told, with a tremulous voice, the story of his captivity and re-capture; for thrice had he fled from slavery, and twice had he been delivered up to his pursuers. (He was checkered over with the marks of the scourge, for his master had prescribed a hundred lashes to cure him of his passion for freedom.) A worse fate awaited him, if he failed in his third attempt to be free; and he walked to the window and softly asked the nearest way to Canada. Canada and heaven, he said, were the only two places that the slave sighed for, and he tied up his clouted shoes to go. He laid his hand on the latch, and his eyes asked if he might go.

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We knew what was in his heart, and he what was in our own, when the children came near and asked why the negro boy might not live in Massachusetts, and why he should go so far to find a home. And we looked in each other's faces, and said not a word, for our hearts were troubled at their questions.

Some one asked for "the bond," and it was read; and there, among great swelling words about liberty, we found it written, that there was not an acre or an inch of ground within the limits of the great American Republic, which was not MORTGAGED TO SLAVERY. And when the reader came to that passage in the bond, his voice fell, lest the children should hear it, and ask more questions. He passed the instrument around, and we saw it written — "too fairly writ" — that there was not a foot of soil in New England — not a spot consecrated to learning, liberty, or religion — not a square inch on Bunker hill, or any other hill, nor cleft, or crag, or cavern in her mountain sides, nor nook in her dells, or lair in her forests, nor a hearth, nor a cabin door, which did not bear the bloody endorsement in favor of slavery. "It was in the bond" — the bond of our Union, "ordained to establish Justice, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity" — it was in that anomalous instrument, that the slave-hunter and his hounds might seize upon his trembling victim on the holiest spot of this land of the free.

It was a bright night. The heavens were full of eyes looking down upon the earth; and we wished that they were closed for an hour; that the clouds would come over the moon; for the man hunters had come. They had tracked the young fugitive, and were lying in wait to seize him even on the hearth of a free man. We shall never forget that hour. We had attired the young slave in a female garb, and put his hand within the arm of one of our number. A passing cloud obscured the moon, and the two issued

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into the street. Softly and silently we followed them at a distance, and our hearts were heavy within us, that Massachusetts had no law that could extend protection to the young human being, or permit him to be protected without law. It was a strange feeling to walk the streets of Worcester as if treading on enemies' ground; to avoid the houses and faces of our neighbors and friends as if they were all slaveholders and in pursuit of the fugitive; as if here, in the heart of the Old Bay State, there was something felonious in that deed of mercy that would obliterate the track of the innocent image of God flying for life and liberty before his relentless pursuer. We passed close by the old Burial Ground, where slumbered many a hero of Seventy-Six. There, within a stone's throw, was the grave of Captain Peter Slater, one of the "Indians" who threw the taxed tea into Boston harbor. It was a moment of humiliation and indignant grief, when passing by his monument, we compared the taxes on tea and sugar of his day, with that despotic land-tax, that slave-breeding incumbrance, that Shylock mortgage, which the founders of our Constitution imposed upon every square inch of New England in the terms of "the bond."

We have now neither time nor space to tell the story of that young fugitive. We wish he might tell it himself upon every hearth-stone in New England. We wish no human heart a needless unpleasant emotion; but we would that every child in this "land of the free" might see a slave, a being that OWNS A GOD, yet owned, and bound, and sold by man. We would have the rising generation well instructed in the terms of "the bond," and a few personal illustrations of the condition which it "secures," might be of service in defining their path of duty. They will soon enter upon this goodly heritage; and shall we give it over into their hands encumbered with this iniquitous entailment in

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favor of slavery? No! if there be wealth enough in all New England's jewels—in the cabinet of her great deeds of virtue and patriotism — let us lift this bloody mortgage from one square acre of her soil, whereon the hunted slave may say, "I thank my God that I too am at last a Man!" When trembling and panting, he struck his foot on that consecrated spot, then the chase should cease, though his master and his dogs were at his heels. That ENGLISH acre in New England should be another CANADA for the fugitive bondman. He should carry a handful of its soil in his bosom as a certificate, honored throughout the world, that he WAS FREE.

FAITH.

"FAITH," says the apostle, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is not in the power of language to convey a more beautiful, philosophical, and comprehensive idea of that element and action of the mind. The *substance* of things hoped for; not the fugitive, deceptive shadow of a dream, or transient *ignis fatui*, dancing along the horizon of our vision; not exactly the things themselves, but the *substance* of them, which the long arms of faith can reach, even across the ocean of time. And that substance, too, so much better adapted to our present state of being than "the things hoped for" — it is angel's food, incarnated, materialized for man — an aliment for his triune nature. For the soul — at least during its copartnership with flesh and blood — never forgets the necessities of its humble, mortal colleague. When it reaches out its arms of faith into eternity, and feels in the palm of its God for a child's portion, it always brings

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it home in a substance to which all the senses and yearnings of human nature may sit down and feast. It never makes a journey to heaven, without bringing back some choice things for each of the physical senses. To the sight, it *daguerreotypes*, on the retina of the eye, the great city of God, the New Jerusalem, with all its golden streets, its foundation-stones of celestial water, its gates of pearl, the great white throne, the robes and ranks of the heavenly hosts, the river of life, and visions of indescribable magnificence. To another sense it spreads out the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and fruits and flowers of immortal taste and bloom. To the ear it brings the melody of the golden harps, the strains of angel anthems. In short, it creates a heaven for every sense, and sets the whole family of them a longing for it, and then feeds them with the substance of the things hoped for.

What a mysterious connection between the mortal and immortal natures of man! What deep and deathless sympathies unite them! What love, stronger than death, would bind them to a common destiny! How the soul longs to have the body share in its immortality! How fondly it clings to it from the cradle to the grave, as if it could not survive its humanity! It would fain forget its own prerogative of ceaseless existence; it would almost forego its own inevitable immortality, while seeking to cheer its sorrowful, sickly, sinking companion, with the hopes of a new life beyond the grave. It matters not what ghastly ills, what mutilating accidents, what loathsome, life-eating diseases, prey upon the flesh and blood; the soul, with all its angel aspirations, is never ashamed of its mortal partner, but clings to it with new and stronger yearnings of affection.

See the aged Christian, tottering on life's tremendous verge! What tender communings are going on between his two dissolving natures! "Immortal spirit, must we part for ever here?" cries

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his poor, dying flesh, with all its lisping tongues. "Look into this cold, dark grave; wilt thou leave me to moulder here in dust, to coalesce and sleep forgotten with the common ground, whilst thou, an angel blest, shall sing and soar in a bright and glorious life!" "And me," asks the dim, closing eye, "wilt thou forget me when my light is quenched? wilt thou forget, in yonder bright world, the visions of heaven's magnificence which thou didst promise me in return for these sublunary scenes, this everchanging vista of terrestrial beauty, which I opened to thy view?" Give us thy last, parting kiss," sigh the cold, marble lips, "and then say, wilt thou not remember, when thou joinest 'the quiring cherubim' above, that we lisped forth thy first infant song of love; that we uttered that prayer of penitence that brought thee down the pardon of thy God; that we gave voice to thy thoughts of love, and sang thy hymns of praise, and set the melody in thy heart to strains of music almost divine? "Look on us," moan the fleshless, palsied hands; "when thy Lord shall greet thee in his kingdom of rest with 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' wilt thou not remember then, that all thy mercy-deeds on earth, and sweet-breathing acts, cost us some toil? When we have melted into dust, and thou, with other hands, art striking the harps of that spirit world, wilt thou not remember then that we prepared and bore thy secret arms to the widow's cot, and smoothed the sick stranger's pillow, and soothed his throbbing brow, and wet his parched lips?" "Look on us," groan the motionless, ice-bound feet; "when thou walkest the golden streets of the city of thy God, with the spirits blest and pure, wilt thou not remember that we bore thee in these humbler walks, and on all thy missions of mercy, to the house of God, the house of mourning, to the prisoner's cell, to secret places of private grief, to heavenly places in Christ Jesus?"

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"No, no! Forget thee?" cries the fond spirit, in the accents of its immortal love; "forget thee, bride of my life, because thou art cold and dead? forget thee, partner of my joys and sorrows, because thou art gone to the grave, where none can tell thy dust from the common ground? forget thee, companion in my journey through time, because no record of thy existence shall be left on earth? No, never! I will not leave thee nor forget thee. I will watch over thy quiet home during the centuries of thy slumber. Though the angels should woo me to take their form, I would tell them that I was wedded, and waiting for my bride, whom the Resurrection and the Life shall bring from thy grave to my arms. Forget thee? No! I will forego the full fruition of heaven's beatitudes, until thou shalt share with me in their bliss. I will sip lightly at the unsealed fountains of salvation, till thou art restored to me, a glorious form, to make my heaven complete."

"NO ONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF."

THERE is nothing in the universe that stands alone — nothing solitary. No atom of matter, no drop of water, no vesicle of air, or ray of light, exists in a state of isolation. Every thing belongs to some system of society, of which it is a component and necessary part. Just so it is in the moral world. No man stands alone, nor high angel, nor child. All the beings "lessening down from Infinite Perfection to the brink of dreary nothing," belong to a system of mutual dependencies. All and each constitute and enjoy a part of the world's sum of happiness. No one liveth to himself. The destiny of the moral universe is affected by his existence and influence. The most obscure individual exerts an

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influence which must be felt in the great brotherhood of mankind. Should the hand say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," the world would stand still.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions, who will be better or worse for his influence.

It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import that we are here forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! — whose? our own? or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought! — thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly, and till years shall end, enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their *primary formations*, and in all their successive strata of thought and life. And they too will form other characters for eternity, until the influence of my existence shall be diffused through all the future generations of this world, and through all that shall be future to a certain point in the world to come. As the little silvery, circular ripple, set in motion by the falling pebble, expands from its inch of radius to the whole compass of the pool; so there is not a child, not an infant Moses placed, however softly, in his bulrush ark upon the sea of time, whose existence does not stir a ripple, gyrating outward and on,

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until it shall have moved across and spanned the whole ocean of God's eternity, stirring even the river of life and the fountains at which his tall angels drink.

"*To be, or not to be?*" is that the question? No! we *are;* and whether we live or die, we are the Lord's; we belong to his eternity, and henceforth his moral universe will be filled with our existence.

AN EVENING WALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

And the evening is beautiful! and the heavens are full of stars, mirroring their silvery faces in the snow; and the still woods are jewelled with ice-diamonds, and waiting waveless the rising moon. And the Northern Lights, like Zephyrs zoned with rainbows, are waltzing on the pearly pavements of the polar sky. And the mountains look like waves of a silver sea, rising heaven-ward to greet the stars; and the sky like a sea of molten sapphire, with its golden tresses drooping fondly on the brow of the mountains. It is beautiful: too beautiful to shut out of our sight. Let us all go out doors and read a few paragraphs in the album of the heavens. For this firmament above is the Great Album of the Creator, and the suns are the syllables and the stars are the letters, with which he registers his handiworks. And the first man, on the first evening of this new creation, looked up into the same sky-record, and tried to read the illuminated manuscript of his Maker. — And the generations before the Flood gazed at these same stars; and men that saw nearly the evenings of a thousand years on the earth, looked up at these same golden eyes of heaven, which now look down on us; and they called them by name, and

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by their light they drove their flocks to new pastures in the old world. And when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and the floods came, and a long night of darkness, the good man in the ark remembered the stars that studded the firmament in his boyhood's time, and the names they were called by among the fathers of the human race. And when the deep, black clouds rolled away, they shone out of their old places in the sky upon him, and he felt at home again, though floating over the shoreless waste of waters, without compass, chart or helm. There they were just as they were set in the sky in the morning of creation. The waters, that had washed from the earth every trace of man's existence, had not quenched one of the "lesser lights" of heaven, or moved it a hair from its place. The splendid Orion had not lost a jewel from his belt; neither the deluge nor the darkness had "loosed his bands." He walked the same king and wielded the same sceptre among the stars this evening, as in the first evening that mantled the earth. The fiery Betelguese shone with the same red brilliancy, and the sharp-eyed Rigel glowed in the left foot, a celestial diamond of the first water. There were the little Pleiades, and the great Dog-star, and the long Scorpion, trailing its gems along the southern sky; and the Eleven Stars, that the young Joseph saw in his dream; and the seven stars, which the first-born child of Adam saw in his infancy. These were the *home* stars to Noah; they were all that was left of the drowned world, that he had seen and loved in his youth. He knew not whither the sailless, unruddered ark had borne him; the tallest mountain on the earth was buried deep beneath the waters; everything had been swept away but the stars which he had learned by name, perhaps in the tent of his grandfather Methuselah, who remembered Adam. And he felt himself at home.

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Now, young friends, a deluge will never come again to bury out of sight this green, peopled world; but storms will come, and winds will come, and you may drift far away from the home of your childhood. And what makes that home? If all your relations and friends should go with you to far-off lands and live with you there, would you not have left behind a great deal of your home? Yes; you could not take with you the old *home-stead;* the elms and the oaks under which you played; the hills you climbed in summer to see the sun go down in the west, or in winter with your sleds; the brook that purled through the meadows; the mountains looming up in the distance like huge cushions of green velvet for the sky; the fields of alternate green and yellow, and the far-off woods. But begin now to look up into this blue world above; to make these star-fields a part of your home; to bring these glorious constellations into the circle of your acquaintance; to call them by name; to associate them with all the objects to which your home affections cling, and you may carry your home with you the world over. Orion, Arcturus, Bootes, Virgo, the celestial companions of Job, Noah, and David, will be yours, in every place and every condition; acquaintances, neighbors to your paternal homes. It may be your lot to see but a little space of the earth's surface; and to know but little more of the geography of the earth than what you learn from your map. But here you may study the geography of the heavens and see every celestial territory it describes. Without going a mile from your father's door, your eye may travel over worlds that arithmetic cannot compute nor geometry measure. Your eyes can do this, and when you have reached the extreme limit of their vision, your thoughts may go on for ever into worlds beyond. Young friends, suppose you spend a half hour every bright evening out in the open air in appropriating these brilliant constellations; in bringing them within the home-circle of your acquaintance.

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THE BIBLE; OR, THE GUIDE-STAR OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THERE is no error more natural to good men, than that of misapprehending the condition of the age in which they live; and basing their conduct upon precedents possessing no propriety of present application, unless the world be in a *stationary attitude*. This error, the offspring of an unconscious mistake, becomes one of serious consequences to mankind, when affecting the action of those set apart to increase their *rate of moral progression*. Among the imperative and solemn duties devolving upon a minister of the Gospel, there is none more evident and inevitable than that of *leading* his charge, by precept and example, into all truth; of being ever *in advance of an advancing society*, in every good word and work. And this duty he cannot discharge without becoming deeply read in the philosophy of the Gospel he preaches, and of the human mind to be affected by its light.

As, in the structure and productive capacity of our globe, and the constitution of man, there was a consentaneous provision for the continual propagation and sustenance of the human family; so all the revelations of nature and of the Bible have been, are, and will be made for *man* in a *progressive* state. This state is the inevitable condition of his being; and everything in heaven above or on the earth beneath, designed to facilitate his destiny, was created in as much conformity to this state of progression as the eye to the light and the light to the eye. The Gospel you preach not only recognizes this progressive tendency of humanity, but, above all the revelations made to man, its principles were adapted to promote and perpetuate it to the end of time. It contains

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lessons of wisdom for the *first man*, in the very infancy of thought, and for the *last* man on earth, in all the immense capacity of his intellectual and moral nature. And when the race shall cease to inhabit this planet, the principles of the Bible will not have been exhausted of their capacity to advance, to improve, to accelerate the moral *progress* of intellectual beings. It is the text-book of God given to humanity, with precepts apportioned to every age, to every condition, to every grade of human advancement. It had a lesson reduced to the comprehension of the unweaned intellect of Adam, embodying an element of improvement and *progress;* it had another, in the geometrical series, for Noah and Abraham and Moses and David and Daniel; — and, for the first-born, for "the least in the kingdom of heaven," — for the lowliest peasant that listened to the teachings of the Son of God, or was commissioned to carry them to the end of the world, — it had another lesson, embodying the aggregate wisdom of all the lessons taught or learned in the previous annals of mankind, superadded to that which, in the language of our Saviour, made the least in his kingdom of grace, greater than Solomon or Daniel. The era of the Gospel constituted an era in the history of humanity; a point in its steady progression, where its subsequent advancement was to be accelerated by the intense ratio of geometrical gradation. Absorbing all the indistinct and glimmering rays of previous revelation, it arose, in the murky firmament of the moral world, a SUN, which has never set — never will set — never reach its meridian; but which has shown on brighter and brighter from the hour that its morning beams saluted the lowly birth-place of its eternal Author, to this favored day of its diffusive light.

If then, by constitutional necessity, the human mind has ever been and ever must be in a state of progression; and if the genius of the Gospel not only *conforms*, but most intensely conduces to

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that state — how then can any minister of that Gospel, or any one walking by its light, living by its precepts, and breathing its spirit — how can such an one, I ask, stand in the same foot-prints that he occupied last year? But, above all, how can he stand in the same position with regard to any moral question as that taken by some remote predecessor of a former age? With the increasing light of God's Word shining around his path of duty, must he go back into the starlight of the past for *precedents*, or traditionary customs to direct his course and enlighten his convictions? When called, as you are, to act in view of a new condition of society, and of new duties resulting therefrom, may he not lay his hand upon his Bible and say, A greater than Solomon or Daniel or Luther or Melancthon or Mather is here? In declining to make their example the rule of his conduct with regard to moral questions growing out of a new state of things, does he impeach their wisdom and piety? Certainly not, any more than we question the learning and indefatigable industry of Hipparchus, Ptolemy, and Tycho Brahe, when we even sweep away the basis of their theories.

THE POOR BOY'S INHERITANCE.

A WORLD of knowledge has been prepared for the inheritance of every young man of this age and country. It is a legacy that received its first contributions beyond the Deluge, and, at every stage of its transmission, it has absorbed the wealth of mighty intellects. And this inheritance awaits your acceptance; its appropriation is rendered easy by facilities never equalled in any other period of the world. It is accessible without wading

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through a tedious medium of abstract learning; you have no new language to acquire in order to possess yourself of the treasure. Let us estimate partially this last advantage, for it is one that renders *learning* and *knowledge* synonymous; which would not be the case if you were obliged, for a long season, to *learn* before you could begin to *know*. Now it is very possible for a man to be a very indefatigable student all the days of his life, and not come to the knowledge of any new truth for years. For instance, suppose, at your age, I had read the Bible through in the English language very attentively, and that the next year I had read it through in Latin, and the third in another language, until, at the end of seventy years, I had read it in fifty different languages. It would have cost me a long life of hard study, certainly, and I might have been considered a man of *learning*, even if I had read no other book; but could I pretend that all this learning added anything essential to my stock of knowledge? If I spend my entire life in contemplating the same set of facts, through fifty differently tinted mediums, should I arrive at any new truths? No; the knowledge which I should thus gain would be confined to color, not substance.

The English language puts you in direct communication with all the facts of history, with every department of science, and all the principles of philosophy. It gives you an immediate access to all the literature and learning of the world; to the great minds that have enriched the annals of the race; to everything beautiful or sublime in thought, word, or deed. You need not wade through Latin or Greek to get at these treasures of knowledge, for they have all been *Anglicised* to your hand. Should you devote ten years of close study to either or both of those languages, you would find a field that had been reaped and gleaned, and transferred to that of your own native tongue. You may sit

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down to Homer's Iliad, on a winter's envening, without ever having seen the Greek alphabet, and feast upon its lofty conceptions, and get as near to the author's mind as if he were an English poet. All that Virgil said or sung you can read and comprehend in the evenings of one week, without conjugating a Latin verb. Whereas, on the other hand, to acquire the same knowledge of those immortal authors in their own language, would cost you three years of laborious study.

The field then is ready, and you can enter at once. The primer in which you learned the English alphabet will unlock its treasures and put you in possession of them. And, with a little economy, you will find time to enter that field; for it is open morning, noon, and night. Let it be the resort of your leisure moments, those odd fragments of time that intervene between labor and repose.

THE CURSE ON LAND AND LABOR.

THERE is a complaint involved in a vague impression that God has *cursed the earth*, your field of labor. Let us investigate this charge a moment. My dear sir, your Maker bids you put your finger upon that curse, and establish its *paternity*. For the long, gloomy annals of humanity furnish a world of irresistible evidence that man possesses an infinite capacity to curse *himself* with every form of sin, misery, and degradation. On the strength of this evidence, I here arraign him before you and the world, for having cursed the *earth*, too, with all the burning leprosy that has blotched its face from creation down, and then charged that curse upon his Maker. And, I trust, a short examination will make

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him plead guilty of this aggravated insolence. First, let us hear what he has to say for himself. The Creator asks you, what more he could have done for your physical comfort than he has done, is doing, and has promised to do, for that object? He invites you to analyze the solar system and the human system, and discover any defect in his physical laws; any instance where a new principle might be introduced, which would enhance the perfection of either of those systems. Examine the machinery of the globe. See if it were centred at any other point, more of its surface would enjoy a more vertical sun. See if you could suggest an amendment to the laws of its motions, which would give a better variety of seasons to the whole human family, and vivify the earth with more genial dispensations of light and shade, cold and heat. Call in the anatomist, to help you examine your own physical system. And if you can show, by demonstration, that a new sense, or a new disposition of your present organs of sense, would render your physical enjoyment more varied and exquisite, then the absence of that provision shall be admitted as evidence to establish the charge you have preferred against your Maker. But you shall not be confined to testimony so difficult of acquisition. If you can show that a single grain of wheat sown by man, ever brought forth a thistle or thorn, then I will give up the argument. To be sure, the quantity of grain sufficient to satisfy the laborer for a single meal, contains alcohol enough to make him beastly drunk; but if ever a laborer was intoxicated by that grain when made into bread, then I will own that God has directly and unconditionally cursed the earth.

But he said, that it should bring forth thorns and thistles to men. Glorious truth! In that declaration were embraced the high reward of industry, and the Cain-mark curse of indolence. It announced a provision of infinite grace and wisdom, to make

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the pleasures of sense and life the *reward* of activity and labor. Thorns and thistles have ever grown in rank profusion; but always upon the *grave of labor;* never, *never beneath her feet.* They have been, and ever will be, the *spontaneous harvest of indolence,* the evidence of inaction, and the absence of labor. Two centuries ago, they spread in bristling ranks and tangled thickets over the whole wilderness of America, and now this world of Eden fertility is a perennial trophy of *labor,* which has made, or will make, that wilderness blossom as the rose.

'T is true, thorns and thistles have not been confined to the uncivilized solitudes of barbarism; they have grown rankest over all the blood-seethed fields of battle. They are the only crop which any soil enriched by human blood will yield. They spring up where the soldier treads, and thrive beneath the sword and bayonet; but they wither at the laborer's breath, and die beneath the mattock and the spade. On every scene of desolation by human violence, they have raised their rough crests to testify that man has cursed the *ground* as well as himself. Select the choicest gardens of Europe, that have been reduced to haggard sterility, and hold an inquest over the incumbent curse. See if it is because the heavens over that once-favored region have become brass, and withheld the light, heat, rain, and dew, that thorns and briers have supplanted the rose. See if you can trace back this curse, or any other that rests upon humanity, to any other source than the heart of man. "Whence come wars and fightings?" was a question asked and answered eighteen hundred years ago. If that inspired answer is not satisfactory, — whence come they? let us ask again. Are they the constitutional instincts of human nature, and rendered inevitable by the physical laws of humanity? Were the hostile hosts that met at Marathon and Waterloo drawn into deadly collision by gravitation? Were the 14,000,000,000

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of human beings that have perished in war, jostled into that boody fate by the revolutions of the globe? No! the earth that drank their blood appeals to God that man has cursed everything he touched; cursed the land and sea; cursed the iron, gold, and silver; cursed his own labor; and all the productions of the soil; cursed his own heart, his affections and appetites. He was made upright, but he has sought out many inventions, indeed. Sin, misery, slavery, war, want, and indolence are all his *inventions;* and they have cost him labor, too. Watch him while *inventing* a new curse. See how much ingenuity he displays in converting some nutritious production into a liquid poison for himself and his neighbor! For years he has been scheming to gratify the new passions that he has kindled in his bosom. His plans have come to an issue; and now his bark is crossing to the African shore, laden with articles that will pander to the appetites of the slave-trappers of that unhappy continent. He plies the sable aborigines with intoxicating liquors, till their dark natures burn with passions foreign to the brutes. He exchanges the deadly drug and varied instruments of death for the bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh. He fills his empty manacles with human limbs and souls. See him lead out that broken-hearted band to the cane-field of St. Domingo. What a wild, vacant look of despair is fixed in their tearless eyes, as they bow to their bondage! Watch their strokes while the iron is corroding in their hearts. No hope of reward strings a nerve; the blistering drops that fall from their sable cheeks are like drops of *blood;* they earn no bread; they purchase no prospect of redemption. See how that proud man has cursed *labor.*

He now tasks his ingenuity to curse the products of that labor and soil. It costs him but little labor and skill to extract what is nutritious in his harvest of cane; but he cannot stop here; he

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must convert it into poison. Machinery, of an infernal model, is applied to the process. See the complex apparatus invented to change the nature of that innocent cane-juice! What foaming, seething, hissing and throbbing through the snaky convolutions of the still-worm, before that nutritious liquid is conjured into poison! What a distance between rum and sugar has to be overcome by this ingenuity! But he has done the work; he has effected his double curse, and his last act is to disseminate it among his fellow-beings at a distance.

NOT THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

"Wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them as Elias did?"— Luke ix, 54.

No doubt those two disciples of Jesus felt that they had just cause of righteous indignation towards the inhospitable Samaritans. The terms they employed to express that feeling are full of intense and varied significancy, and breathed a spirit perfectly intelligible to him who knew what was in man. Every word in the sentence has a peculiar meaning and force, which must be properly weighed before the whole strength of the proposition can be estimated. Out of the abundance of their hearts, their lips gave involuntary utterance to a spirit which the Christian frequently finds stirring within him under the pressure of some sudden temptation; a spirit, the source and character of which, he is as liable to misapprehend as the two disciples in question. To their Divine Master the state of their feelings was perfectly intelligible, though not to themselves; and he modified his rebuke with the charitable allowance —"*Ye know not what manner of*

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spirit ye are of." Of all the spirits we are recommended to try by the standard of the Gospel, the one under consideration deserves the most unsparing examination; for there is no one that can more seriously affect our communication and communion with God, and our conduct to our fellow-men.

Let us briefly advert to the circumstances under which James and John were tempted to give utterance to a sentiment which met such a tender and earnest rebuke, and endeavor to ascertain "what manner of spirit they were of," which our Saviour merely suggests in comparing it with his own.

These two disciples had always been distinguished among the twelve by their Lord and Master. They had been chosen, with Peter, as his select companions, to attend him at moments of sublime revelation, when the Eternal Father communed with his Incarnate Son, and the opening heavens attested his power and Godhead. Standing at the head of his little band of followers, they were entrusted with the most important commissions, and received such special tokens of favor and confidence as to excite in their brethren a feeling of uneasy emulation, until the question was sometimes indulged by the way, "*which of them should be greatest.*" They had just returned from a missionary tour through Judea, during which they had preached the Gospel and done many mighty works by the power and authority of their Master. Their mission had been one of mercy. They had stood at the bed-side of the sick and dying, and, in answer to their prayers, life, and health, and joy had returned to the fainting, sorrowing heart. Everywhere the poor and grateful populace had crowded around them, and "the blessing of him that was ready to perish" had followed them. The dumb had employed the first accents of returning speech to bless them and their God. The eyes of the blind they had seen swimming with tears of

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gratitude, as they opened to the sight of day, the faces of friends, and the bright world around. The lunatic, as the first rays of returning reason broke in upon his distempered mind, had followed them to tell the joy and gladness and gratitude swelling his bosom at his sudden deliverance from the demons that had tormented him. They went forth upon their mission filled with the spirit of their Master, of love for their fellow-beings, the spirit of prayer. And they had returned to him, overjoyed at the success of their ministry, and recounted all the wonderful works they had done in his name. But, among all the miracles they had wrought, they had never invoked a manifestation of the Divine power to the injury of a single human being. That power came not by prayer or fasting, when coveted for such a purpose. It was accessible to *heal*, but not to *kill*—to carry life, and hope, and joy into the house of mourning and the bereaved heart, but not to accompany a malediction, gratify a resentment, or avenge an injury. They were put in communication with the throne and omnipotence of God only by the spirit of their Divine Master, the only spirit that can carry a prayer to the mercy seat, or bring back an answer of peace.

On an occasion that rendered the lesson more impressive, they were taught this important truth. Journeying on toward Jerusalem, to finish the great work of redemption, the Saviour had sent messengers to prepare for his reception in a Samaritan village. But such was the state of feeling existing between the Samaritans and Jews, that all friendly intercourse had been interdicted. The deep-seated rancor of religious hatred had made them more than common enemies. The inhabitants of this village, therefore, refused to entertain Jesus and his followers, "because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem." A feeling deeper and stronger than indignation was immediately aroused in the bosoms

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of James and John, who were somewhat characterized by their impetuous zeal. On the first impulse of their resentment, they conceived that the supernatural power which had been conferred upon them during their recent mission, was still at their command, and they longed to exhaust it upon the heads of the Samaritans in a judgment that would consume them. Eager to resent the indignity offered their Master, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again," they said, "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, as Elias did?"

The sentiments condensed into this impetuous question are strongly marked and distinct. In the first place, they knew that their Lord would neither rebuke nor resent this act of inhospitality and unkindness on the part of the Samaritans, and they desired to interfere themselves to prevent their escape. "Wilt thou that *we* command fire," they asked, as if he would sanction in a disciple what would be inconsistent with the character of his master, and thus authorize an act of revenge. And they would *command* the devouring element to descend. Had they been about to invoke the interposition of God in behalf of some dying fellow being, they would have employed a term more expressive of *prayer*. They spoke as if the thunderbolt was already poising in their hands, ready to be hurled upon the heads of the odious Samaritans. As their incensed eyes met those of the meek and lowly Jesus,— which, even on the cross, beamed with love on his enemies,— we can conceive that they added, "*As Elias did;*" appealing to the example of that ancient man of God to sanction the sentiment they had uttered. But a greater than Elias was there; one, with whom such a precedent could not plead in justification of a feeling of revenge; one, behind whose example the Christian might never go for precedents to sanction the indulgence of hatred or anger towards a fellow-being.

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"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of," was the mild reply of their heavenly master, not only to them, but to all his disciples, in every subsequent age, who should be tempted to indulge the feelings that were aroused in James and John, at the ungenerous treatment received from their "natural enemies." Although, like the two disciples, we may not know precisely what manner of spirit was moving on in their hearts, we are assured by him who knew every lineament of its character and origin, that it was not the spirit of Christ, without which we cannot be his, nor have any medium of communion with God. It was not the *spirit of prayer*, though they conceived it was that of Elias. It was a spirit that never gained an admission into heaven, or breathed on the throne of grace. It was a fallen and falling spirit, with which the spirit of God could have no communion. It was a burning exhalation of anger which, in speeding to its source, could not soar upward.

THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

CHRIST "came not to *destroy* the law and the prophets" — not to displace them with reckless license — but to *fulfil* them, as the seaward rivulet is fulfilled when it becomes a river, and bears to the ocean the heavy ships of burthen. Speaking as never man spake, he said to his disciples, "Ye have heard that it *hath* been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy, but *I* say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; for if ye love them only which love you, what reward have ye?" Did his new command-

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ment *destroy* that law of Moses? No; it *fulfilled* it, it widened and deepened the rivulet into the river, so that it might bear down to the sea of time and the ocean of eternity, that great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and thine enemy as thy neighbor. Christ came to *fulfil* every law of Moses, and every prediction of the prophets in this very way. He fulfilled every law of the decalogue and made it exceeding broad and deep. The command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," when *fulfilled*, read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, and strength." All the other laws of the decalogue are fulfilled in their aggregation, or as nine rivulets from the same mountain source would be fulfilled, when mingling in one unbroken stream. And they read, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "On these two commandments, hang all the law and the prophets," saith he who came to fulfil them. And love is not only the source, but the fulfilling of the law. And the law is the life of love, and love is the law of gravity in the moral world, which attracts heart to heart, man to man, angel to angel, and all created beings to God. So love is the fulfilling of the *fulfilment;* that is, even of these two great commandments upon which hang all the law and the prophets. For when fulfilled in love, they are as much one, and of one law, as the two forces which attract the earth to the sun and the moon to the earth. They are both two directions, not *modes*, of action of the same law, the law of moral gravitation. No one can love God with all his soul, mind, and strength, without loving his neighbor as himself, any more than the earth can gravitate towards the sun without attracting toward itself the moon by the same force of gravity.

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EFFECT OF EXTRANEOUS INFLUENCES.

TAKE a dozen kernels of Indian corn, and, submitting them to a microscope or any other test, they will present the same properties or faculties, each of which is indispensable to its integral character. Then prepare the soil for their reception with the greatest care; let it be your garden, if you please, and under your immediate supervision. The moment you commit those kernels to the ground, they become subject to diverse influences, which go on increasing in number and diverging in diversity even to the full corn, and produce an infinite variety in the different blades, stalks, and ears, while there was none in the seed. In the first place, not even a chemist could produce an equality in the different earths that surround each kernel, and supply the germinating process with different influences. Then there are a thousand diverse accidents peculiar to each. A grain of sand, a pebble contiguous to one and not to the other, produces a diverse influence, which must inevitably give it a diverse character. A spear of grass lying athwart the one and not the other; an extra dew drop there, an extra sunbeam here, may give a distinct character to each germ; so that when they peep through the ground, no two of them will be alike in any respect. Then comes another train of influences. The slightest difference in cultivation produces and multiplies the diversity. Every stroke of the hoe is fraught with a diversity of effect. The delicate fibre is nipped unseen by a heedless blow, and the blade feels and shows the amputation in some defect. Thenceforward to the time of harvest each stalk is daily subjected to different influences, which determine its color, the direction of the drooping leaf, the size and

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position of the ear, the number of its kernels, the reason why three or four of them are red, green, or blue, and the rest yellow. Not a single ear or stalk differs from another because there was any diversity in the germinating properties or faculties of the two kernels. These are facts admitted, and established by every day's experience. No husbandman ever plucked two ears of corn in his field, and referred their difference, however great, to any difference in the seed. The illustrations of the gospel present the same fact. In the parable of the sower, the seed that fell by the way side, or among thorns, was just as good as that which brought forth a hundred fold; else there would have been no point to the illustration.

But let us come nearer home, for we may find a more interesting illustration in our own physical system, structure, and development. It will not cost us any new observation or experiment to detect the same law of cause and effect here. We can almost come at the conclusion by mathematics, that all the difference in the physical developments of men is not referable to any difference in the human system, or principle, or any innate difference. We might prove this by taking the child in the cradle, without going to that anterior train of circumstances and accidents, which have made that child differ from that one lying in another cradle. We will take it just at that point of its physical development, which corresponds with the germ of that seed kernel as it first peered from the ground. We will let all the influences to which it has been exposed prior to this period go for nothing; for there cannot be the least affinity between its present and future individuality. Now let the mother look at it with the sharp sighted scrutiny of maternal fondness and experience. She notices with lively interest the native color of its eyes, its hair, the symmetry of its form and features. But what can she predicate upon such data?

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Simply this, that it is and will be a human being until it dies; that it has hands, head, feet, mouth, eyes, nose, ears, and all the other organs and members of the human body. These constitute all that is innate to her child or any other child. This is the point of universal identity; and whatever makes her son differ from her neighbors as a boy, or gives his physical development an individual character as a man, she knows and confesses, must depend upon a chain of influences, part of which are within, and part beyond her control. She acquiesces with a sigh of maternal solicitude with this condition, the first time she presses the little thing to her bosom, and from that moment to her death, or his, she shapes all her ends and builds all her expectations upon this condition. She may have other sons at her side old enough to read to her, and understand the most learned treatise on anatomy and physiology; and she may call in all her own experience, and that of her neighbors, and she cannot tell what will be the future color of her infant's eyes; whether in manhood they will be black, blue, hazel, or even red. Neither she or her neighbors can do any thing more than guess what will be the color of his hair when he is old enough to learn his alphabet. Nor can they predict more safely what features, form, size, and gait will individualize him from other people's children when he comes to be a man.

THE FIRST AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

A Meek-Eyed man, who carried a Bible in his pocket to feed his heart with, came down to the wharf and sat down on a tea-chest, to see the ships spread their great white wings for the extremest Inde. And he sat and looked steadily at them till their

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taffrails kissed the sea; and then strange musings came over him, and he seemed like one who saw something with his eyes shut; and he looked up towards the blue sky, and on the sea, and down upon the tea-chest; and he wondered what these strange hieroglyphics were. And he gazed and mused till he saw a moving spirit in them; and he fancied they were spectres of Pagan thought, that had come 5000 miles by the sea to commune with him and ask him for the Bible. And the tears came into his eyes at that thought; and he started for home, for he verily thought that he had seen a vision.

On his way, a little wooden image from the Sandwich Islands stared at him from the window of a toy-shop; and they told him it had been worshipped by the far-off island people, who thought there ought to be a God to pray to. It was too much for him; and he ran back to his house, and to his neighbor's house; and he went up into a little upper room where a dozen young men were praying that the knowledge of God might cover the earth as the waters do the sea. And he stood up in their midst and told them he had seen a vision, the vision of St. Peter. And they marvelled at him, for his countenance shone with the reflected light of inspiration. And his words stirred their hearts with burning thoughts; and as they mused and prayed the spirit fell on them, and then they saw clearly that the Ethiopian, the dark-skinned Hindoo, and the Polynesian cannibal had each an immortal soul within him, notwithstanding the color of his skin. Wonderful thought! the most startling revelation of the nineteenth century! All the good Christian people stared at the conception; and when the meek-eyed man went round among the churches, and held his hat for coppers, there were pious misgivings about casting the bread of life upon such foreign waters; and the widow's mite trembled half-reluctant in her hand. But he begged and bor-

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rowed till he had filled his scanty purse; and the next ship that weighed for a heathen shore carried over the waves the first American missionary of the cross. A few moons went by, and an aged Simeon arose in a prayer-meeting and read a letter from the missionary; and children wondered and old men wept to hear how some Pagan soul had bowed to the sceptre of Emmanuel. And the printer took that letter and made ten thousand of it, and sent one to every place where prayer was wont to be made. And then there were ten thousand little red contribution boxes made; and bright-eyed boys and girls brought their coppers, and forgetting Indian crackers and martial pastry, gave them to the missionary, and thought of droll looking heathen children wearing clothes like their own, and trying to read the Testament. Those little red boxes, that very year, hung up 20,000 cartridge boxes to dry and rot in disease, and the trainbands grew thin, and many a village captain felt that the fascination of military glory was over.

CIRCULATION OF MATTER.

The earth moves, lives, and acts; it begets and sustains life in all its varieties of organization. It breathes, and its breath becomes an atmosphere as essential to the vegetable as to the animal creation. That atmosphere, modified to every genial temperature, laden with sunbeams, rain, and dew-drops, respires upon the earth, and fills its veins with renovated life. The action of solar and electric heat animates the digestive process of evaporation and distillation, developing the chemical qualities of the soil, and thus generates a gastric germinating fluid, which penetrates every thing susceptible of expansion.

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It gently opens the serried pores of the acorn and the grain of wheat. It feeds their expanding veins with a lymphatic element, composed of all the elements of human blood, though combined in another form, which lacks but one more process to fit it for the veins of man. Like man, the sturdy oak is dust, and unto dust it returns. It is not a mere symmetrical inflation of the acorn, that vital fluid supplied it with a substance from the earth which coalesced with the properties of that acorn, and hardened it into wood instead of flesh.

Every limb and leaf, every wart and wen upon that gnarled trunk, every inch of its iron vertebræ, has been developed by a process of nutrition similar to that which feeds the bones, nerve, and muscles of the human body.

The forest, the field of grain, the prairie and luxuriant meadow, and all the animals they sustain, are merely a portion of the earth's surface propelled into perpetual circulation by this organic system of everlasting action. Go out into your meadow, into your garden, and striking your spade into the rich mould, compute, if you can, how many forms of life, a square foot of that soil has circulated since "the evening and the morning were the first day." Look at that gigantic oak, whose Briarean arms have defied the tempests of a hundred years. Conceive for a moment, the remote and consecutive history of the elements in its sturdy trunk, its stubborn branches, and tenacious roots. The matter that lies in dormant induration in that tree, in another form may have been propelled through a hundred human hearts, and warmed into human flesh, may have done service in the strong muscles of the ox, the sinews of the bear, the talons of the vulture, the feathers of the eagle. The reorganized substance of every species of plants and grain and grass; elements that spread the rose-leaf, and mantled in the cheek of beauty; that bleached

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the snow-white lily, and polished the forehead of lofty genius; that overarched the dome of thought, and bent the rainbow; all these may lie mingled within that rough bark. Look at that oak again; it stands immovable in the breeze; but the great system of organic action is upon it, hastening the dissolution of its constituent elements, and propelling them through other combinations. Fifty years hence, and some of them will mingle in stalks of yellow wheat, in blades of grass, and flowers of every hue; in the veins of man, beast, and bird; and some will stretch the insect's wing, and lade the busy bee with wax and honey for its cell. And ages hence, in the ceaseless progress of its circulation, some of the substance of that oak may fall in noiseless dew-drops upon the place where it now towers up towards heaven. Yet through all the ages of its continuous circulation, not a grain of that matter will be wasted, annihilated, or lost. Has not this law of preservation remained as steadfast as any other law of God, through every process of composition and decomposition, the solid globe, ere this, would have been entirely exhausted.

LOVE, OR THE FORCE OF GRAVITY IN THE MORAL WORLD.

In the material universe, there is one grand loyal law, upon which hang all the laws that govern matter or motion. That law, the union and source of all the laws known to the physical world, is the law of *Gravitation*. In its object, operation, and effect, it is to the material world just what the royal law of love is to the moral. To every atom of matter in the universe, it is the command, and the command obeyed: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy

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God with all thy soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself;" thou shalt attach thyself to his eternal throne with all thy capacity of adhesion, and draw with thee thy fellow atom toward the same centre. Since the world was made, not a grain of sand, nor a drop of rain or dew, nor a vesicle of air, has ever broken that law; and there has been peace, perfect peace, through all the peopled amplitudes of space. Pervading the whole universe with its socializing influence, it attracts particle to particle, planet to primary, sun to sun, system to system; mooring all the creations of God around his throne, the common centre of matter and of mind. And there, firm and peaceful, that royal law holds them, while they make music with the harmony of their motions, singing as they revolve in the orbits which it prescribed them when eternity was young, and which shall remain unaltered by a hair, when eternity shall be old. Upon the almighty and omnipresent force of that law, depends the destiny of worlds which geometry never measured, the condition of beings outreaching the arithmetic of angels. Should it release its hold upon a single atom of matter floating along the sunless disk of non-existence, trembling would run through all those innumerable creations, and "signs of woe unutterable that all was lost." Suppose, now, that some human government should undertake to suspend the operation or existence of this royal law of the physical world; and suppose that its puny arm could palsy that all-pervading, concentrating force; what mind could not conceive the awful catastrophe that would ensue throughout the material universe? Millions of millions of suns would be quenched simultaneously in everlasting night. All the worlds they lighted and led, would crumble in their orbits into the minutest divisions of matter, filling the whole immensity of space with hostile atoms, each at war with its fellow, repelling its society, and dashing on in its centrifugal madness, to

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"make confusion worse confounded." All the beings that peopled those decomposed worlds, would float promiscuous and dismembered over the black surges of the boundless chaos; and not a throb of life nor a ray of light would beat or shine amid the ruins of the universe. Does any one doubt for a moment that all this, and more than we can conceive of ruin, would be the instantaneous consequence of destroying the great law of gravitation? But what is all this? what to God and his moral universe is all this dire disaster, this wreck of matter and crush of worlds? what this disruption of every vein of life and form of beauty? what is all this to that other and more dreadful catastrophe which war would produce, when it reaches up and essays to paralyze, with its iron hand, the great law of LOVE, the law of *Gravitation* in the moral world, which attracts and centres around the heart of God, all the hearts that beat with spiritual existence? Amid the decomposition of the material universe, every undying spirit would be safe from the general ruin, nor verge a hair from its moral orbit, nor be jostled from its centripetal tendency towards its great Source and Centre. But in that other act of immeasurable iniquity, man would consign the moral world to a chaos infinitely more appalling than that which would involve the material universe should he strike from existence the law of gravity. He would sever every ligament of attraction that attached heart to heart, spirit to spirit, angel to angel, and all created beings to God. He would set the universe on fire with malignant passions, on whose red billows contending spirits, once blessed, now damned, would thrust at each other's existence, and curse themselves and God. That act would put a sword into every angel's hand, and every harp in heaven, with horrid discord, would summon the frenzied and battling seraphs to mutual but deathless slaughter. It would blast the foliage of life's fair tree, turn the crystal river into burning

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pitch, and line its banks with fighting fiends. Hate, malignant and quenchless, would burn in every heart, and no two spirits in the universe would unite, even in a common malevolence.

A POINT OF SPACE.

THE diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket-rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp, than infinity. This star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, or a centre, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second! By the simple Rule of Three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room for 130 millions of solar systems; and in actual siderial space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems, the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and a half million million of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, then there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love,

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and labor in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow frock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull hazy speck of light in the great milky way, and Dr. Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth, and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then that no two of them all are probably nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then, that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 of similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the world that a powerful glass will open to your view, from one point of space.

Again, multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings, who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly, What is man? We will tell you what he is in one respect: the Creator of all these worlds is his God.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRUNKARD.

DRUNKARDS never made moderate drinkers. Their example is not contagious; when the temperate drinker has tampered with the syren, until he is hard on to the drunkard's end, his influence is gone, his example can no longer beguile an unsuspecting young man into the toils of the charmer. The spell is broken; his magic art is dissipated; he cannot make another drunkard; the youth

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who has entered the road to ruin under his influence refuses to follow his leading-strings any longer.

But, alas! he takes hold of the skirts of another moderate drinker, who is not so near the fatal verge, and is thus conducted by different stages and different leaders, until he is pushed over the precipice, and plunges into the abyss.

The drunkard's fate is the sentence, the arrest, conviction, and punishment of the moderate drinker. It is a dreadful reality which stings him like a viper among the roses which the sorcerer has strewn in his path. The young man feels the glass trembling at his lips in the presence of the drunkard, and like the sons of Noah, he would fain borrow the moderate drinker's cloak, to throw over the habitual inebriate, before he can sip the perilous stuff which eats up the heart. Place a drunken man at every bar in this city, and he would chase a thousand from the shambles which made him a brute. Let every bottle of gin, brandy, and champagne reflect the image and fate of the drunkard, and every one but the moderate drinker would recoil from them as if they were bottled plagues.

The influence of the drunkard, then, is all on the side of total abstinence; it is one of the great instruments which we wield in this glorious warfare. What a fact! Is it, then, true that the inebriate is pleading our cause with all the eloquence of his misery? Are the moanings which he sends up from the gutter arguments which should plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against a single dalliance with the cup? Ah! is it indeed true, that while the poor creature is hickuping and retching in the mire, he is trying to get off a temperance sermon; is trying "to speak to that young man," who is sitting for the first time at the fashionable table when the cloth is removed? When the biting scoffs of men and dogs have chased him into his frosty retreat, and he stands at bay

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upon the straw on which a broken-hearted creature, which he once called his wife, is trying to die — what does he preach there? Is it temperate, moderate drinking, or total abstinence, that he advocates, when his little shoeless, shivering children lift them out of the cold ashes, and, with faces stereotyped with haggard misery, fix on him their large, hungry, glassy eyes for bread?

PULLING DOWN THE OLD CHURCH.

THE ropes were all adjusted, and there was an affecting silence through the motley group of old and young that had come together to witness the scene. Not a word was uttered while the carpenter with a reluctant hand, was passing his saw through the heart of the last of the gigantic posts of the old house of God. There was a kind of awe-inspiring influence creeping over every heart, as the venerable sanctuary stood tottering and reeling in the breeze. True, a more beautiful house had been erected in the centre of the village, and the old superanuated edifice was doomed by common consent to be demolished.

The young men of the hamlet had engaged with alacrity in the service, and all was now ready for the closing scene. The patriarchs of the village had come up to take the last look of that ancient house of prayer, which had been to them for more than half a century, the nearest gate to heaven. I was then but a boy, but well can I remember how many of those old fathers turned away their faces and wept on their staves, as they witnessed the progress of the sad preparations. Their bosoms were full of the most touching associations that can affect the human heart. There they stood, immovable as statues, while the old dismantled church was trembling, and reeling, and nodding to-

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wards them, as if entreating their interposition, or reproving the sacrilegious hands that were sapping its foundations. It had survived all the first settlers of the village, and most of their children, who, through all the years of their trials and tribulations, had assembled there for Divine communion and consolation. Thither had they resorted in their manhood for spiritual direction, and in frosty age, and thence gone down to their long homes, in a little enclosure a few rods distant. The venerable pastor, after having seen most of his flock gathered to their respective dust, had also been laid at the head of the silent congregation. The few that remained of his time, now lingered around like grieved spectres, beneath the old oaks that were bowing their aged heads, as if in sympathy with their doomed contemporary. There they stood, mournful and silent. There were long reaching souvenirs kindling up in their aged breasts until their hearts burned and bled within them. They heard not the groaning and creaking timbers; but their spirits seemed listening to the long lost tones that once filled that venerable sanctuary.

"All's ready!" shouted the carpenter, stepping hastily backwards a few yards. "All's ready!" passed along the ropes in a doubtful undertone. The old church paused for a moment from its oscillation before the wind, as if feeling a new force. It groaned, tottered, quivered, and then a blinding cloud of dust arose, followed by a crash that made the ground tremble beneath our feet, and it was all over.

As soon as it had cleared away, I looked for those venerable fathers who had so enlisted my sympathy. They were still leaning upon their staves, contemplating the heap of ruins, without uttering a word. I looked again, and they were gone. I never saw them more.

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THE COMET.

Sister, what think you? For myself I thought it was the swaling candle of some tall angel, sent out upon his millennial errand of inspection through a thousand worlds, to see if gravitation had released a single atom from the smallest satellite in space; if the revolving worlds still kept time, and no jarring note had broken the harmony of their primeval music; to look at the axles of the planets and the poles of systems, if, by chance, they had become friction-worn from measuring off the cycles of eternity: to pass the countersign of God among the heavenly hosts outfiling from his throne, and carry mutual and fraternal greetings from system to system, and to leave with each a token of an Eternal Father's love.

Nay, Emilia, gaze not upward in such pensive mood, with eyes roving longingly among the stars, as if the slender fillets of light they shred out upon the cold sky, were the golden locks of the star-visitor, melting away in the still, pearly depths of the blue firmament. Grieve not, that one pair of human eyes may see that celestial messenger but once. Its visits, sure, are few and far between, like those of other things of light; but believe me, sister, it comes and looks upon the green or snow-clad earth as often, and as brightly too, as when it was wont to come with the morning stars to look down on Eden. And it will come again, when all the eyes, that can look at heaven now, have gone out like fainting stars, and left the rosy firmament cold and dead, which now glows beneath their merry light. Yes, it will come again; though its message be to other years and moons and stars shining upon generations yet unborn; and, as at the unrecorded periods of by-

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gone time, they too will gaze admiring at this same star-messenger, and sorrow perhaps like thee, when his flowing locks disappear in the calm, cold ocean of the sky.

Strain thy eyes no more to follow its sapphire tresses, receding into those serene, mysterious depths, which human eye may not fathom. Come, look at these common stars, that like angels' eyes, are gazing at thee. See, their twinkling light is filling the firmament with social rays that invite the spirit to their communion. 'T is a sweet fellowship, sister, to commune with the stars. The first human pair that looked upon these lesser lights communed with them, as with holy eyes looking from above to see that no hurtful breath should come across the Eden of their hearts to taint their innocence.

CIRCULATION OF RUM AND SLAVERY.

"Then there passed by Midianites, merchantmen, and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt."

THE sons of Jacob did not sell their young and helpless brother into slavery for gain, but for envy, or for fear of his undue ascendancy in the affections and effects of their father, or of his acquisition of influence and power detrimental to his brethren. The Anglo-Saxon race cannot quote the example of these unnatural sons of Jacob, to sanction the traffic which they have carried on with the white Midianites of English civilization, — merchantmen, who qualify their human flesh-wares with no spicery, balm, or myrrh from Arabia, as did the Ishmaelites in the case of Joseph. They never sold their African brethren into bondage from envy,

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jealousy, fear, or even malice; but for the meanest of meanness; because they were weak and lowly esteemed in God's human family; for considerations which would have affected the roughest son of the patriarch with kindness and compassion toward his younger brother, if they could have been applicable to his case. But Divine justice has ordained that every chain of human bondage shall at last link the neck of the master to the foot of the slave. This inevitable condition was realized, in one of its bitterest qualities, in the origin, progress, and issue of the African slave-trade. We are assured that the very first article produced by the first ship-load of slaves in the West India islands, was the raw material of rum.

It seems the first instalment of the law of eternal right and retribution, that the first product of the slave's labor should conceal a curse that in the end, and in the beginning too, should "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder" those who enslaved him. From that moment, rum, the product of slave-labor, became the circulating medium of exchange at all human flesh-markets, — the currency, which, above all the lucre in mammon's purse, would buy of African fathers and mothers their own offspring, when they would scarcely sell a kid for gold. The "magnetic circuit" of rum was now established. Distilleries began to redden the night with their Moloch fires throughout the United States; and the work of desolation and death commenced. Scarcely a house escaped, which had not mourned a victim, — a father, husband, a first-born, or last-born slain, as the destroying-angel never slew in Egypt. But this was the home-department of the curse, embracing its domestic incidents. The electric fluid passed on. It fired the fierce lusts of the Africans, and from one end of the continent to the other, with a craving their own slow liquors could not kindle. "Rum! rum!!" was the cry of these poor imbruted

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heathen, — rum to cool their parched appetites, burning with the fever of new passions. "Flesh! flesh!!" — your prisoners, your neighbors, your fathers, sons and daughters, any or all, give us "flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone," was the cool, smiling, premeditated reply of the men of the Anglo-Saxon civilization. And for this mess of red pottage, which Satan would scarcely have given to him who asked a stone, men, women, and children, were bought and borne to the cane-fields of the West Indies. And there they planted, and tilled, and trod out the curse in a wine-press of fiery indignation to their Christian enslavers. The American distilleries burnt fierce by day and night. Their worm died not on the holy Sabbath. On that hallowed day, when all things else, with any quality of goodness or salvation in them, rested, the still-worm — twin-born reptile with the worm that never dies — the American still-worm, worked on with the infernal energy of its kind. It worked on while those who lived by its profits were singing psalms in the house of God. It worked on like sin, and for the wages of sin. It worked on while all honest things were still, and night hung heavy on the world. It worked on to feed appetites it had kindled, which would wake on the morrow, and cry — Give! give!!

A cry for rum came from the African coast; and rum had a better market than gold abroad; and the still-worm worked on under the stimulus of new fires. There was a grand amnesty of all restrictive duties, a universal dispensation of grace, in favor of rum. Any American product, with a grain of health or nutriment in it, was taxed most onerously at all British ports. But rum, to buy slaves with in Africa, was entitled to the most liberal debenture; and American distilleries coined slave-money for British slave-traders as well as their own. The flags of the two nations, with their stars, stripes, and crosses, became the livery of

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slave trappers, and of their agents. Liverpool and Bristol became the stations of transhipment, the grand junction in the circuit of rum and slavery. Every cargo of rum landed in Africa, made more slavery in America; more slavery made more rum to enslave the enslavers on its way to Africa, to buy more slaves. Thus intemperance spread with the virulence of the other plagues which it unvialled upon the earth at the same time.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

It was a bright and happy day, and in the serene, pure air, there was the music of birds, and bells, and bugles, and sonorous instruments of brass, and the windy suspiration of forced sheepskin, and wooden tubes blown into laterally, diagonally, and perpendicularly, until they screamed with melodious agony. And, treading heavily to the measure of this martial noise, there came a band of men disguised beyond detection of their mother's eyes, in parti-colored clothes and trappings fiercely red; and, for the pointed and polished tubes of iron they carried bolt upright against their shoulders, they in the distance seemed a walking grove of lightning-rods fretting in the sun. In the middle of the street they marched; and, frightened at the noisy gravity of their tread, the subtile dust arose and fled upon the more subtile element above.

Aloft they bore a large and languid piece of gilded drapery, in which enfigured a sleepy eagle looked wistfully upward to some golden stars and stripes of different hues wrought in the silken firmament, seeming to say, "Were it not for these cannons, anchors, and arrows in my talons grasped, that weigh my pinions

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down, my outstretched wings would cleave the air, and seek an eyry above the pother of these human men.

'Twas wondrous, and many wondered much, to see what feats of complex motion the human feet could do under the inspiration of fife and drum. And many marvelled more, that those glittering iron tubes could be handled in such diverse and dexterous fashions, and that men could be trained to all the sober system of well dressed machinery.

And many ears, of lengths diverse, were startled, when those iron things, intoxicated with the dun spirit of saltpetre, spit forth their fiery, sententious clamor at the setting sun, to which echo, awaking from its slumbers in the waving woods, sent back a deep *encore!*

And when the merry morning, with tresses jewelled with the silver dew, looked out from the summer drapery of the eastern sky, it smiled on half a dozen furlongs of little, happy human beings, scarce three feet high, the wealth of a thousand happy hearts, marching in sunny-hearted couples to the grove, where the robins and all the singing birds were fluting forth their matin songs.

They came, the little things, with steps so gentle as scarce would shake the dewdrop from the tender blade; they came with their bosoms and burnished tresses full of modest meadow flowers. In every cheek nature had diffused a rose perennial, which the playful zephyrs kissed and the sunlight of doting eyes deepened as they passed. For every eye that looked on them, had a blessing glistening in it; and the hearts that owned them were swelling with bliss enough to make a heaven of. And their little banners fluttered on the morning breeze, figured over with life-like images of sparkling fountains, cascades, and crystal springs, and moss-grown wells, and oaken buckets pendent from long, stone-ballasted well-sweeps, with cold, pellucid water drops, dripping from their moss-

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edged brims, making one dry to look at them; and winged and wingless angels, with pitchers full of God's best beverage, cooling the parched lips of some poor errant being who had burnt his heart up with fiery liquors. It was a cold-water army, not known in Bonaparte's day, but had it been at Waterloo, it would have marched straight through the bearded Cossacks, and driven the hostile armies to another field.

THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE cannot be stolen by or from you. It cannot be sold or bought. You may be poor, and be troubled by the sheriff on the journey of life. He may break into your house and sell your furniture at auction; drive away your cow; take away your ewe lamb, and leave you homeless and pennyless; but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewelry of your mind. This cannot be taken for debt; neither can you give it away, though you give enough of it to fill a million minds. I will tell you what such giving is like. Suppose now that there were no sun nor stars in the heavens, nor any thing that shone in the black brow of night, and suppose that a lighted lamp were put into your hand, which should burn wasteless and clear amid all the tempests that should brood upon this lower world. Suppose next, that there were a thousand millions of human beings on the earth with you, each holding in his hand an unlighted lamp, filled with the same oil as yours, and capable of giving as much light. Suppose these millions should come, one by one, to you, and light each his lamp at yours; would they rob you of any light? would less of it

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shine on your own path? would your lamp burn more dimly for lighting a thousand millions?

Thus it is, young friends. In getting rich in the things which perish with the using, men have often obeyed to the letter that first commandment of selfishness: "Keep what you can get, and get what you can." In filling your minds with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule, and obey this law: "Keep what you give, and give what you can." The fountain of knowledge is filled by its outlets, not by its inlets. You can learn nothing which you do not teach; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth except by giving. In the illustration of the lamps which I have given you, was not the light of the thousands of millions which were lighted at yours, as much your light as if it all came from your solitary lamp? Did you not dispel darkness by giving away light?

Remember this parable, and whenever you fall in with an unlighted mind in your walk of life, drop a kind and glowing thought upon it from yours, and set it a burning in the world with a light that shall shine in some dark place to beam on the benighted.

NATURAL PROVISIONS FOR PEACE.

From the rain-drop world of the viewless animalcule, to the outermost circumference of our solar system, reaching across the whole amplitude of mind, and breathing and breathless matter, not even the arch-enemy of man himself could find a single natural provision for war: nor could an angel of light, following in his track, detect a single hieroglyphic that could show, that the Providence of God ever anticipated any other condition than per-

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petual peace among men. Every relation of time, distance, and dimensions, which our earth sustains in the solar system, has a specific relation to this condition. The shape of its orbit, and the inclination of its axis, have not varied a hair since the morning stars sang together; and in that birth-day of time, they were fixed in that Eternal Purpose to produce that endless variety of soil and climate, and that infinite chain of reciprocal necessities, which should put the human race under everlasting bonds to keep the peace. And if this night the slightest change should be introduced in those great physical relations; should the inclination of the earth's axis be increased or diminished by a few degrees; we should find all our commercial relations changed on the morrow; and next year we might be raising cotton for southern manufacturers, and England importing her tropical fruits to Brazil.* They are the huge hawsers that moor countries together, and which never can be severed by human legislation, let the heathen rage, and Christians dream as much as they will about physical, moral, and social independence, and isolation.

This kind of independence cannot be tolerated by any provisions of nature, and any attempt to enforce it as an insurrection against even the physical laws of the universe. There is a wonderful exposition of this truth in the very anatomy of the globe, which should strike us with peculiar force. The anatomist can never cease to admire the perfect symmetry of the human body, and that correspondence of its parts which makes one division of the system an almost exact duplicate of the other. Why, then, he might ask, is not the western hemisphere an exact duplicate of the eastern? Why are the two halves of the globe put to-

* There is no ambiguity in the design of Divine Providence in this great system of physical relations.

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gether with such deforming incongruity,—a foot against a hand, a neck against a shoulder, an ear against a mouth? What dreadful convulsions of nature have produced this unseemly distortion? Why is there not a precise correspondence of climate and soil within the same degrees of latitude clear round the globe? Why are not Japan, Persia, Barbary, and the United States all of the same temperature, and susceptible of the same productions? Why is not Italy just like Nova Scotia, and England like Labrador or Newfoundland, when the sun shines as vertically upon one country as the other, and all are equally contiguous to the same Atlantic waters?

Superficial observer! Let me tell that anatomist to look again, and see what St. Paul saw; let him trace the effect of this apparent anomaly but a little way, and he will arrive at a glorious cause of causes,—the very innermost divinity of the arrangement, which is nothing less than a physical provision to carry out the eternal truth,—that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men;" and meant that they should feel, and read it too, in the unwritten statutes of nature. That every lack of physical correspondence between the two hemispheres, multiplies and subdivides international relations. It creates and supplies reciprocal necessities not only between different zones, but also within the same parallels of latitude all round the globe. It is the great sub-marine chain that connects China and Greenland, Siberia and Brazil; that chain whose links grow larger and larger as they approach the earth's extremes and grapple together mutual antipodes with hooks of steel. The Greenland hunter, when he returns from the chase, wants every thing that the Chinese peasant can produce, and the New Englander wants half of the same productions; and that peasant wants every thing that the arctic hunter can reach with his bow and harpoon, and half of what the New Englander can produce from his skill.

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So that the physical relations between different countries increase in strength with their intervening distance. This arrangement, to make one nation dependant on another, is the primitive basis of international commerce and comity. True, it is the coarsest bond of connection; and it would exist with all its iron strength, if there was no human nature in man; if he had no social nor moral relations to his neighbor, nor any of the divine affinities of the human soul. A coarse bond it is, indeed, but it is a chain of adamant which all the navies of the world cannot break, and all the swords that war ever sharpened to butcher men cannot sever.

All other ligaments of human nature and society, — all the ties of religion and love and consanguinity, have yielded, like singed strings of tow, to the breath of that fiendish spirit which broke peace in heaven as well as earth. But never has that great physical bond relaxed its hold: no, it has contracted under every drop of blood, and drawn belligerent countries more closely together. There never was a war of one year's duration, but that all those who could not fight on either side, hankered and pined, and even starved, for what grew almost spontaneous on their enemy's soil.

Aye! decrepid age stretched out its palsied hand, and the infant in the cradle felt for something which nature had given the enemy, and the enemy could alone give or sell to them.

Go out among our New England hills and ask the surviving mothers of the revolution, and they will rehearse the experience of mothers of every war, and tell you how they went out into the woods sick and sad, and peeled the trees, and dug up roots from the frosty earth with their bare fingers, and seethed the bitterest herbs for a substitute for some production of an interdicted soil. Until the puny arm of man may reach up, and shift the tendency of gravitation, or jostle the earth into another centre, this great physical bond of peace will never relax its strength. The reve-

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lations of reason, experience, and the gospel, and the irresistible tendencies of the age, are developing some new and startling principle in physiology — not the physiology of the human body, but of the great body of humanity, the anatomy of mankind. Our statesmen, philanthropists, and Christians are yet mere children in this new science. Let them take a few lessons in this comparative anatomy, and they will find that the solid globe, — with its fathomless strata of granite muscles, with the radical heat of its internal fires, with the vital fluid of its oceans and rivers, and the adamantine osteology of its mountains, — is nothing more or less than the great body of corporate humanity, humanity the body of the soul, and the soul the body of divinity, and divinity the essence and inspiration of God. Viewed in this light, every acre of dry land becomes so much flesh of this great corporeity, every river a vein throbbing with the vital fluid, every sea an artery, and the oceans only three lobes or divisions of one great heart.

The devout anatomist, then, will see that every act of narrow-minded legislation is a ligature around some minor vein, to stop the circulation of blood through this giant system. Every war is just such a conspiracy in the human family as that in the fable, where the members of the human family conspired against the stomach, and refused to supply that suspected organ with food, until they became the very first victims of their niggardly malice and suspicion. We are apt to tell a poor emaciated person, who has saturated his system with the medicines of every travelling quack, that if he will leave nature alone, she will work out her own cure. How much more justly, then, may we apply this principle to the great mankind system, which, in every age, has an inveterate Sangrado digging away at every pore! Let the standing armies of the world throw away their murderous lancets; let the braying cannon cease to cut and cauterize upon the

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great body of corporate humanity; give every soldier a hoe or a Jews-harp, and every marine a harpoon, and this universal nature would soon work its own cure. It would resume its own functions, and their first uninterrupted operation would bring back "peace on earth and good will to men."

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

THE fruit that tempted Eve was fair to look upon long before she inhaled its delicious ordor; it held out its rosy fascinations to the lust of the eye before she touched its yielding stem; its wooing, luscious tints held a melifluent dalliance with the sight before she put it to her lips or assayed the fatal taste. If then our first mother, in all the unsullied purity of her primeval innocence, fell before a temptation which was presented to a single sense, how shall the reformed inebriate stand before one which, for years, has led all his senses captive? Had the fruit which seduced Eve grown anywhere else than in Eden, she would not have touched it. Had it hung among thorns and thistles, or in the wild-wood shade; had it met her eye in the deep, dingy fen, where poisonous plants took root; had no sweet breathing foliage nor flowers dripping with honeyed dew helped on the deadly delusion, she would have turned from it with disgust. So it is with the reformed inebriate: he may pass by one of those subterranean shambles where he was once made a brute, and resist the temptation to enter there. The sight of the bloated drunkard swallowing his fiery draught of cheap made poison, may not cause him to falter or fall: the hoarse songs of the midnight revel may not allure him from the music of lips and hearts which have begun again to

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make sweet melody around his own fireside. He may even breathe the atmosphere of the grog shop and escape its contagion: he may walk upon the burning coals of alcohol, and come off without even the smell of fire in his garments. He may do all this; but there is another ordeal through which he may not pass unless some special angel of mercy keeps his feet from falling. Having escaped the quagmires, the pit-falls, and fiery serpents of the wilderness of sin, he may fall into the silken snares which are set for his soul among the flowers of Eden.

Let us contemplate for a moment the scene of this searching ordeal through which the reformed inebriate must pass before he gets out of the arrow-shot of the enemy. These places of enchantment are not castles in the air; would to heaven they were! Like the mansion doors of the Egyptians, they bear not upon their lintels the saving mark of total abstinence; and he who enters there, may find the destroyer's sword as sharp as when the first-born of Egypt fell by its unsparing edge. We must warn the unwary against these high places of temptation, or be responsible for the perdition which may follow our remissness of duty. We need only describe such a place to discharge this duty. Let me attempt this task. Did you not notice this day that marble-fronted edifice which arose in towering majesty among the elegant mansions which line yonder street? That is the abode of all that earth can give. The lord of that mansion has a heart as ample as his house, and generous impulses of his kindly nature glow as brightly as the fires upon his friendly hearth stone. Everything which a cultivated taste can conceive or suggest, is there rendered elegant by that spirit of harmony and beauty which breathes in every object and pervades every influence. That father and husband adorns every relation of private, social, and public life with that harmonizing consistency of character which

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he carries from the bosom of his family. His words are words of wisdom, and they are heard in the councils of his country. Hundreds of the irresolute and vacillating cling to the beautiful symmetry of his character, and bow in veneration to his opinion. He is a munificent benefactor: no periodical impulses make him a periodical philanthropist. His heart is always open to the objects of benevolence, and no misery falls without the pale of his charity. The guests that daily assemble around his ample board bear testimony to his munificent hospitality. The wife that presides at that table is one of the constituent elements of his being, his character, his happiness, and his destiny. His children make up the symmetry of the whole; and when he is found in their midst, he is found at home, on his throne, with all his stars glittering in his crown. There you may find him when he retires from the world, listening to the melody of lips which cannot be silent there. Eyes that vie with the diamond's light, grow brighter in the light of his countenance. Jewelled hands make melody on the harp for him: fingers that divide the music with the strings they touch, make the piano breathe its choicest tones upon his ear. The voice of prayer arises, morning and evening from the altar whose fires are never extinguished in his heart or in the bosom of his family. The songs of praise and thanksgiving bear heavenward the incense of every lip and heart; and while it ascends to its great Author and Object, it sheds back an odor and an ether of kindness and love upon all that surround that happy household. Might not such a house be called the house of Obed-Edom, where the ark of God, the ark of the covenant and the promise, reposed! Why might we not call such a mansion a kind of Eden, a Paradise regained? What lacks it yet? Nothing! It is an Eden; it is an Eden with the fatal apple peering from among its choicest flowers in all its resistless fascination. It is

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an Eden filled with all a thousand tempting syrens, commending that deadly fruit whose mortal taste has brought sin and death into our world, and woes enough to make the angels weep — that fruit that has turned the ambling fountains of the human heart into black, bitter, and burning pitch, and, like a viper stung the soul with the throes of immortal death. Moderate, fashionable wine-drinker, do you ask wherein the mansion I have sketched is involved in this deadly character? and what temptation it thus conceals? Open that locker and you will see. That dark-looking bottle with the silver top is full of the juice of that apple of sin which Eve tasted to her cost and ours. Follow that bottle to yonder table; see it unvialled there; see whom the hissing serpent stings; it passes around; the generous host sips but lightly of the pleasing beverage; it but moistens the lips of his accomplished wife; it hardly stains those of his daughters with a deeper blush; his son almost forgets that his glass is full and untasted; at that table it is only a thing of custom, and not of appetite; and when that family retires from that board, no influence of the sparkling wine will revive its memory. But who is that newly invited guest who is sitting at that board for the first time for years? He looks like one just returned from a long voyage upon the seas. He is a nephew of our host, the son of a widowed sister, who was once a clerk in his store. And he has been out upon the seas, and suffered shipwreck, without lightning or tempest. Ten years ago, a taste from the wine cup which stood upon that very table, decoyed him out among the quicksands of temptation, and for years he was dashed against the rocks and lee-shores of ruin.

The temperance wreckers found him bruised and bleeding on the beach, and like good Samaritans, they poured the healing anodynes of human kindness and love into his broken and hopeless

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heart. They bore him back in their arms to the home of his youth, and gave him to his mother; for like her of Nain, she was a widow, and he her only son. Among those who rejoiced with her at the restoration of one so dead and lost, none had a gladlier throbbing heart than our generous host. He welcomed the young man again to the bosom of his family, and placed him by his side at the table. Every inmate of that mansion received the returning prodigal with emotions of joy, and all the insanity of his former dissipation and disgrace was forgotten. Eyes that once grew dim at the sight of his ruin, now glistened with exultation at his rescue and return. Hearts that grew heavy with sorrow as he sank in disgrace, now palpitated with gladness at the recovery of his reason and character. In that happy family he is again a son and a brother. Ever since his restoration he has withstood every temptation of the charmer; but see! while she has lulled his suspicions in the bowers of this Eden, she is fettering her victim at that very table, in the midst of that happy group, under the very eye of that generous uncle, who has just thanked God that the boy has escaped the snare of the fowler. He sees each member of that family dallying with the tempter, and he himself begins to be less apprehensive of its insidious advances. The youngest of his bright-eyed cousins at his side greets the sparkling champagne with her lips, and commends it to his, with a smile which he cannot resist. It is an innocent beverage, he is told; the glass by his plate is small, very small; he looks around him for something to divert the suggestion from his mind; his uncle is a Christian, and he looks with confidence to his example. Fatal moment! that uncle is just raising his glass to his lips; he is taking the most moderate, temperate draught, and he never drinks but once at his dinner-table. Look at that young man! he is lost! he is hit to the heart! the snare is sprung! he risks one deceitful, fatal

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sip! Up, and after him: he is making his way to the shambles: his feet are on the threshold of the chamber of death. Follow him closely up, brethren! bring him forth, poor man! cut away the pestiferous folds of the monster, and see if he may stand upon his feet again. Watch him closely, brethren, and if you resuscitate a breath of life within him, let him not breathe a second time in gunshot of a moderate drinker.

While recovering from his deadly swoon, show him as many drunkards as you can; let him occasionally catch the loathsome effluvia of the dark subterranean rum hole; give him now and then a sudden glimpse of that beastly degradation which he himself has fathomed; but place a sentinel before the door of that kind, warm-hearted, wine-drinking uncle; let him not enter there, for he had better enter his grave. There is no place on earth so fatal to him as a seat at that friendly board. There everything must conspire to his ruin. Every social, moral, and intellectual influence which he meets under that roof, enhances the certainty of his prediction; even the services of religion and the evidences of Christianity, will there join the conspiracy against him, and furnish the tempter with a new language to entrap his soul. Have we done any injustice to the moderate, the fashionable wine-drinker? Did we attribute any premeditated malice to his intentions, or any covert design to injure his ward? No! more than man can merit, was awarded to him; nor was it intimated that he was morally responsible for the inadvertent ruin which resulted from his conformity to a custom, which, if we may so say, has become accidentally fatal to the community. We did not insinuate a charge against the civil, social, and Christian character of that worthy citizen. We employed the most expressive language at our command, to present these aspects and lineaments of character in the most prepossessing light. Call the destruction of that young

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man an accident, if you will, for which that generous host was not accountable; but this consideration will not mitigate the bitterness of the disaster. That youth will sink as deep in the bottomless slough of human degradation, as if that uncle and guardian had spent twenty years in malicious machinations to effect his ruin. The plea of inadvertency and irresponsibility seems to aggravate the case. Had that guardian made his unsuspecting ward a victim of his premeditated malevolence, it would have satisfied a better principle than revenge, to have known that he would have been amenable at least to Divine justice. Had he laid snares, and dug pit-falls for the feet of that youth; had he employed spies and adroit emissaries to decoy him into the chamber of death, the young man would not have fallen. His eye was trained by bitter experience to be on the alert for every species of these gins and traps. He had already escaped hundreds as dangerous as human ingenuity could spread in his path. He had graduated in this indispensable science, and schooled his eye to an exquisite perception of the wiles of malicious hypocrisy. His guardian did by accident what he could not do by design. He perpetuated an act with moral impunity, which he could not have done with guilt enough to sink an angel. The very fact and evidence of his good-will and generous designs ruined his ward, who would not have touched a drop of the perilous stuff, had he seen all the rest of the world quaffing it with delight. What atonement, then, can such a citizen offer the community in the plea of inadvertency? What reparation or excuse can he make to humanity by maintaining that there is "no method in his madness," nor design in his mischief. Was the fall of that young man the result of accident? Grant it; but how comes it that it was an accident, which could only occur under the roof and influence of that moderate, wine-drinking uncle? Is it an

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accident, — is it a fortuitous necessity that fills the dwelling of such a citizen with the deadliest pit-falls for those who have just been plucked from the abyss? Is it a harmless inadvertency, that his drawing-room and dining-room are set off "with lime twigs," to catch the newly redeemed soul? Suppose you should escape the curse uttered against him "who puts his bottle to his neighbor's lips," and still work all the ruin of such an action, would it serve as an opiate to your conscience, and sweeten the hemlock of human misery, to say that it was an accident?

THE SPIRIT AND EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered."

HERE the nature of the Christian's unity with Christ is elucidated by the clearest and simplest demonstration. The heart of the true, living, fruit-bearing Christian is grafted into the heart of Christ. And there it must abide, filling its system of veins and arteries with the vital fluid, the spirit that is in Christ. Christianity is not the production of the wild olive-branch of human nature. Christian acts are not the fruit of the spirit of the old man, but of the new man, which is in Christ Jesus. No one, in any condition of life, can be a fruit-bearing Christian any longer than he abides in the vine. And while he thus abides in it, the actions of his life, in all their variety and different degrees of development, will be transfused with its spirit. If I may say so, every grape, however green or ripe, will savor of the spirit of the vine. Every action in its inception and issue; every duty, social,

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public, or private; every emotion, weak or strong, will bear witness to the spirit that was in Christ. In estimating the value of a diamond, we say, it is of such and such a *water*. In analyzing the purity of a Christian action, we may say, that it is of such and such a *spirit* — that, in the ore of grosser motives, are contained, as it were, so many grains of the spirit of Christ.

Now, we ask, "whence come wars and fightings?" Whence come the emotions that fill the heart in the act of inflicting upon a fellow-being atrocities which no brute inflicts upon its fellow-brute? in the act of thrusting his maddened soul into the presence of its God on the point of the bayonet? of maiming and mutilating his body, and stamping it, in the mire of its blood, into the earth? Is any of the spirit of Christ in emotions and actions like these? Follow him, from the manger to the cross, through every trial he was called to endure; through all the bitter obloquy and persecution that were heaped upon him; through all the indignities, the violation of his rights as a citizen, which he daily suffered. Stand by him at that crowning scene of ignominy and malice, when, at Pilate's bar, he was spit upon and buffeted by the malignant mob. Watch the expression of his countenance when the crown of thorns was plaited around his temples; whilst he was staggering up the hill of blood under the weight of his cross; when the nails were driven; when he breathed forth the last impulse of his spirit upon his red-handed murderers, and cried, FATHER, FORGIVE THEM! FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!! Yes, steal in upon him at any point of these fierce temptations; at any lone moment of his agony; at his night-wrestlings in the garden, when he sweat, as it were great drops of blood, in view of the last scene of his suffering. See what were the fruits of *his* spirit in these "extreme cases." When there was none to see and hear but God, did a thought of ill-will to a human being steal into his

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heart, as the long catalogue of injuries he had received from his countrymen pressed upon his memory? Did a shade of anger cross that grief-marred countenance under cover of the night? Did a tone of unkindness strengthen the emphasis of his midnight prayer?

Is, then, the disciple greater than his Master? Are his temptations greater than were his Master's? Are the "extreme cases" to which he is exposed more extreme than were those of his Master? If the Christian is a branch of such a vine; if he abides in such a vine; if his heart is grafted into the heart of Christ, and thence receives the vital fluid of its spiritual existence; — in short, if he have the same spirit that was in Christ, breathing and begetting life in his soul, then in the extremest cases of sudden and fearful trial into which a human being may be thrown, he will act, speak, and pray like his Master, — like the Captain of his salvation, who was made perfect through *suffering*. The Godless governments of this world may rule and rage as they may, but "neither principalities, nor powers, nor things present or to come," can separate the true, living Christian from the love of God, which is in Christ. They cannot dislocate his heart from the heart of Christ. And while that vital connection exists, he cannot fight, unless a malignant element be first infused into the fountain from which he draws his life-spirit. I say it with reverence, until the powers and principalities of this world shall change the attributes of the Son of God, the Christian cannot fight, nor hate, nor curse, nor injure, nor scorn his brother man. His moral inability to indulge these passions, and to perpetrate these deeds, is fixed upon him by a law as irrepealable, as unchangeable, as the elements of God's being. So a Christian, in the fulness of this Divine communication, is disqualified for a soldier by every attribute of the spirit with which it transfuses his soul. We have tested him before a

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court-martial, and found that he would be hung upon the first tree as a traitor, if he should obey the commands, evince the spirit, and imitate the example of Christ towards his enemies on the eve of a battle. The recruiting sergeant has sent him home, as unfit for service. Shall the Christian church, the court of Christ on earth, reverse the decision of the court-martial, and send the soldier of the cross back to the recruiting sergeant, with the admonition to that officer of the carnal weapon order, that he had mistaken his man; that the robe of Christ's righteousness, pure and white as it might seem, might be dyed to the reddest crimson in the hot rivulets of human blood on the battle-field, and yet be in uniform with the robes of the blest in Heaven? Shall a bench of Bishops, a council of Gospel Ministers, or the Church itself, undertake to impeach the authority of the greatest generals of the world, who have testified to the inconsistency of all war with Christianity? Who, on the Continent of Europe, ever tried the metal of more soldiers than Bonaparte, or better knew the qualities most requisite in a warrior, than he, when he summed up his experience in the declaration, "*the worse the man the better the soldier?*" Who, of all the English list of military heroes, is better authority than he whose monument towers highest among its fellows in the metropolis of the world? And the Duke of Wellington has said, "*No person with nice scruples about religion has any business in the army.*" Another hero with his laurels blushing on his brow with the fresh crimson of the battle-field, has declared, at the festal board and to fellow officers, that "the soldier's trade was a damnable profession." Shall Christians endeavor to raise such a profession to the reputation of a Christian occupation? There is no room in any army upon earth for a man who can love his enemies, and bless and pray for them who despitefully use him. There is no army upon earth before which

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he would not be hung as a traitor, if he exercised the highest prerogatives, and obeyed the sublimest precepts of Christianity, and forgave and blessed, and fed the very persons whom his Divine Master commanded him to forgive, bless, and feed.

"THE POWERS THAT BE." — The government of God is one of "the powers that be;" and to it every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess, both in heaven and on earth. The Governor of the Universe has ordained no power to be, whose existence requires the abrogation or suspension of one iota of his royal law.

WAR AND THE SPIRIT AND MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY.

LET us look at war in the light of Christianity for one moment. Great and good men, of almost every age, have testified to its complete, inevitable, unchanging, and everlasting antagonism to the whole spirit and teachings of the religion of the Gospel. Some celebrated divine has said that war was the inversion of the whole moral code; a violation of every command of the divine decalogue; a condition in which crime becomes virtue, and virtue crime. "To return evil for good," says one, "is demon-like; to return evil for evil is beastlike; to return good for good is manlike; but to return good for evil is Godlike." Christianity was designed to make man Godlike; hence its highest precept and prerogative is to oppose good to evil; to love, and to pray for our enemies; to warm, feed, and clothe them. This is the highest attribute of Christianity in its relations to human conduct. It is

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not only a precept of the Christian religion, but a quality, a spirit, a life in the heart of the true Christian. Now war makes this great and vital attribute *high treason* in the Christian, and hangs him as a traitor for exercising the highest prerogative of his Divine adoption — for feeding, clothing, warming, and comforting such persons as are declared to be his enemies, and the enemies of his country. Thus war makes the sublimest virtue of Christianity the blackest crime in the Christian, and hangs him for it, whilst it makes the murderer a hero. War seeks to turn the most sacred affinities and relations that can exist in human society into implacable antagonisms. It seeks to pit Christian against Christian in deadly struggle, even across the sacramental table; to turn all the holy harmonies of the Christian faith and communion into discords, raging and relentless. Let us contemplate one of the great incongruities involved in its bloody code of crime.

Let us suppose that war has been declared between England and the United States for a territory, which each would feel too poor to buy, if to take a single infant from its mother's breast and hang it on the gibbet, were the purchase price. There are two proud ships, freighted with armed men, bearing up to some small seaport on the coast of India. Each has on board half a score of missionaries, sent out by their respective societies, under the protection of a government ship, to preach the Gospel of peace to the benighted pagans. There, a little way from the shore is the humble missionary house, and the old missionary stands with tears of joy in the door, waiting to greet the new band of laborers to the mission-field. The native children of his school press around him, and share his joy, whilst their fathers, and all the rude heathen of the hills, run down to the beach to see the approaching ships. Slowly they converge toward the land, one bearing the stars and stripes at its mast-head, the other the British lion. On

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their decks stand men in black and men in red, but all speaking the same language, professing to be children of the same heavenly Father. A sign of mutual recognition passes between the two ships, and an hundred doors instantly open in their sides, disclosing rows of large-mouthed cannon. Every man on board brandishes a long silver-handled butcher-knife, or a loaded musket; except the missionary, who carries a Bible at his side instead of the cartridge-box. A moment of silence ensues whilst one of the missionaries of the Gospel of peace, on each ship, prays to the God of *battles* to fight for both the eagle and the lion. Then, like floating volcanoes, the two vessels belch forth at each other fire and smoke, and torrents of red lava from their iron craters. Rocking and reeling in the reddened sea, the tall-masted ships approach either amid the horrid combustion. The tempest of fire and smoke grows more and more terrific. The quick explosion and crash of the iron thunderbolts; the falling of masts; the cry of fighting and dying men; the groaning of the broken-ribbed ships; the plunge of mutilated bodies beneath the crimsoned waves; the hoarse braying of the battle trumpet; the oaths and fierce imprecations of maddened human beings, all mingling their horrid echoes in the fiery chaos, are, to the unconverted pagans on the shore the sound of the feet which profess to "bring good tidings of great joy to all people." To their unenlightened minds, this ministration of fire and blood, this scene of mutual butchery, is associated with the ministrations of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Follow these missionaries to the shore from the slippery decks of the two dismantled ships: release them from the godless command that made them enemies, and let them stand up before the unconverted natives, and, with their shoes full of Christian blood, tell them the story of the cross, of the peace-breathing doctrines of Jesus; of the spirit of his life and precepts; of his great law of

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love, which commands his followers to love their enemies; to resist not evil, but to overcome evil with good. How would such precepts, from such lips, fall upon pagan ears! After such a baptism of fire and blood, and burning hate, what attribute of Christianity could commend it to the worshippers of Juggernaut?

THE TWO SWORDS.

Let us suppose that an army is to be raised for Austerlitz, Waterloo, or Bunker Hill. Able-bodied men, of all classes of the community, are urged to enlist. Religion, Patriotism, and every persuasive consideration, are urged upon men of different characters, to induce them to enter the ranks as soldiers. Among those who present themselves to offer their service, or learn its duties, let us suppose a meek-spirited, praying Christian draws near to the General, and with profound obeisance, humbly propounds the following questions:—

May it please your Excellency, I have read the proclamation given under your hand, summoning all those who love the Christian Religion and their country, to enrol themselves under your standard, and march with you to the field of battle. I have never done military duty with carnal weapons; but I have long been a common soldier of the Cross. I have served for many years under the great Captain of my Salvation, who is still riding forth from conquering to conquer; who never suffered a defeat, or failed of a victory. I have come clad in his uniform, armed with his weapons, inspired with his spirit, accustomed to his discipline. As a good soldier, I always obey his orders, without question or hesitation; and find that "in keeping them there is great reward."

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You have summoned me to enter your ranks as a *Christian*. Will you admit me in my Christian uniform and armor? May I still wield the swork that my captain put into my hands — the sword of his spirit? Surely, you did not ask me to forswear his service, or forfeit my oath of allegiance to him, when you summoned me to enter your army. You summoned me to come as a soldier of the Cross, — as one of the Legion of the Lamb of God. As a soldier of the Cross I come, equipped according to the law of love. I am ready to do what I can to overcome all enemies of God and man. I have served many campaigns with my Captain in overcoming enemies. He has taught me the use of his sword himself, and with it I have conquered many foes by his side. I am ready to try that sword upon every enemy you or my country may have on earth, be he a giant cased in steel. But I fear I may not be able to keep rank with your soldiers here during the conflict; that I shall not find in such a thicket of bayonets free play for my sword, which is pointed to slay *enmity*, as well as enemies. My Captain, who slays more foes in a year than your Excellency ever slew in your life, has taught me to aim always at the heart of an enemy, while your soldiers aim at the throat. The standing orders of my commander have not varied one jot or tittle since his great triumph over Death and Hell. They are written in crimson syllables across his victorious banner. Every good Christian soldier knows them by heart. Read them yourself: "*Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good unto them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.*" These are his camp and campaign orders. Then there are others for *close action*: "*If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.*" No weapon formed by man can prevail against this mode of attack. No armor of iron, steel, or brass can prevent this shaft from piercing an enemy's heart.

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It kills and makes alive at one blow. It kills an enemy, and creates a friend in the same heart. It not only destroys an enemy, but enmity itself. I am ready to overcome your enemies and my own, and my country's with these weapons. Shall I pass muster for your ranks? May I use my own sword, and fight in my own way? May I bleed out the hatred of the enemy's heart, without shedding a drop of his blood? May I love him, and pray for him, on the very eve of the conflict; and when he bears down upon me in battle array, may I receive him on the point of my Captain's sword? May I heap coals of fire on his head, and melt him down into lamb-like submission, in the Gospel way?

Let either of the great generals of modern times answer for themselves. We will not presume to put our words into their mouths. Bonaparte, the very genius of war, assayed the qualities requisite for a good soldier of the carnal weapon order. Says he: "*the worse the man, the better the soldier.*" The distinguished commander who outgeneraled Napoleon, has said substantially in the hearing of the world: "*No person with nice scruples about religion, ought to enter the army.*" Testimonies from similar sources might be multiplied in evidence of the fact, that a Christian, in the full uniform of Christ, cannot fight. The recruiting sergeant will not have anything to do with him. He will not pass muster. He is disqualified for military service by every attribute of Christianity. He cannot serve under two captains. He must forsake one or the other. The spirit of Christ which circulates in his heart disqualifies him for the duties of a soldier. Bring him before any court-martial in Christendom, and, if it could be proved that he had acted out the spirit of Christ in the hour of battle; that he had prayed for the enemy, and blessed and fed them, he would be hung for treason upon the first tree. Or if it could be known that he would act in this

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manner if brought into combat, would he not be declared *non compos mentis* for a soldier, and sent back to his field or workshop, with the *caveat* sounding in his ears: *No person with nice scruples about religion has any business in the army!*

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"THOU art the man." "*Thou* shalt not kill." "*Thou* shalt not steal." "*Thou* shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." All the revelations of the Divine will — all the commands, motives, and monitions, which God has given to men, are addressed to the individual. The soul of every human being is an everlasting, immiscible individuality. No association, or combination, or fusion can take away one attribute of that individuality, or transfer the merit or guilt of its actions and emotions to another. "Corporations have no souls," is a popular proverb of undisputed truism. But there is a truth involved in this axiom of more serious import and extensive application than the expression usually intended to convey. A family has no soul, nor any association of men, however great or small. A nation has no soul. God breathed into the individual man alone that vital faculty of immortality. Families, communities, and nations, are the temporary arrangements of this passing existence. They will have no place in another world. There all the human beings that have peopled this earth will see themselves as they are seen now — as individuals. No moral responsibilities for which requisition shall be made by Infinite Justice, will attach to such nonentities as nations, communities, or families. No government nor any human

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society will be summoned to that great tribunal to answer for his deeds, as a corporate body on earth. There they will be resolved into individuals, each to render an account for all the transactions of his life, and the thoughts and intents of his own heart. The short-sighted vision of man may see the human race only in communities; just as one looks up into the Milky Way, and fancies it a zone of stars, fused into a white river of light. But aid the eye with a powerful telescope, and the Milky Way disappears. All its white particles of light are resolved into individual stars, each shining with its own sharp lustre, distinct from the rest, and separated from its neighbor by a well-defined space of sky. So it will be when men shall see themselves as they are seen now by Him whose eye sees the race fused in no dim Milky Way of humanity, but resolved into individualities, each as distinct in being and responsibility as if it existed alone on the earth. No human transactions will escape his justice. They will all be brought to his bar for their righteous reward. But no nation, or community, or family, will be banished from his presence, or welcomed to its blessedness, in its associated capacity. The sentence or invitation will be addressed to individuals alone. All the sins that have been committed on the earth, from the murder of Abel to the last act and thought of malice, will there all be put to the account of individuals. God has opened no debt and credit account with nations to be settled on that solemn day. When "the books are opened," the names of individuals will alone be called. No human government, or dynasty, or community, will be cited to appear in that court, either as criminal or witness.

And yet, with all the light of Divine revelation making these convictions clear, thousands of professing Christians seem to hesitate and stumble at the question of individual responsibility.

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From the time that the Christian religion was first suborned into the service and sanction of human governments, its professors have sought to make its requirements coincide with the existing laws of the land. And whenever those laws violate the plainest precepts of Christianity, it has been argued that the moral responsibility of the act devolves entirely upon the government or nation. For instance, if a government calls upon its subjects to take up arms, and fill a neighboring country with fire and blood, the government or nation is alone responsible for the war, and must answer for all its deeds of violence; and none of its guilt can attach to the individuals who, as the subjects of that government, obey its commands to the letter. Hence it is maintained that Christian men, when thus summoned to the field, may, as good subjects or citizens, take a part in the bloodiest fights, either as common soldiers or officers, without question or scruple in reference to the moral responsibility of the acts they are commanded to perpetrate. If the conscience, with an instinctive presentiment that eternal justice will make inquisition somewhere, asks how, when, or where the guilty government or nation is to be punished, it is told that it will be punished *in this world.* Or, to embody the principle in a form which has come to be apparently a standard axiom of morality, "Nations are punished in this world, but individuals in the next."

And this doctrine is maintained by many who believe that Infinite Justice will award to every individual eternal punishment for the unpardoned sins of his heart and life in this world. They believe that "every idle word that men (or individuals) shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment;" that individual sins, either of secret emotion or open act, will not only be punished in some degree in this life, but be carried up to that final tribunal, to be sentenced to an eternity of punishment.

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unless forgiven here. Infinite Justice, they maintain, can do no less than this for the sins of individual men. But, though the individual who says to his brother, *thou fool*, shall be in danger of eternal punishment, God will not call nations to a reckoning in another world for *their* sins, though they burn the earth over with hottest flames of war, and drench it with the blood of millions. According to this doctrine, a battle like that of Waterloo, or even Bunker hill, or Buena Vista, is a mere *bagatelle* in the sight of God, compared with the crime of one unforgiven thought of malice, or murder, in the heart of a single human being towards his fellow! Whatever crime may attach to these enormous homicides, the guilt of it is on the government or nation, and, if punished at all, will be punished in this world, perhaps by some temporal judgment diffused gently over the nation, so as not to reach the individuals of which it is composed, for they are to be held innocent of the sin of these bloody deeds! Push this principle to its legitimate conclusion, and where do you end? Apply it to the Mexican war, for instance. The American Government declares this war to be just and necessary, and summons its subjects to take up arms and march to Mexico. According to the doctrine in hand, no nice scruples about the Christianity, morality, or justice of the war are to be entertained or offered by those summoned to the battle-field. They are not responsible for its deeds of violence and blood. These will all be put to the account of the government or nation. They have only to do their duty as soldiers — that is, to kill whom they are commanded to kill, and burn what they are commanded to burn, and to ask no questions, oppose no scruples. No moral responsibility is to attach to them for these acts. A Christian may take part in them, as a good subject, with a good conscience — that is, with the nation's conscience, for his own must be quiet in the matter. Well,

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on the other side, all the subjects of Mexico are in the same relation to their government, and it summons them to meet the Americans in battle array. They, too, are to do what they are commanded, ask no questions, incur no moral responsibilities for the acts which unwavering obedience requires of them. Here, then, we have two regularly ordained nations face to face on the field of battle. The signal is given, and they fall to their work of mutual slaughter. Night closes upon the scene of human butchery. Thousands of mutilated beings lie strewed on the earth, dead, dying, or writhing in their blood. The day's work is done: the recording angel flies heavenward with the report of its deeds. He recognizes only two parties to the transaction, and they are the two belligerent governments. The officers and soldiers of both armies are no more to be charged with the doings of that day of blood than the cold steel weapons they wielded! The sin of a thousand homicides is a national sin, not to be reckoned in the black list of individual crimes, and subjected with them to the punishments of another world! Push the principle a little further, and array all the governments of the earth against each other, and bring all their subjects into the collision of the battle-field. Let all the emotions and actions of all the inhabitants of the earth be absorbed for ten years in this universal war, and then it would not rank in guilt and punishment with the unrepented and unpardoned sin of one human heart! It would not be counted in making up the awards of eternity! Infinite Justice would be satisfied for the crime with some temporal and indistinct retribution in this world!

Awful doctrine! What human conscience can help recoiling from the fearful sequence of its sophistry? Who, that has a moral conscience at all, could contemplate such stupendous inequalities in the administration of Infinite Justice without a

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shudder? Can any serious mind, in the light of Divine Revelation, be seduced into the belief of such a doctrine? Yes, there are thousands and tens of thousands of professing Christians who both believe and teach it. We would entreat all such, and all exposed to yield to the seductions of this sophistry, to consider that the solemn declaration is addressed to every man individually: "Know *thou* that for all these things God will bring *thee*" — not thy government or nation — "into judgment."

BROTHERHOOD.

"COMING events cast their shadows before them," said one, with such truthfulness and felicity as to raise the observation to the first rank of established axioms. According to this order of things, we have the shadow first, then the reality. But there are some events which have, and are to come, which deserve a better figure to illustrate their advent than *shadows*. There are obscurity and eclipse, and other sombre and uncertain conditions involved in that term. True, there cannot be a shadow without a substance; and, although the first may be elongated far beyond the sight of the latter, still we may rest assured that they are as inseparable as sunbeams and their source. But a sunbeam is not a *shadow* of the sun; and in that we have a vital difference beween the two things. Even if the shadow were a daguerreotype likeness of the reality behind it, the relation and the simile would lack some important attributes of life and illustration. There is an essential difference between the warm, throbbing pulse, and the painted portrait, however *like* life be the latter. There is a difference, as great as this, between the faintest morning ray of the rising sun,

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and the shadow of a "coming event;" for that ray is not the sun's likeness, but its life, — its very breath and pulsation. That ray has to do, as well as to seem; to warm as well as to light the earth. So in the moral world, — great thoughts are not the shadows of great acts, but the antecedent spirit of those acts; they are not presentiments or premonitions, but the real vitalities of that which is to come.

Every grand enterprise of philanthropy which has blessed the world, lived and moved, and had its being, perhaps for years, in a thought, in the one-idea" of one man. There were light and heat in that thought; for it was the morning ray of the sun of truth, rising slowly to the horizon of humanity; and, like light, that thought permeated the minds of men until it became an act, then an enterprise, then a "great fact," in the parlance of the world. How precious, then, to mankind, are those thoughts of Divine inspiration and power, through which God works, in his own good will and pleasure, the salvation of man, and the well-being of human society! And a child, under that inspiration, may bring into the world one of these ideas, which shall stir whole nations, and change the condition of millions.

The idea, that *man cannot own property in man*, or make him a chattel, has not fifty years of age and expansion. If we may say it reverently, the Virgin Mary of that idea was an obscure English woman, who was startled from her slumber, night after night, by its vivid revelations. It wrought in her mind for months, absorbing all her thoughts, and all the glow of her sympathies, and the vigor of her convictions. And its hour came, and she proclaimed it to the world with a heart-power that reached the consciences of statesmen, and stirred the nation to emotion. Look at that idea now! See how the principalities and powers of the earth are bowing before it. See it sweeping over continents, and

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moving governments, and peoples, and the world's indignation against slavery. Who can look at its present power and progress, and doubt the advent of the day when slavery shall be banished from the earth, as an abomination, a curse, and a sin? The mind and will of God are in that idea, and it must prevail.

But there is another idea, which includes this, and all others which work for the well-being of mankind, — an idea which has reached the first stage of its progress and power, and is now beginning to permeate the minds of millions of every clime and color. That idea is, the *Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men*. It is a simple idea; but the mind and will of God are working manifestly and mightily in it. For years and years of benevolent thoughts and activities it worked without a name, in every enterprise of philanthropy. It glowed in the heart of the first missionary of the Gospel to heathen lands. It tuned the lips of Howard, Fry, and Allen, to accents of kindness, which fell upon the prisoner's ear like words of grace from heaven. It inspired the thought and toned the voice that won the inebriate back from ruin, and softened to meekness the maniac's maddened will. It has lived, breathed, and wrought in all the sweet and heavenly charities that have ministered to human suffering and sorrow. And now that idea has taken name and form, and is dwelling among men, as a new Divine manifestation. *Brotherhood!* — That is its Anglo-Saxon name; and it is becoming a household word among all the habitations of the Anglo-Saxon race. *Brotherhood!* — Ten years ago the term had hardly use or meaning; but now it is becoming the capital word of the age. It is finding its way into the vocabularies of all communities, orders, and professions. You can hardly walk an hour in the street without overhearing it repeated. You will find it frequently in the leaded columns of the *London Times*, and in the editorials of the most

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conservative journals of England and America. The pulpit has christened it to hallowed meaning, and you will hear it often in prayer and sermon. Statesmen and careful politicians, who shun "*utopias*," utter it with confidence in high places; and it sometimes finds a place in the cold, stiff language of diplomacy. *Brotherhood!* — in all the phases of its new meaning — it never refers to the relation of man to man as children of the same human father, but as children of the same God. That is the idea involved in this new epoch-word, though it may be seen only as through a glass, darkly.

Talk of the recognition of the independence of this or that nation, struggling to hew its way to freedom with weapons fitted only to the iron hand of despotism! What is it to freedom, justice, and humanity, compared with the recognition of a brother in every human being, of whatever country, color or condition! Universal brotherhood — a *brother* in every man. Recognize that relation, and how, like the morning mist before the rising sun, would vanish the doubts and darkness with which human opinions and customs have sought to eclipse the holiest moralities of God's great law of love! What! a brother in every man! Then, how could the question longer puzzle the will, whether it can be aught than a sin, of clearest manifestation, to kill that brother on the field of battle, or on the hangman's scaffold; to chattelize him to a slave, or to criminate his color to the mark of Cain; to oppress him, or rob him of any of the rights which inhere to his relationship to God and man!

Brotherhood! — That word is not the shadow, but the light of "the good time coming." It is souled with an idea which shall one day expand into a perpetual and universal condition. It is becoming the banner-word of the peoples of the earth. There is a gospel in it, which carries hope and gladness into the hearts of

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the toiling masses. It is penetrating through to the slave in his bonds, with a meaning which makes his bosom beat with new expectations. It is carrying its great idea into all the continents and islands of the Anglo-Saxon race, and into the languages of the other tribes of men.

Brotherhood! — The man, woman, or child, that drops that word upon the community, or writes it legibly where it may be read, does something to make it a life and a condition among men.

TO THE STEAMER *HIBERNIA*,

Which sailed from Boston on the 16th of June, bearing the news of the settlement of the Oregon Question.

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

How beautiful on the mountains, and on the mountain billows, are the feet, and the canvas wings, that carry good tidings of great joy to all nations! On, good *Hibernia!* the word of peace thou bearest to the toiling myriads of the British isle, is worth the freight of a thousand argosies from Inde. On! the blue sea has caught the secret of thy message, and these are its Sabbath waves that strew their white banners in thy glittering path. These June breezes, too, have come to "quire," like spirit-doves, to thy snowy wings; and the sunbeams are tasselling every rope with olive branches of diamond light. On! thou Columbus of Universal Brotherhood. Thou art the officiating minister at the marriage of two worlds, good *Hibernia.* Thou bearest the wedding ring, and all the blue leagues of ocean between the poles shall celebrate the nuptials and rejoice in the wedlock of the two great continents

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of humanity. On! the golden fleece is thine, and of its locks commerce shall interweave the nations in a net-work beyond the severance of sharpened steel. On! thou hast found the shortest passage to the extremest Inde, to the earthly Canaan of the race, flowing with milk and honey.

THE LAST HOUR OF THE LEAGUE.

[First published in Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.]

During my voyage, I could not but deem it the most felicitous coincidence of my life, that I was permitted to cross the ocean in the same ship that had brought to America, and was then carrying back to Old England, such tidings of peace and good-will to both. But on my arrival in Manchester, I found that there was in reserve for me a pleasure well worth a voyage around the world to experience. I had scarcely exchanged greetings with my friends here, when I was informed that the Last Meeting of the League was about to be convened in the Town Hall; and I was invited to witness a scene, the like of which has never been recorded in the annals of human history. I went with emotions of interest I cannot describe. The room was but partially filled when we entered. As I looked at the groups of individuals engaged in earnest conversation, I perceived in every face and in every tone, the sentiment of some unusual occasion. The gratulations and greetings were earnest and warm, but softened, I fancied, by emotions felt and understood by all. There was an April morning in the July sunshine of that hour of joy. Every heart seemed busy with affecting associations and memories of the past. The long struggle was over. The mightiest enemy of the British people had been over-

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come. There was nothing left for the League to conquer in its organized capacity. Having prostrated a policy that fettered the commerce of the world, and muzzled the mouth of labor in every field of toil, it was to die, in the midst of its strength, in the very hour of triumph. Like Alexander, it had conquered a world; but, unlike him, it saw other worlds to conquer, and possessed the strength to conquer them. But it had reached the boundary line which it had drawn to its victories, and there it was now to disband. A few moments more, and the curtain was to open and close upon one of the most remarkable scenes that ever transpired in the civilized world. No one could have remained unmoved by the pensive sympathies that pervaded the assembly. At the reporters' table, reaching nearly across the hall, in front of the forum, were seated a score of men from different parts of the kingdom, preparing their pens and paper to give a vocal ubiquity to the lightest word that should be uttered in that consummation-hour by the Leaders of the League. There were *The Times'* reporters from London with the harnessed lightnings waiting to bear to the metropolis the quick cross-marks of their phonographic pens. The atmosphere, even, seemed waiting for the message of that hour. The seats on the speakers' platform were now fast filling up with men distinguished in the councils of the association. Few places remained to be occupied; and these were evidently reserved for those whose names were to be held in grateful remembrance among all nations.

A general outburst of cheers now greeted the entrance of some one. Men on the platform arose from their seats to make way for him, and the next moment the President of the League took the chair, in the midst of enthusiastic and long-continued cheering. Scarcely had this demonstration of feeling subsided, when the hall shook again with acclamations of welcome, which grew louder

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and louder into a tempest of enthusiasm, as one of the meekest-looking of men, with a face transparent with the reflection of serious thoughtfulness, made his way modestly and even timidly to a seat on the right of the chairman. He raised his clear, earnest, thoughtful eyes, and looked around the assembly; and the cheers rose again, and I saw old merchants bow their heads to keep their tears out of sight. The pathos of the moment was indescribably affecting, and eloquent with emotions of years of ordinary life. Richard Cobden stood before us, and this was the hour of his triumph!

Again the house resounded with rounds of acclamation, which greeted to the platform the eloquent associate of Cobden; and John Bright, full of the robust ardor of young manhood, in his carriage, in his voice, and in his eye, sat down on the left of the chair.

The men and the moment had come; and the curtain was lifted upon the last act of the scene. The President of the League arose. He had risen a thousand times before in its councils, in times of doubt, trial, and toil, to speak of the brave realities of the hopeful future. That future had come, with its bosom full of the substance of things hoped for, and labored for, through years of enduring faith; and he stood up before the League with the past and present alone in his hand and heart. He had risen to perform the last act of his office; to commit the "great fact" of the League, with all the ages and attributes of its existence, to the pages of history, to live among the immortal relics of the past. He opened with deep emotion, at the first chapter of that existence. It read like the first chapter of every great moral reformation that has changed the condition of the world. It began substantially with "*they met together in a little upper room.*" Every enterprize that has blessed humanity has originated in

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some "little upper room;" where men who dared to make themselves of no reputation for the good of their race, have met to pray or to plan. It is always in this *little upper room* department of a reform, that the faith of the few becomes a *great fact*, and the little one a thousand. And it was from this little upper room that the President of the League conducted us through all the epochs of its eventful history. A few Sibylline leaves, impressed with the faith of the few, and the reasons of their hope, were scattered along the footpaths of the people, and the people read them gladly. "Little upper rooms" became too small for the multitudes that assembled to hear more of this matter. The League gradually expanded to the compass of the kingdom, and large halls were erected, and associations formed, for the discussion and dissemination of its principles. Every house was visited, and all the highways of society were strewn with tracts and other speaking missiles to the popular mind. The orators of the League went from people to parliament, and from parliament to people, and the forums of both trembled with their eloquence. The press voiced their burning words of truth to millions of earnest readers, till the arguments of Cobden and Bright came home, trumpet-tongued to their convictions. In the thickest of the great moral contest, Providence had coöperated with the contenders for the right, and made *hunger* its prime minister of mercy to the people; and a cry went up for bread, that broke through the stone walls of man's obdurate heart, and decided the victory. MONOPOLY, the world's Giant of Despair and Doubting Castle, had been laid low in the dust, and its famished prisoners set free on the high road to peace and plenty. The President turned to the Great-heart of the League, and sat down.

Cobden arose; not to speak for the space of several minutes, but to stand up in affecting silence before the assembly, who would

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have drowned the voice of a trumpet with the swelling peals of applause with which they greeted the soft-voiced revolutionist of a new age. Several times he attempted to speak, but before he could frame the utterance of a word, the multitude would burst forth anew in another round of cheers. It was touching to see him turn first this way and then that towards the people, and move his lips in the vain attempt to put out a word upon the torrent of grateful acclamation. I saw his clear, spirit-speaking eyes fill with tears, on being thus interrupted, for the third time, in his efforts to make himself heard. There he stood, the meekest looking man I ever saw fronting a public assembly. With his slight form gently inclining forward, — one of his thin, pale hands depending by the forefinger from a button-hole in the left breast of his coat, and with the other leaning, as if for support, on one corner of the speaker's desk, he reminded me of a humble member of the Methodist Church in America, arising, for the first time, in one of their *class meetings*, to "tell his experience" with a contrite spirit. The first words he uttered fell upon the listening assembly in tones of querulous modulation. They were uttered in child-like simplicity, and were tremulous with the emotion he confessed. He adverted, in a touching manner, to the fact, that they were assembled to disband their association at the moment of its triumph. He spoke of the unanimity that had pervaded its counsels, from the earliest period of its existence to the present happy consummation of its destiny. The pressure of the opposition they had encountered, and of the obstacles that had surrounded them, had rendered their union more compact. Now that this opposition and these obstacles had been overcome, it might be safer to dissolve in the spirit of union, than to retain their organization, in the full force of its executive agencies, after the cause and necessity of its existence had been removed. He

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addressed a word of comfort to an emotion that pervaded the assembly, by saying that the best part of the League would not die in its dissolution. Its spirit would live and pervade the earth. Disembodied from the League, it would seek voluntary forms of existence, which would fill all the avenues of practical philanthropy, and work on for the people's good. In the most delicate manner, he softened down the eminence to which his fellow-countrymen would raise him, by reminding them of the exertions of the earliest pioneers in the cause — men who had entered the field before him, and, with untiring assiduity and zeal, had cleared away its tangled thickets of difficulty and obstruction, leaving a free course for their successors. It was beautiful, and showed the true greatness of the man. He commended to the gratitude of those so grateful and generous to him, the *upper room* few, and the first acts of their heroic faith; the men who strewed the by-roads of the people with tracts and the priceless foliage of truthful thoughts. He scattered the laurels wreathed for his brow in every direction, out of apparent love to see them worn by others, whom the people might forget in concentrating their admiration on him. With a graceful simplicity he twined a wreath around the brow of England's young Queen, and paid a delicate tribute to the wish in her heart, that the poor people of her kingdom might have cheap bread. What a lesson might Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte, have learned, had they been there to hear Cobden, in the singleness of his heart, commending his rivals in reputation to the admiration of his admirers! He would not have Sir Robert Peel forgotten in an hour when the measures and the men that had effected the triumphs of their cause were passing in review. He adverted in earnest terms — as if the assembly had forgotten them — to the sacrifices and labors of the premier in advocating, and carrying through all opposition, the measure for

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which they had struggled during so many years. Having begun by ascribing to an overruling Providence the combination of influences that had brought about the consummation of their hopes, he concluded by ascribing the whole good and glory of the event to the same Divine interposition. He sat down apparently satisfied that he had reduced his eminence to the level of his associates and co-laborers of the League.

John Bright next arose, and was received with enthusiastic applause. *Par nobile fratrum*, he and Cobden had labored shoulder to shoulder through all the hard campaigns of the great moral revolution. In personal appearance, no two men, with only the disparity of ten years between them, could be more unlike each other. By constitution of mind and temperament of genius, no two could have been more happily associated in such a reform. The eloquence of Bright would seem born to command, that of Cobden to win conviction. If the first was the eloquence of logic set on fire by spontaneous combustion, the latter was the eloquence of earnest truth, whose passage through the mind, like the path of the just, grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. I regret that I have not room to notice more at length the last speech of Bright before the League. He dwelt most impressively on the fact, that the greatest enemy with which the British people ever had to contend, had been overcome by the resistless might of moral means. These were weapons which no physical power of despotism could withstand. With these, the people could never fail to be victorious in their struggles for right and true freedom. Sublime sentiment! magnificent position! In this principle, the down-trodden tribes of men may find both an Archimedian lever and point of rest, by which they may lift from the bosom of humanity the largest world of wrong which the darkness and despotism of ages can accumulate. This principle,

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as the only power on earth by which the people can work out the condition of freedom, peace, and prosperity, spans the heavens of the race, as the revelation of a new rainbow of promise, that "the nations shall learn war no more," for any political change, and that the revolutions which are to turn and overturn dynasties rooted in the antiquity of a thousand years, shall leave no stain of blood nor trace of hate upon the fair bosom of the earth.

AN HOUR WITH NATURE AND THE NAILERS.

(First published in Douglas Jerrold's weekly Newspaper.)

TUESDAY, JULY 21st, 1846.—After a quiet easy breakfast, served up on a little round table for myself alone, I sat down to test the practicability of the plan I had formed at home for my peregrinations in this country:—*viz.*, to write until one, P. M., then to take my staff and travel on, eight or ten miles, to another convenient stopping place for the night. As much depended upon the success of the experiment, I was determined to carry the point against the predictions of my friends. So at it I went, *con amore*. The house was as quiet as if a profound Sabbath was resting upon it, and the windows of my airy chamber looked through the foliage of grave elms down upon a green valley. I got on swimmingly; and after a frugal dinner at the little round table, I buckled on my knapsack with a feeling of self-gratulation in view of the literary part of my day's work. Having paid my bill, and given the lady a copy of my corn-meal receipts, I resumed my walk towards W—— * *

I was suddenly diverted from my contemplation of this magnificent scenery, by a fall of heavy rain drops, as the prelude

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of an impending shower. Seeing a gate open, and hearing a familiar clicking behind the hedge, I stepped through into a little blacksmith's shop, about as large as an American smokehouse for curing bacon. The first object that my eyes rested on was a full-grown man, nine years of age, and nearly three feet high, perched upon a stone of half that height, to raise his breast to the level of his father's anvil, at which he was at work, with all the vigor of his little short arms, making nails. I say, a *full-grown* man; for I fear he can never grow any larger, physically or mentally. As I put my hand on his shoulder in a familiar way, to make myself at home with him, and to remove the timidity with which my sudden appearance seemed to inspire him, by a pleasant word or two of greeting, his flesh felt case-hardened into all the induration of toiling manhood, and as unsusceptible of growth as his anvil block. Fixed manhood had set in upon him in the greenness of his youth; and there he was, by his father's side, a stinted, premature *man;* with his childhood cut off; with no space to grow in between the cradle and the anvil block; chased, as soon as he could stand on his little legs, from the hearth-stone to the forge-stone, by iron necessity, that would not let him stop long enough to pick up a letter of the English alphabet on the way. O, Lord John Russell! think of this. Of this Englishman's son, placed by his mother, scarcely weaned, on a high, cold stone, barefooted, before the anvil; there to harden, sear, and blister his young hands by heating and hammering ragged nailrods, for the sustenance those breasts can no longer supply! Lord John! look at those nails, as they lie hissing on the block. Know you their meaning, use, and language? Please your lordship, let me tell you — I have made nails many a day and many a night — *they are iron exclamation points*, which this unlettered, dwarfed boy is unconsciously arraying against you, against the British govern-

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ment, and the government of British literature, for cutting him off without a letter of the English alphabet, when printing is done by steam; for incarcerating him for no sin on his or his parent's side, but poverty, into a dark, six-by-eight prison of hard labor, a *youthless* being — think of it! — an infant hardened, almost in its mother's arms, into a man, by toil that bows the sturdiest of the world's laborers who come to manhood through intervening years of childhood!

The boy's father was at work with his back toward me, when I entered. At my first word of salutation to the lad, he turned around and accosted me a little bashfully, as if unaccustomed to the sight of strangers in that place, or reluctant to let them into the scene and secret of his property. I sat down upon one end of his nail bench, and told him I was an American blacksmith by trade, and that I had come in to see how he got on in the world; whether he was earning pretty good wages at his business, so that he could live comfortably, and send his children to school. As I said this, I glanced inquiringly toward the boy, who was looking steadily at me from his stone stool by the anvil. Two or three little crock-faced girls, from two to five years of age, had stolen in timidly, and a couple of young, frightened eyes were peering over the door-sill at me. The poor Englishman — he was as much an Englishman as the Duke of Wellington — looked at his bushy-headed, barefooted children, and said softly, with a melancholy shake of the head, that the times were rather hard with him. It troubled his heart, and many hours of the night he had been kept awake by the thought of it, that he could not send his children to school, nor teach them himself to read. They were good children, he said, with a moist yearning in his eyes; they were all the wealth he had, and he loved them the more, the harder he had to work for them. The poorest part of the poverty

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that was on him, was that he could not give his children the letters. They were good children, for all the crock of the shop was on their faces, and their fingers were bent like eagle's claws with handling nails. He had been a poor man all his days, and he knew his children would be poor all their days, and poorer than he, if the nail business should continue to grow worse. If he could only give them the letters, it would make them the like of rich; for then they could read the Testament. He could read the Testament a little, for he had learned the letters by the forge-light. It was a good book, was the Testament; and he was sure it was made for nailers and such like. It helped him wonderfully when the loaf was small on his table. He had but little time to read it when the sun was up, and it took him long to read a little, for he learned the letters when he was old. But he laid it beside his dish at dinner time, and fed his heart with it, while his children were eating the bread that fell to his share. And when he had spelt out a line of the shortest words, he read them aloud, and his eldest boy, the one on the block there, could say several whole verses he had learned in this way. It was a great comfort to him to think that James could take into his heart so many verses of the Testament which he could not read. He intended to teach all his children in this way. It was all he could do for them; and this he had to do at meal times; for all the other hours he had to be at the anvil. The nailing business was growing harder, he was growing old, and his family large. *He had to work from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night to earn eighteen-pence.* His wages averaged only about *seven shillings a week;* and there were five of them in the family to live on what they could earn. It was hard to make up the loss of an hour. Not one of their hands, however little, could be spared. Jemmy was going on nine years of age, and a helpful lad he was; and the

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poor man looked at him dotingly. Jemmy could work off a thousand nails a day, of the smallest size. The rent of their little shop, tenement, and garden, was five pounds a year; and a few pennies earned by the youngest of them was of great account.

But, continued the blacksmith, speaking cheerily, I am not the one that ought to complain. Many is the man that has a harder lot of it than I, among the nailers along this hill and in the valley. My neighbor in the next door could tell you something about labor you may never have heard the like of in your country. He is an older man than I, and there are seven of them in his family; and, for all that, he has no boy like Jemmy here to help him. Some of his little girls are sickly, and their mother is not over strong, and it all comes on him. He is an oldish man, as I was saying, yet he not only works eighteen hours every day at his forge, but *every Friday in the year he works all night long*, and never lays off his clothes till late of Saturday night. A good neighbor is John Stubbins, and the only man just in our neighborhood who can read the newspaper. It is not often he gets a newspaper; for it is not the like of us that can have newspapers and bread too at the same time in our houses. But now and then he begs an old one, partly torn, at the baker's, and reads it to us of a Sunday night. So once in two or three weeks we hear something of what is going on in the world — something about Corn Laws, and the Duke of Wellington, and Oregon, and India, and Ireland, and other parts of England. We heard tell a while ago that the poor people would not have to make so many nails for a loaf of bread much longer, because Sir Robert Peel and some other men were going to take off the port-locks and other taxes, and let us buy bread of them that could sell it the cheapest. When we heard this talked of, without knowing the

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truth of it, John Stubbins took a penny and went to the White Hart and bought a drink of beer, and then the landlady let him look into the newspaper which she keeps for her customers. When he came back, he told us a good deal of what was going on, and said he was sure the times would be better one of these days.

Here he was interrupted by John Stubbins himself, who, hearing some strange voices mingling in earnest conversation in the other end of the building, came round to see who was there. With the entrance of this John Stubbins, I must turn over another leaf of my journal.

LAURA BRIDGMAN AND HER BARREL OF FLOUR.

We wonder if any of our young friends in England have not heard or read something of this interesting American girl? If there are any such, to whom the story of Laura Bridgman is unknown, we would merely say, that she is a young girl, in the Institution for the Blind, in Boston, United States of America, *deaf*, *dumb*, and *blind*. Just think of that condition a moment. Every avenue to her mind is cut off, except the sense of *feeling*. We believe that of smelling is impaired, so as to be unable to perceive any relish in the sweet breath of flowers. Poor girl, had she been born among the heathen, she would have been left to perish as a worthless thing, to whom life were of no value. But there were those who saw in her a candidate for immortal glory, a being that, deaf, dumb, and blind as she was, could be made to sing, and hear the angels sing, in heaven, and see and taste all the beatitudes enjoyed there by spirits that never were pent in

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clayey tabernacles as windowless as hers on earth. And they went to work and educated that single sense of feeling to the nicest susceptibilities. And they made a wooden alphabet, wooden models of ideas, of things that had been, are, and shall be in the world. And these she touched most thoughtfully, as if listening for the music of a new existence; and, wonderful! her fingers' ends became endowed with faculties almost miraculous, and filled her mind with astonishing revelations of things present, past, and to come. Her little, white, whispering, loving, listening fingers touched the record of the olden years, beyond the Flood, till they felt the branches of the forbidden tree, and the locks of murdered Abel, and the surges that beat against Noah's helmless ark, and the cradle of the Hebrew baby in the bulrushes, and the tremulous base of Sinai, and David's harp, and the face of the infant Emmanuel in the manger, and the nails that fastened him to the cross, and their deep prints, that unbelieving Thomas felt after the resurrection; and with his faith, on shorter evidence, she too had cried, in the voiceless language of her heart, "My Lord! and my God!"

How she plied at morning, noon, and night, those fingers! wonderful fingers! It seemed that the very finger of God had touched them with miraculous susceptibilities of fellowship with the spirit world and that around her. She put them upon the face of His written word, and felt them thrilled to her heart with the pulsation of His great thoughts of love to man. And then she *felt* for others' woe. Poor child! God bless her richly! she reached out her short arms to feel after some more unhappy than she in the condition of this life; some whose fingers' ends had not read such sweet paragraphs of heaven's mercy as hers had done; some who had not seen, heard, and felt, what her dumb, silent, deaf fingers had brought into her heart, of joy, hope, and

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love. Think of that, ye young eyes and ears that daily feast upon the beauty and melody of this outer world. Within the atmosphere of her quick sensibilities she felt the presence of those whose cup was full of affliction. She put her fingers, with their throbbing sympathies, upon the lean, bloodless faces of the famishing children in Ireland, and her sightless eyes filled with the tears that the blind may shed for griefs they cannot see. And then she plied the needle with those fingers, and quickened their industry by placing them anon upon the slow, sickly pulse of want, that wasted her kind at noonday across the ocean. Days and nights too — for day and night were alike to her wakeful sympathies — and weeks she wrought on with her needle. And then the embroidery of those fingers was sold to the merchants — would it had been sold to England's Queen, to be worn by the young Princesses on days of state — it was sold, and its purchase-price was a *barrel of flour*, instead of a country's harvest, which it was well worth. And that barrel of flour was stored away, without other private mark than that the recording angel put upon it, among the thousands that freighted the *Jamestown*, on her recent mission of brotherly love to Ireland. That barrel of of flour — would that it might be to all the children of want in Ireland what the barrel of meal was to the household of her who entertained the prophet of old. That barrel of flour! would at least that those whom it supplies with bread might know what fingers wrought for their sustenance.

Laura Bridgman and her Barrel of Flour

should teach the world a lesson worth the woes of one year's famine. Let all the children of England and America learn that lesson by heart, and Ireland and the whole family of mankind will be the better for this grievous visitation of want.

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COLD-BLOODED HOMICIDE.

Among other customs of a dark antiquity, which have dared to cross that Rubicon of time, the cross-crowned summit of Calvary, and to come down, hand in hand, with the institutions of Christianity, cold-blooded, deliberate, legal homicide on the gallows, is now arraigned at the bar of public opinion, as diametrically opposed to revelation, reason, religion, and humanity. The crisis of this important trial is near at hand; and the case is committed to the jury of Christendom, with such an accumulation of evidence as was scarcely ever arrayed against any institution contemporary and kindred with the earliest and most aggravated atrocities of human violence and revenge. There is no room to doubt what the verdict will be. The sentence is as good as uttered, and the gallows as good as coffined and buried among things that shall have no resurrection from the grave of oblivion. In the thick-set array of charges brought against it, this fact, in our estimation, is worthy of prominence. It has set an example of the violability of human life, which no murderers of any age or country, ever dared to copy; — an example of homicide which finds no parallel in the records of individual revenge. We have heard of cold-blooded murders, perpetrated with slow premeditation, but none like those of the scaffold. We cannot conceive them possible even to the most malignant forms of private malice. Let us consolidate a Christian community and government in one Christian man, and invest him with all their relations, powers, and laws, and then consider the act of a deliberate extinction of a human life by him on the gallows. He has got his man into his power. That man is his mortal enemy. He and his family have

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suffered from him every species of violence, and even the murder of one of its members. He takes the law into his own hands, in every process known to its execution. He is compelled to be his own witness, sheriff, advocate, judge, priest and executioner. As such, he has arrested, tried, and condemned the criminal to death. He rushed upon the murderer of his child, and secured him, just as he had dealt the fatal blow. But he did not execute judgment speedily — he defers it until the tumult of his passions is stilled — until he can do it, as the law professes to do it, without any personal hatred or ill-will to the murderer, but as a punishment of his crime, and as a warning to others against its perpetration. He thinks that in six months' time he can put the man to death in cool blood, divested of all motives of personal revenge, and he fixes the day for his execution accordingly. He prepares a vault in the bottom of his cellar, into which he thrusts the fettered criminal, and tells him he shall die six months from that day, and bids him prepare for another world. Morning, noon and evening he visits the condemned, and administers food to him through the grated aperture of his dungeon. This is not all; he labors to convince the prisoner that no personal malice or ill-will has dictated the sentence which he shall execute upon him. He is solicitous for the salvation of his soul, and labors for his eternal happiness. He reads the holy Scriptures to him, and prays with him twice a day. His religious instructions are accompanied by the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit. The murderer is melted into the deepest contrition. He is slain and made alive again by His Spirit, who alone can kill and make alive. He has become a new creature in Christ Jesus. The pardoning mercy of God has reached him, as it did the thief on the cross, and the crimson crime of his soul has been washed away by the all-atoning blood of Him who took away the sins of the dying malefac-

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tor, at his first emotions of penitence and faith. The light and loving-kindness of a pardoning God shine into his heart, and give him songs of joy in the night. His executioner joins in these songs, and the dungeon's grated aperture gradually becomes to them the very gate of heaven, while learning on earth to sing together in heaven the new song of Moses and the Lamb. They are filled with endearing communings with the Spirit of all grace, and look and long for the manifestations of the sons of God; when they shall appear with the redeemed on high, and sing together again their song of salvation and praise unto Him who hath washed away their sins in his own blood, and made them both kings and priests unto God. Looking for and hastening unto this glorious consummation, their hearts are already bound together in the bond of love and life eternal, and merge into one, like kindred drops of immortality, while on the way to the scaffold. The day draws near, and the hour, when the twain must be separated; when this Christian communing must be broken off on earth, by one of the communicants deliberately breaking the neck of his brother with the halter, and all in love *prepense*. The hour has come, — the sad hour of separation; and the Christian executioner comes, with his heart yearning with the sympathies of Christ-like compassion; with tears in his eyes; with a rope in one hand, and the emblems of a Saviour's broken body, and shed blood in the other. He draws near to the dungeon grate, and thus addresses his fellow-member of Christ's body: —

"Brother, the hour has come when I must send you out of my sight into the immediate presence of God. The light of his reconciled countenance has shone upon you in prison, and we have rejoiced together in the tokens of his pardoning love and salvation. Rejoice, my brother. This change will be gain to you, while it is my loss. You will enter first into the joy of our Lord. There is

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a harp of gold waiting for you in heaven, — a mansion of glory there, — a seat at the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and an innumerable company of the blest to welcome you to their communion. This day — this hour — shalt thou be with them in paradise. They are waiting for you; a multitude which no man can number, of spirits redeemed, purified and spotless, are welcoming you to their fellowship. You have been washed in the all-atoning blood of their Saviour, and fitted for *their* company; but you are not fit to live longer with your sinful fellow-men upon earth. Your feet will leave no stain upon the pure pavement of the New Jerusalem, but they would leave the polluting prints of blood upon the ground which mortals tread. God may forgive, but man cannot, the act for which you must die. His broken laws may be restored by the contrition of the guilty; but those made by man cannot bend to mercy, or listen to repentance, or heed its tears. Brother, take of this bread and of this cup once more with me, before you celebrate in heaven the love it commemorates. And now — come, Lord Jesus! come quickly! and put upon thy servant thy crown of glory whilst I fit my noosed halter to his neck. Lord Jesus, receive his spirit! Take him home with thee, to the mansions thou hast prepared for thy redeemed ones. Take his ransomed soul to thy bosom, and to the bliss of thy everlasting joy; for he was not fit to live longer upon the earth with sinful men."

Now, is there a human conscience, ever visited by the light of Divine Revelation, that could contemplate such a case of private, deliberate homicide without a thrill of horror? We have thrown around this case all the mitigating circumstances which any government could plead in behalf of taking human life upon the gallows. We have concentrated a community and a government in one man, with all their duties, functions, laws and relations. In the person, authority and power of a community, he has executed

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a murderer under the circumstances we have contemplated. Could a community have suffered more deeply than he did by the act of the criminal? Could it have had better evidence of his guilt than he? Could it have executed judgment more dispassionately than he did? Did he not fill the relation and maintain the character of any Christian government, that takes life for life, toward his fellow-being? Did the slightest sentiment of personal revenge or malice mingle with the motives which prompted the execution? On the other hand, could any Christian government have taken life more leniently, or have deported itself with more clemency, mercy, and humanity, towards the unfortunate being, than he did? Why, then, should the case of private, deliberate homicide we have supposed, be deemed more inconsistent with the spirit and precepts of Christianity, and with the dictates of reason and humanity, than any case of capital punishment inflicted by Government?

But we have taken the mildest case of homicide that it was possible to conceive. If it seemed such a monstrous inconsistency in that Christian executioner to put to death, in the avowed exercise of Christian charity, one whom he believed fitted for heaven and the fellowship of angels, — one whom God had pardoned and accepted, — how must we regard the act of deliberately sending an *unprepared* soul to the bar of God, all reeking with its unwashed guilt — of driving a shipwrecked soul from the narrow plank of man's probation, to sink into the black abyss of a sunless eternity, with its tremendous and hopeless immortality about its neck, like a burning mountain of the Almighty's wrath, pressing it deeper and deeper into unfathomable night? If this earth be the only praying ground for fallen man in the universe, — if it be but a narrow raft floating on the shoreless ocean of eternity, from which alone souls shipwrecked by sin may be taken into Heaven's haven

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of salvation, O, let us leave to the guiltiest of our kind, place and breath to pray, as long as God will hear. Let Him, who alone can kill and make alive, determine the hour when time shall be no more to the sinner to ask for mercy.

AN AMERICAN SLAVE IN LONDON.

THE leap for liberty, that sweetest boon of heaven, had been adventured. The desperate struggle was over; and that boon was his, to die with, apparently; for he seemed to be trembling on the extremest verge of life. There he was, in that city-world, great London, wherein dwell shapes and phases and faculties of human wretchedness almost infinite in number and variety. But an American slave, with the bracelets of a Republic, or their red marks on his feet and hands, was as unique a wonder as if a common beggar had never walked the city. Slavery, disguise itself as it may, can never hide under the rags of poverty, nor merge its chattel mark with the lineaments of common wretchedness. And there was this poor man, trembling in the midst of the bold beggars, — trembling with a sense of the guilt of his skin, that original sin of his constitution, for which he had done penance in a Christian land for thirty years on the tread-mill of slavery. It is an affecting sight to see an American slave any where, either at home or abroad, while panting with his run for life. Of all human beings, none are goaded by day and night by such a distorted conscience as that which afflicts him. He wears his guilt like the mark of Cain, and every white man he meets is a species of avenger of his African blood. Had all the laws and the prophets been concentrated in the command, "*thou shalt have a white skin*

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and straight hair," he could not have borne about with him a more painful sense of unpardonable sin, than that under which he hangs his head in the presence of his fellow-beings. Having suffered, for thirty or forty years, a more degrading punishment for the crime of color, than ever visited sin against God or man, by human authority, how can he divest himself of this unnatural conscience, that, with a scourge borrowed from the driver's hand, chases him through every lane of life, and fills his dreams with the baying of the blood-hounds and the tread of his pursuers! How can he, in a day, a month, or year, acquire a sense and attitude of innocency before the world, and stand up erect and look the world in the face, and say, *"I am not guilty!"* Not guilty! Gracious heavens! what a charge, then, of false imprisonment you can enter at the tribunal of mankind, against those who made you grind in the house of bondage for thirty years? *"Not guilty,"* said the American slave in London; *"Not guilty,"* he said tremulously, and he bent his head to his bosom and crouched towards the fire; for the ague was on him for the nights he had lain upon the cold floor of his prison-house. What a desperate plea! what an appeal from the laws of his country! from the unanimous verdict of six millions of his countrymen, which had pronounced him an African by blood, and sentenced him and all his posterity to the condition of brute beasts!

The Bible, God's *Magna Charta* of human liberty, had been wound around with the slave-holder's lash, to keep its divine revelations from the bondman. But there was, in all the darkness that surrounded him, a ray of that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and it fell faintly and dimly upon his oppressed conscience, until he saw and felt that his color was not the complexion of crime; and he determined to encounter the tremendous odds, and seek a jury in the wide world who should

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listen to his appeal, and reverse the verdict that had made him a slave.

He could not read; for it is a breach of the laws, which fix his condition, to teach a slave to read. He could not read the names and destination of the ships that alighted in the harbor, like carrier eagles. Whence they came, and whither they went, was a mystery beyond his means of solution. He daily saw them spread their great white wings and soar away through the blue ocean-firmament, and wondered much what kind of land they would alight at,— what kind of people would hail their coming. And among these querulous thoughts, this last would steal in,— whether *color* was *crime*, on that distant shore. It was little he knew of the location of countries. The North Star was the sun and centre of all his geographical facts. And Canada was directly under the North Star, and all who reached that paradise of freedom from southern bondage, stole away by night, and travelled through forests, and over mountains, for weeks and months. This he knew by tradition; but when these ships finished their course and dropped their anchors, which he daily saw vanishing in the distance, was a question for conjecture. They could not be bound for Canada; he was sure of that. But did slavery cover all the earth but Canada? Might not one in ten of these ocean ships anchor by some foreign shore, where a slave might walk a freeman? Hope and faith jointly reared that thought into a living idea, that filled his mind by night and day. His condition could not be worse. He could be but a slave, wherever he might be cast.

The note of preparation about a large merchantman indicated that it was about to weigh anchor for a foreign port. The deck and wharf were covered with busy men, wrestling with bales, boxes and barrels. But there was one man, colored like half the rest, who carried a bag closely by his side, not entered upon

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the ship's invoice. It was filled with the fragments and savings from many scanty meals. With this he found his way into the forepart of the ship, where he espied a little space, which another bale or box would close from sight. While the crew were busy in stowing away the freight, he slunk into the narrow nook with his bag, and the next minute the aperture was closed, and to his great joy he was left in utter darkness.

The hurried tramp upon deck waxed louder and louder; and the fugitive held his breath to listen. "*He! ho! Hoy!*" at last fell upon his ears like the voice of salvation, and he closely hugged the floor to his bosom, to still the noise of his beating heart. "He! Ho! Hoy! — Hoy! — Oy — Ee! O! Hoy!" the ship is sliding off from the wharf. The voices on deck are suppressed, and the captain's is heard alone. "Aye! aye! sir!" comes down in response from the thronged spars; and the sound of the fluttering canvas has already spread the wings of hope in the heart of the American slave. The ship moves — slowly — but it moves. A splash, now! It is the hawser, and the sailors are pulling it in. Now there is a gurgling sound against the ship's side. It moves! it moves! "The land of the free and the home of the brave" recedes inch by inch. Another sail is shaken out to the breeze, and the gurgling furrow of the keel is deepened. There is a space which cannot be swum, between him and his master. In ten minutes more it will be doubled. Still another sail falls booming from the yard, and the ship creaks beneath the canvas. The last sound from the land of slavery dies away upon his ear, and he is drifting far out upon the ocean Rubicon. He breathes freer, but not a freeman; and the thought of the unknown land to which he is bound, displaces the painful idea of the one he had left. The ship keeps on its course — but whither, he knows not. Is it northward, or southward, or eastward? He cannot tell; it is not westward,

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and that cheers his hope of freedom. He fears the light, lest he should be discovered; but he longs for one look from the deck, merely to see if the fearful vision of the land of bondage has disappeared. Now it is night; although the night and the day are both alike to him, as far as light is concerned. Nature knows when night comes, even to one born blind. And nights came to the American slave, and days, and dreams, and lights and shades of hope and despair, which he could not describe.

His story was short and simple. He was writhing with the ague, and there was a rheumatic fever in every joint. He breathed painfully, and with an effort that shook the chair in the corner. He had an old calico coat on him when he hid himself away in the ship; but little of that now hung upon his shoulders. It was the last of November, and he could say but little of his perilous passage across the ocean. He had done all nature could do to make his crackers last until the ship should anchor at some foreign port. He knew he had nothing to hope of the captain or his men, and he put himself on the closest allowance that could sustain life. But it was in vain. Twenty-one days he had been out upon the sea, yet no cry of land was heard. The last cracker was gone. Three days and nights he had lived without a morsel of food. Life and liberty seemed to recede; and he clutched at them in a cry for help. Peradventure there might be flesh in the captain's heart, out upon that interminable ocean, and he cried louder still, "*Save me! I perish!*" He was dragged from his hiding-place, trembling and haggard, into the presence of the captain, who demanded in a voice of angry surprise, whence he came. In a few broken words he told his story, and his entreaties for mercy were interrupted by a volley of oaths and threats that he should be sent back to slavery by the first ship they met bound to America He pleaded for mercy with all the earnestness of his last hope of

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freedom; and then, in all the strength of his despair, — but in vain. He was ordered to be put in irons, and to be kept upon bread and water until some vessel should heave in sight by which the captain and crew might escape conviction of humanity, by sending the fugitive back to his bondage. But no such sail was descried, though sought in the distance with the telescope; and the slave hoped on in his fetters. He was on deck, with his hands manacled together, when a green land loomed up from the sea, like a vision of the new world. Life and liberty came back to his despairing heart with all the impulse of their strong yearnings, and he essayed to wring the iron from his limbs. Now the towers and spires, and the dim outlines of a distant city, arise before his eyes, and the ship entered the waters of the Rhine, and that city was Rotterdam; and soon they were threading their way through a fleet of vessels of every flag. The moment had come, and liberty or death was to be the issue of the leap. The sailors were busy in taking in the sails and letting go the anchor. Now or never — and the American slave, "accoutred as he was," sprang from the deck into the river. His hands were closely ironed together; but he struggled manfully with the current for life and liberty. He was descried by the crew of a Dutch boat passing near, who rescued him, just as he was sinking for the last time, and conducted him to the ship to which they belonged. He came before the captain, who recognized the jewels of a republic, and saw that the poor man was an American slave, and in bonds for the color of his skin. His iron bracelets were wrung by strong hands from his, and he was conducted to the English Consul, and by the next steamer to England; in a few hours he trod a soil upon which no slave can breathe. When I saw him, he was still wet with his leap into the Rhine. A reaction had come over him. The perils of the escape had been encountered. Nature had exhausted all

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her latent energies in the struggle for liberty. The sustaining invigoration of fear and hope was gone, and he hung his head and crouched toward the fire, as if there were nothing left to ask for, but to die a freeman. Nor did he ask aloud for this, or for any thing; but sat quaking with the ague, and uttered not a complaint nor a murmur of pain, except when left alone for a moment in the room. Here was a fellow-countryman, appealing to the world, in the silent remonstrance of his suffering, against a false imprisonment for color in the American house of bondage. I plead guilty for my country, with a sense of shame I cannot describe. It was the first time, I believe, that I ever had two overcoats at once, and thus was able to comply literally with the gospel precept, and share them with a suffering fellow-being. And as this was the first time I ever enjoyed that luxury, I put the best of the twain upon him — a warm and thick one — and felt new comfort in the one I wore. The hat I had worn for two years fitted him well; and I left him with a feeling of gratitude that I could give even so poor "a freedom suit" to an American slave in London.

AN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH AROUND THE GLOBE.

I WOULD respectfully present to those interested in the question, a few facts and observations bearing upon the project of establishing a telegraphic communication around the globe, which is fast acquiring the faith and sympathy of the public mind on both sides of the Atlantic. And a project of this nature may be considered to have passed an important stage towards its realization, when it has won its way to the universal conviction that it is possible and

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practicable; that no obstacle can be opposed to its execution, which science, labor, and capital may not overcome. The recent and remarkable achievements of these combined elements of human capacity have left, in fact, no room to doubt the *practicability* of surrounding the globe with the iron nerve of the Electric Telegraph, linking all its great capitals and centres of legislation, commerce and intelligence with a ligament almost as sensitive as a nerve of flesh and blood. It can be done. These achievements prove it. The public mind believes it; anticipates, asks it, in various expressions of its wish and expectation. It is coming to be regarded as an indispensable and inevitable complement to the various lines of steam navigation that girdle the globe, and to the railways that embrace its continents with their iron arms. The result of the first submarine telegraphs has also indicated the lightning route of thought and intelligence around the earth. Both in Europe and America, the public mind seems to have adopted the idea that this route must cross the Atlantic. This is natural. The short line across the English Channel was crowned with success. An experiment on a larger scale was tried across the Irish Channel, and that succeeded. These precedents and proofs have produced and warranted the conviction, that a line of submarine telegraph may be laid down across the ocean, between Halifax and the westernmost promontory of Ireland. Various plans have been projected and published for effecting this work. It is too late to doubt its practicability. Grant it. Concede to science, capital, and labor, the physical possibility of stretching a wire-way for the carrier-lightning from shore to shore. But, granting this, the enterprise could not escape two or three contingencies which would affect its value. After all that science could achieve, such a line would be exposed to accidents, perhaps as frequent and fatal as those to which the line between Dover

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and Calais is subject. And if it were severed at any distance between the two shores, could any power or skill of man connect it again without taking up the whole length? Let the most imaginative and enthusiastic believer in the unrevealed capacities of human science say, if he expects it will ever be able to repair such an accident without this process? Here, then, is a most serious liability to which such a submarine telegraph would inevitably be exposed.

Then there is another consideration which should affect the question of route. A submarine telegraph across the Atlantic could only be the bare medium for the transmission of intelligence between two points nearly 3,000 miles distant from each other. It would neither pick up nor perform any business on its way across the intervening expanse, unless it were occasionally to snub, with its electric touch, the nose of a sportive whale or porpoise. For through this long reach it could receive no tributaries, and put forth no offshoots of intelligence. It would do nothing, earn nothing to pay its passage through the watery desert, until it reached the shore of the continent to which its messages were to be delivered. It would be like an express train running between London and Edinburgh without stopping at a single intermediate station.

Now there is a route for a telegraph around the globe which would be entirely free from the dangerous liability and the unprofitable contingency which have been mentioned. The Government or people of the United States will soon continue the *trunk* line of their telegraphs to Oregon, *via* California. On the other side, the telegraphic lines of Western Europe are reaching eastward toward the Ural Mountains. The necessity of speedy communication with its Asiatic provinces will inevitably induce the Russian Government to promote the extension of a line in

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that direction. It would, doubtless, for its own purposes, continue it as far as the Ural Mountains, in the course of a few years. The whole territory between this range and California is owned by Russia, Great Britain, and the United States. They would not be obliged to ask of any other Governments "the right of way" at any portion of the distance between these two points. Then, why may they not unite in connecting them by a line of telegraph crossing Behring's Straits? What physical or pecuniary obstacle could be interposed to this enterprise, which their united capacities might not easily surmount? Would the distance present such an obstacle? A larger distance than that included between the two points has been threaded by the telegraphic wires in the United States; and that by individual enterprise, in a country possessing but little capital for such purposes. Would the transit of Behring's Straits present a difficulty? They are said to be only forty or fifty miles wide, with two or three islands in the middle; so that no space of water would have to be crossed wider than the straits between Dover and Calais. The Russian Government could easily establish a watch over the line through all its possessions in Europe, Asia, and America. The British and American Governments could do the same in their respective territories. An accident might be almost as easily repaired at any point on the line, as if it occurred between London and Liverpool. This route, therefore, would be always safe from the great disaster to which a submarine wire between Halifax and the Irish coast would be constantly exposed. This is a most important consideration in its favor. Then there is another of almost equal value. A line from St. Petersburg to San Francisco would create and perform a great deal of way-work between the two cities. It would pass through the principal provincial centres of the Russian empire, from the metropolis to Behring's Straits;

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and it would, doubtless, be employed daily by the Government for the transmission of despatches and public intelligence between it and those distant territories of its dominion. Then, on the North American continent, it would *make* and multiply business between Behring's Straits and San Francisco. Within this vast space, it would come into frequent requisition by the Governments and people of Great Britain and the United States. Passing through the British Possessions on the Pacific, it would cross the theatre of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations, and become an invaluable agency for the transmission of its mercantile intelligence to England, and from station to station along the coast. It would furnish stations along the Pacific shore, at which all British vessels, sailing in that direction, might receive orders or despatch reports. Then the vast amount of whaling business carried on in the Arctic Ocean, by citizens of the United States, would afford much profitable employment to this portion of the line. During the two years, 1849 and 1850, one hundred and ninety-nine American whale ships passed through Behring's Straits, carrying more men than are employed in the United States' navy at one time, and taking 17,400,000 dollars' worth of oil. Who can tell what an amount of intelligence these ships, exposed to so many accidents, and vicissitudes of fortune, would send over the line between those Straits and San Francisco?

Thus, the telegraph between San Francisco and St. Petersburg would receive a vast amount of business at the intermediate *way*-stations; in addition to the amount which a submarine line would convey across the Atlantic. Then, acting as a grand *trunk* line around the globe, it might put forth branches towards the south of Asia and Europe. In the course of civilization, one of these branches might extend southward, threading the ports on the eastern coast of China. Thus, in the end, it might become

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the spinal nerve to that marvellous system of sensibilities which shall flash, with the wing of thought, intelligence from country to country around the globe.

THE PENNY POST OF ENGLAND.

THE citizen of a foreign country, sojourning in England, cannot fail to be struck with its extraordinary capacity of society. Let him travel the world over, and he will not find twenty millions of individuals possessing such faculties and facilities of social intercourse as are enjoyed by the inhabitants of Great Britain. Time and space, which divide and half estrange the communities of other countries, are hardly known here, in the sense of separation. All the homes of England are not only in conversational distance of each other, but of London, — that great city-centre, which, by its commercial attractions, inhales, as it were, into its bosom all the intelligence that floats in isolated facts over the surface of the world. And the little time lost in overcoming the spaces between these homes, so far as the most important part of their intercourse is concerned, is lost in the night, and with it, the sense of its duration. The machinery by which this is achieved is truly marvellous, in all its operations; especially to an American, or to the citizen of a country covering a vast extent of territory. The working of this machinery, in one direction, is somewhat after this fashion:

At about 9 o'clock in the evening, several Iron Horses may be seen, harnessed for their race, at each of the five railway stations in London. There they stand foaming, neighing, and champing their bridle-bits, with their heads turned in different directions,

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impatient for the signal to be gone. But who can fathom the mystery of the mail-bags which they are to bear, as upon the wings of the wind, and to distil on their way to tens of thousands of home-circles scattered over the kingdom? Never could dew-drops or rain-drops quote a more vicissitous experience, than the letters and other messages of business or friendship, collected in these same mail-bags. Never were clouds filled with water-drops drawn from such distant and diversified sources. For, among the myriads of these epistolary messages drawn from the metropolis and the provinces, may be found thousands from China, the Indies, the Pacific and Atlantic islands, the Americas, and the continents of the Old World.

The five railway stations are the five gates of the metropolis, from which this mass of sealed intelligence is to be distilled consentaneously with the dew of heaven, over the whole of England, before the rising of the sun. The fiery chargers are neighing upon their iron track. The penny postmen have mounted; the signal is given. Each huge courser bates the explosions of his fiery breath, as if to listen to his driver's voice, and the next moment treads out slowly into the night. Snorting a fierce defiance at time and space, he dashes into the deepening thunder of the race. Now the tunnelled hills tremble and groan sepulchrally as he ploughs his track of fire through their old foundations, and fills the arched breach with smoke. Now the still and rural villages, with churches old and quaint, and cottages thatched with straw, revolve with their low glimmering lights, and all the tall trees go around with them in stately procession, as the Iron Horse plunges onward, with his fiery eye-balls glaring upon the track before him.

At midnight, and thence until morning, there is silence in the habitations of human life, and slumber is on the eyelids of the

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million. Love and its deep-seated and various affections, which dream but seldom slumber, are dreaming now perhaps of distant ones in the great metropolis, or on the other side of the kingdom, or, perchance, in India, New Zealand, or in the scattered colonies of the distant seas. In that straw-roofed cottage, sleeping like a weary laborer behind the hedge, are human thoughts of great affection, that are stealing out of the hearts of toil-worn sleepers, and feeling their way across the Atlantic to the new homes of children they will see no more on earth. And in the ivy-curtained chambers of yonder house, with its windows peeping at the moon through the still trees, boyhood is dreaming of boyhood in the playgrounds of distant schools, and girlhood is weaving flower-bracelets again with girlhood, or dancing along the silver brooks in meadows and pastures far beyond the bluest hills. In the silence and unremembered emotions of the mind slumber the age and infancy and all the conditions of a nation. But those chariots of fire are running like lightning through all these dark and quiet hours, exchanging with each other a part of their respective charges, and dispensing to thousands of sleeping towns, villages and hamlets a portion which shall gladden their family circles in the morning. And the morning comes, and with it comes to thousands and hundreds of thousands the wonderful reality, wrought from the mystery of all this fiery locomotion of the night. To thousands of home-circles, in town, village, hamlet, and by hedgeside, the dispensation of the Penny Post comes, almost as gratuitously and as silently as that of the morning dew upon the flowers that blush and breathe in their windows. The American sojourner, who may be the guest of one of these English homes, if he has a heart open to the susceptibilities of our social nature, must comprehend the joy which the penny post diffuses around the table at breakfast. For, associating its benifi-

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cence with enjoyments most necessary to nature, it serves up its messages of love and friendship as condiments to the morning meal. The administration of the tea-urn, under the presidency of the lady of the house, commences at the same time as that of the penny post at the other end of the table. For the servant girl has brought in, on the same tray with the dry toast, a packet of letters and papers, which she deals out, simultaneously with the brown slices of bread, to the different members of the circle. The relish of this double repast is the refinement of that social enjoyment which England has procured for her millions, in giving them the blessings of cheap postage. "Sunbeam of summer, what is like thee?" sung a sweet spirit, whose poetry was the breath of flowers. Had she lived to witness the light of gladness, which Rowland Hill's great boon diffused every morning through thousands of English homes, she might have answered: "One thing is like thee, — it is the PENNY POST, carrying into yearning hearts rays of affection from hearts beating beyond the mountains and the seas; touching the faces of the aged, of the matron, maiden and child with a light which the sunbeam of summer cannot give."

Look at that family at this moment of social enjoyment. "You will please excuse us, sir, for glancing at our letters," observes the host. "That I will, my dear sir, and wish you all much joy of it." The tea will bear to stand a moment longer; and now you may steal a glance kindly at the faces of the circle surrounding the table, as they open and read the messages addressed to them. The letters of mine host are evidently more of a business cast than the others; some bringing across his countenance an involuntary expression of thoughtfulness, others stirring up the momentary semblance of a smile. But there is the communion of other thoughts going on at the other end of the table. "Sun-

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beam of summer, what is like thee?" if it is not the light that glistens in that mother's eye, as she drinks in the words of affection, contained in that letter from a young married daughter, in the metropolis, three hundred miles distant, who penned them last evening just before tea. And by the side of her mother sits the younger sister of the distant one; and a "sunbeam of summer" is deepening the rose in her cheeks, as she reads with parted lips the message which the penny post has brought to her from a boarding-school companion, who has inclosed a little spring flower in her letter, still breathing its sweetness on the loving thoughts she has put into words. And Fred, frolicsome, laughter-loving Fred, although scarcely seven, has a letter which he reads with eyes growing bigger every moment — a letter from his cousin Willy, and no secret would he make of it, were the Duke of Wellington by his father's side. "Willy has got another rabbit, with the funniest ears that a rabbit ever had; and Towzer broke his chain and chased the ducks into the pond; and papa has bought a new saddle for the pony, with stirrups that look like silver; and there will be beautiful skating if the water will be good enough to freeze; and he has put three pheasant's eggs under the speckled hen; and" — "Why, Freddy!" whispers his sister, bending toward him, and glancing apologetically toward you. "Frederic, my dear," softly adds the mother, looking too lovingly at the boy to mean reproof — "You will please excuse our Frederic, sir; — he and his cousin Willy are schoolmates, and always together, except in vacation." And the servant girl has not been forgotten, in this dispensation of the penny post; there are those at a distance, perhaps in New Zealand or Newfoundland, who remember her with fraternal or sisterly affection; and she carries a letter in her bosom which she read in the kitchen whilst watching the toast, and which she will read again before sunset.

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Such is the daily experience of an English family. Such is the social enjoyment which seasons the morning meal of thousands and tens of thousands, as one of the blessings of the penny post. To procure for them this luxury, these thundering steeds of iron have to run to and fro all the night long. What an issue of all this locomotion! One would be inclined to believe that there was a post-office in every Englishman's kitchen, of which the servant maid was the mistress; for almost every morning she is sure to serve up, on her toast-tray, letters from different parts of the kingdom. For scarcely a portion of the machinery of this beautiful administration is visible to the family it gladdens. Perhaps they heard, or dreamed they heard, at midnight, the distant sound of the Iron Horse, as he shook the earth with his tread. Perhaps they heard the postman's knock at the door; but even him they seldom see. We know of no institution of human legislation so like God's gifts to man, as the English Penny Post. Like the quality of mercy in his grace and salvation, it is not strained, nor limited, to any class or condition of the community. The quiet joy which it diffuses every morning through thousands of family circles, is like a dew of gladness, falling alike upon the rich and poor, the palace and the cottage. If there be a blessing which a patriot, philanthropist, or Christian could wish for his country, after the light of God's countenance and gospel, and the dispensations of the seasons, it might well be the PENNY POST.

"THE RAUHE HAUS" IN HAMBURG.

IN no city that I have visited in Europe, is human kindness more extensively and minutely organized, than in this commer-

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cial capital of Northern Europe. In the first place, you find here hospitals for all ages, and all conditions of bodily affliction; houses of correction, refuge, and rescue. Then the out-door benevolence is administered after the most perfect system of order and activity. This department of charity is managed chiefly by the ladies; and no nook of poverty or wretchedness escapes the vigilance and visitation of their loving-kindness. It would be impossible to do more than name all these institutions and operations of philanthropy in one letter; so I will occupy this with an account of one of the number, which seems to embody the spirit of all the rest, in the most interesting and striking manifestation. This is the "*Rauhe Haus*," established in 1833. The literal meaning, as nearly as it can be given in English, of this appellation is, "*The Rough House*," or a house of refuge for the rudest, most hopeless little vagabonds of beggary and vice that can be found in the lowest lanes and sewers of poverty and sin. In this Institution, these young beings, whose every day of life has been a year of wretchedness and crime, are brought under the action of two cardinal principles — the law of kindness, and the influence of family society. As an illustration of the power of these principles in transforming what would seem to be the very mistletoes of humanity into trees bearing the best fruits of virtue, this Institution is yet unequalled; although several of the kind have recently sprung up in different countries. A cursory glance at its history will suffice to delineate the principal features of its character.

On the first of November, 1833, J. H. Wichern, an earnest man, whose heart is a living gospel of Christian love to his kind, took possession, with his family, of a small, one story, straw-roofed house, fronting on a narrow lane leading out of the village of Horn, about three miles from Hamburg. This little building itself was a vagabond house; having been what would be called

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in America a "*rum hole*" — a resort for the lowest and noisiest kind of drinkers and smokers. About an acre of land, covered with sprawling bushes, ditches, hillocks, etc., formed with the smutty cottage, the foundation of the new institution, which was to solve another great problem in the mysteries of humanity. No great palace or prison-looking building had been erected by the State for this experiment of benevolence. None was contemplated or desired. From the beginning to the end, it was to be a cottage establishment; and this one by the lane-side, with its rum-seethed, tobacco-smoked walls, and roof of black mouldering straw, was all the heroic founder asked, for the working out of his scheme of philanthropy. After the lapse of a week, spent in purifying this little cottage and preparing it for a home for the little unfortunate beings who were to be gathered to its hearth, three were brought in from their lairs on the frosty pavement or door-stones of the city. In the course of a few weeks, fourteen of these young vagabonds were introduced within the fold of that family circle, varying from five to eighteen years of age, yet all old in the experience of wretchedness and vice. Each had become a hardened veteran in some iniquitous practice or malicious disposition; and as such had been pronounced or regarded as incorrigible. Nearly all of them had been left and trained to beggary, lying, stealing, and to every vicious habit. Some had the organ or disposition of destructiveness developed to such a frenzy, that the first thought of their life seemed to be the mutilation of every thing they could reach; others had acquired a ferocious force and obduracy of self-will. One of these adepts in crime had been convicted by the police of ninety-three thefts; and yet he was only in his twelfth year. They had been treated or regarded as a species of human vermin, baffling the power of the authorities to suppress. They had slept under carts, in door-ways, herding

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with swine and cattle by night, when the begging or thieving hours were past. Such were the boys that found themselves looking at each other, in wonder and surprise, the first evening they gathered around the hearth-stone of that cottage home. There was no illusion about this sudden transformation of their experience. There was that bland, benevolent man in their midst, with his kind eyes and voice, looking and speaking to them as a father to his children. And there was his mother, with the law of kindness on her lips, in her looks, in every act and word; and he called her mother, and they called her mother; and, the first evening of their common life, she became the mother of their love and veneration, and they — ragged, forsaken, hopeless castaways, conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity — became the children of her affection. As far as the east from the west, was their past life to be separated from their future — to be cut off and forgotten. And this cottage, away from the city and its haunts, with its bright fire by night, and the little beds under the roof, with its great Bible and little psalm-books, was to be their home. And the great chestnut tree that thrust out its arms over it; and all the little trees, and the ditches, hillocks and bushes of that acre were their own. Some hymns and sweet-spirited ballads were sung, after the frugal supper; and then the mother of the circle told them some nice stories with her kind voice; and the father, with his kind eyes, asked their advice about some little plans he had in his mind for improving their farm. The feeling of home came warming into their hearts, like the emotions of a new existence, as he spoke to them, with his kind voice and eyes, of *our* house, of *our* trees, of *our* cabbages, turnips, potatoes, pigs, and geese, and ducks, which *we* will grow for *our* comfort.

That night, the boys went up to their beds under the roof, wondering if all this would be real in the morning, or if they should

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wake up on the frosty door-stones of the city, or under the carts, and find it all a dream that they had experienced in the few hours of that new life. The morning came, and with its first ray of light, the kind eye and voice of the family father; and they gathered around the breakfast table, and then for a little while around the fire, and a hymn was sung; and then they all went out together to commence the work they had agreed on in the council of the fire-side the night before. It had been unanimously voted that a sprawling wall of earth, half surrounding their garden, should come down first; and at it they went in earnest, with such tools as they had. And no small job was this for fourteen boys from five to eighteen years of age; for it was five hundred feet in length, and six in height and breadth. The first day's work was a triumph to them; and when they grouped around the fire at night, the ambition of new ideas came into their hearts. There were tools wanted for rooting out the briers and bushes, and there were boys of the circle that would undertake to make them. They went so far as to speak of making a tool-house; nay, even a shop, where they would work in stormy weather. The oldest boys were sure they could build it alone. At the end of the first week, they had made a year's progress in this new life, and its hopes and expectations. The earth-mound gradually disappeared; and the faith that they could do something, be something, and own something, grew daily within them; and they sung cheery songs at their work; for almost every evening they practised on some ballad, under the instruction of the mother of the circle. "So eager did they become to accomplish this undertaking," says the first Report of this Institution, "that they frequently worked by lantern-light in the evening, rooting up bushes and trees, in spite of snow and rain."

The winter days and nights came, and when they could not

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prosecute their out-door work, their united genius contrived employment within. The family-mother taught them to knit and sew, and other arts of domestic industry; and in the long winter evenings, after recreating for an hour in reading, writing, or ciphering, they gather into a circle on the floor — a little band of cross-legged tailors — and plied their needles of every size, on thick, coarse stockings, frocks, trousers, etc., and some the awl on shoes, half wood and half leather, for the future inmates of their home, who might be brought in from such places as they themselves once inhabited. This was a work and a thought that brought kind feelings into their hearts; and many a one of the group wondered how such and such a boy, who used to cuddle down with him of a frosty night on a door stone in the city, would feel in the frock or trousers he had under way. This was their singing time; and just in proportion as they loved to work, they loved to sing; and they did both on these occasions with the happiest zest. They were taught the most lively and joyful tunes first, and these took the precedence in their music and labor concerts of the winter evening.

Then came the Spring, with its music and beauty, and birds and bees, and all things green and gladsome; and with it came to the boy-family of the *Rauhe Haus* a new life of labor, hope, expectation, and plans. During the winter, their number had increased; and their beds were too thick under the roof; and their ideas had taken a house-building turn during the winter evenings; and some of the older boys had tried their hands at the model of a cottage; and all had come to the faith that they could build a house large enough to live in. The plan was drawn out, first on the floor with chalk, then with ink on paper; and they longed for the winter to be gone, with its frost and ice, that they might break ground with their spades and picks for the cellar. As soon as the

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snow-banks disappeared, they fell to, with an ambition which took hold of the youngest of them, to build a house for themselves all alone. As soon as daylight came, and as long as it lasted, they were seen and heard singing at their labor. "On the 11th of March," says the first Report, "the foundation of this, the first *Kinderhaus, (children house,)* was laid, with prayer and singing, in the presence of several friends of the Institution, favored with the most beautiful spring weather. All the earth-work on this '*Swiss-house,*' as it was named, had been performed by the boys. They dug the cellar, carted the bricks, prepared the mortar; and now the walls began to rise, and their joy to rise. Every boy, great or small, held on to the work, longer and later, until, on the 16th of April, the whole company, with a jubilee of song, hung a wreath of triumph on the gable of the house. A few more busy days, and the building was completed, and ready for the reception of the first colony from the old Rauhe Haus. It was hung from top to bottom with evergreens and wreaths of flowers; and, "on the 20th of July," says the Report, "on a bright Sabbath morning, it was dedicated, in the presence of several hundred friends, to the good Shepherd, through whose love and help already twenty-seven boys have taken up their residence therein."

This event opened a new chapter in the social economy and moral character of the Institution. The affections, hopes, sympathies and enjoyments of these boys, all clustered around this family life. They had lived, labored, slept, eaten and sung together for many happy months; they had built them a home together; and now they took possession of it with joy and exultation. An earnest young disciple of the law of love, who had come from a distance to discipline his heart and life to the regime of kindness, and who had lived in their midst as an elder brother, accompanied them to their new dwelling, to live with them still as a fatherly

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brother and companion in labor, study, play, and in all their enjoyments. Another young man, of the same spirit, entered the old hive, or Rauhe Haus, where a new family of little vagabonds from different parts of the country began to form. In the course of time, this also colonized in the same way as the first, and took up their abode in a cottage-home, built mostly by their own hands, taught and assisted by the elder family of the "*Swiss-house.*"

Thus has this most interesting Institution expanded gradually into a little cottage village of boy-families, each having their own separate house and home; and their fatherly brother, a young man of twenty or twenty-five years of age. Feeling at a loss how to spend "Thanksgiving Day" properly in a foreign land, I determined to spend it in visiting this establishment. So I walked out to it from Hamburg, a distance of about three miles, and was most kindly received by one of the young men of the Institution. He took me through all the workshops and dwelling-houses, their little chapel, the wash and drying house, their printing-office, bake-house, etc. It was truly a beautiful spectacle, to see these young beings, once so hopeless, wretched, and vicious, now sitting clothed in a regenerated mind, so full of hope and gladness and salvation. There they were, parcelled into little groups, with one of "the *Brethren*" in the centre of each, busy at every species of utilitarian handicraft. They are all shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., by turns. For a certain length of time, a troop of them, with a "brother" at their head, may be found mounted on shaving horses, and showing themselves a brave little band of coopers; then they may be seen sitting cross-legged in a ring on a large platform, plying their needles to the same tunes on garments for the whole community, and for future comers. For it is the motive of this economy, not only to teach them all kinds

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of handicraft, but also to discipline their minds to the habit of working for each other.

There are now about seventy boys and twenty-five girls in this establishment, who constitute four boy-families and two girl-families, both sexes varying in age from eight to sixteen years. There are from thirty-six to forty "brothers," and eight "candidates," or theological students, preparing for the ministry, by taking lessons in the law of love, as here put in force. Thus, not only these young creatures are rescued from ruin, and transformed to a new life, but scores of earnest young men are trained for superintendents and founders of similar institutions in other countries.

The moral and religious development of these children would form a history by itself, which would be deeply interesting to every benevolent mind. First among the influences that opened their hearts to a Christian culture, was that of music. "Especially at first," says the Report, "it happened almost daily that some of the larger as well as the smallest boys broke forth in sobs, and wept aloud during the singing in our morning devotions; and on one occasion, the whole were so deeply affected as to be obliged to give it up. 'We cannot hold out singing,' they were accustomed to say, 'without thinking of what we have been.' On one occasion, when they were by no means learning and practising church melodies, (to which a special hour on the Sabbath was allotted,) one of the boys stood as if out of his mind. On my speaking to him, he said, 'During singing, I forget everything here, and think only of my former life.' On another occasion, two brothers fell into each other's arms, and were so affected that I was obliged to send them into the garden; for they had thought of their unfortunate mother while engaged in singing. Especially with the Spring increased their joy in this exercise. In the evening, after their work was done, they gathered of their own accord around a tree,

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or laid down on the grass, or walked arm-in-arm, a whole hour long, in the garden, and sang their beautiful songs; or they climbed at vesper-time, with their bread, to the highest branches of the beautiful chestnut and lime trees that overshadowed the *Rauhe Haus*, and mingled their songs with those of the feathered songsters."

I have been able to give but a cursory glance at the history and principal features of this interesting institution of benevolence, —but I hope enough has been said to demonstrate the fact, that no human being can sink below the reach and rescue of human kindness, when breathing with the love of God and man.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

In a recent number of the *Bond* I gave a cursory description of the Rauhe House at Hamburg. Knowing what a day of gladness, and greetings, and gifts of loving remembrance Christmas was, in all home-circles, in hospitals, in the richest houses of the rich, and in the poorest houses of the poor, I resolved to see its working and enjoyment at this interesting Institution. So, at about twelve o'clock, I wended my way thither. It is situated in the village of Horn, about three miles from Hamburg; and on turning off from the main road into the narrow lane which led to it, I found that scores of people from the city were proceeding thither, —some on foot, others in carriages, to witness the celebration of the anniversary by the inmates of the establishment. The great garden, full of cottages, seemed to smile with the gladness which throbbed in the hearts and shone in the faces of the hundred happy children which it embosomed. The trees which

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they had planted, thicket thick, around their little houses, seemed to lean to each other lovingly, and to wish each other a "merry Christmas;" and the ducks and geese in the lakelet, and the merry chickens that nestled or sported in the sunny places in the garden, appeared to know and share the day's experience. The visitors or spectators of the scene began to accumulate into a crowd about the door of the little chapel; and many a richly appointed carriage drove up and set down parties of distinguished rank from Hamburg, who came to see the happiness of children recently rescued from its lowest scenes of vice and poverty, and renovated to a new existence. In a few minutes, the family church of this family of cottages, was completely filled with the exception of a small space at the desk-end of it, which was reserved for the boy and girl families, and their "Father" and elder "Brethren." At the foot of the desk was planted a Christmas tree, which reached to the ceiling overhead, with every branch holding in its hand a taper light. A little way in front of this, a semi-circular table was arranged, covered with white linen, and extending, in its diameter, nearly from wall to wall. On the outer or convex side was placed a row of chairs, for about thirty persons, which seemed to be reserved, as I imagined, for special guests or dignitaries from the city — perhaps the principal patrons of the Institution; for all the other seats were mere hard benches without backs, and these were already occupied and crowded by persons of all ages and conditions. In a few moments, however, I felt reproved for appropriating in my imagination these thirty reserved chairs of honor, after the common standard of estimation. There was a movement at the door of unusual interest. Those standing close by it made way deferentially for a party, the special guests of the occasion, who were to go up higher than they, — to the highest places at the feast. They came — the poorest of the poor, the

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lamest of the lame, the blindest of the blind, the oldest of the aged. From the lowest habitations of poverty, in the neighboring villages, they came at the invitation of these regenerated little vagabonds, whose hearts were softened to the kindest issues by souvenirs of "the hole of the pit," of that wretchedness and perdition from which they had been rescued by the hand of Christian love. And of this love and charity having freely received, grace for grace, their young hearts and hands were going to give back freely to these poor and decrepid people gifts of their gratitude to God and man for their own salvation. An old woman of ninety-six years, led the way and was seated in the chair of honor at the centre of the table, and those on each side of her were filled by pauper guests from the hovels, hedges, and highways of the neighborhood. The next minute, the quick, short tread of a multitude of young feet, and mingling with the murmur of young voices, was heard without, and the father of the Institution entered at the head of its *children-families*, numbering about one hundred boys and girls, from five to eighteen years of age, and accompanied by the band of "*Brothers*," who live with them, as the heads and companions of their home and labor circles. For a few minutes, the house was filled with the lively clatter of their wooden-soled brogans, as they crowded into the small space between the guest table and the wall, and rounded up into a hill of happy faces, scores of which peered out floridly, with eyes of large expectation, from the branches of the Christmas tree. The father superintendent, a man about forty-five years of age, with long apostolic locks of silver-gray, and eyes and voice full of heaven, and the sympathies and affections of the heart into which it descends and dwells with its music, and love, and river of life, and all its New Jerusalem of joy; and who had brought all these to bear upon the rescue and renovation of these children of poverty and sin—

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stood before us. The special guests of this feast were the first objects of his observation, and he stepped forward, and with his face beaming with the light of loving-kindness, and voice modulated to its sweetest accents, he gave his hand to each of the circle in succession, not merely with a passing inquiry or greeting of good-will, but with a short tender address of sympathy, cheer, and exhortation. The windows were now darkened, and the tapers, with which the Christmas tree blossomed, were lighted, and looked a very star-tree, bringing out in bold relief the light-haired heads and sunny faces that nestled under its green branches; all the greener for the light blossoms they bore. The religious exercises were opened by a Christmas anthem by the children, who made such heart-music of it as I never heard before. What a choir, that! It seemed a melody almost divine. Every voice and eye of them all rang with a melting power of sentiment, which it was a privilege to *see* as well as hear; for as their voices swelled up into the sublimest unison of the anthem, their ruddy faces softened and shone with the ecstasy of the music in their hearts. This was followed by a prayer addressed to the Throne of Grace by the father of the children-families, with his eyes open, fixed, and wide, and seeming to look clear into heaven and see the blessing he asked upon us all. Another anthem followed this, and then a glowing eloquent address from the superintendent, which lasted about an hour. To those who have read the gospel sermon of his life, it would be unnecessary to say how such a man must preach, so I will not undertake to describe it.

At the conclusion of this address another hymn was sung, and then came the consummation of this interesting scene. The superintendent, with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, in which the whole congregation participated, described graphically the

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Christmas gifts which the children had presented him and his wife, and children by blood, on the previous evening; the embellishments of the room, the creatures of their genius, the fairy chapel, and castles of moss and evergreen, cottages of bread, and pyramids of cakes and confectionary, etc., all of their own handiwork. And now they had called in these poor guests before them, from the abodes of poverty in the surrounding villages, to present them gifts of their good-will and sympathy. He then called upon the representatives of the different boy-families to bring forward the presents they had prepared for the occasion. The family of the "*Swiss-House*," the eldest daughter of the mother-house, was first invited to bring their Christmas offerings. Each of these families, it will be recollected, consists of sixteen or eighteen boys, every one of whom had a gift for one of the pauper guests on the outside of the table. But as they could not all come forward to it, four of their number were delegated to present their offerings. And they ranged themselves beside the father, with their arms filled to their utmost embrace, with everything good and comfortable for the poor, in all weathers — with coarse stockings, wooden-soled shoes, thick and warm articles of clothing, and with huge loaves of brown bread, etc., all of their own hands' making. The representatives of the "*Bee-Hive*" family were next called, and they came forward with their arms full of similar gifts; and were followed by those of the other houses. In like manner the two girl-families brought theirs, and stood with them in their arms, over against the poor old women who were to receive them. Then they all broke forth spontaneously in a hymn, which breathed in music the spirit with which they were about to lay these humble offerings of their hearts before the subjects of their benevolence. In the midst of the hymn they paused, as if a new thought had struck them all. The

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father stepped forward to the little desk, and took up the Bible, as if it had been the ark of the covenant, and read those verses in the 25th chapter of Matthew which describe the scene when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all nations be gathered before Him, and "The king shall say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me;" and when, — in answer to the question of surprise, when and how they had ever administered unto Him after this manner, — He shall answer, "Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He closed the book and said, that on the eve which they were commemorating, our heavenly Father had presented a Christmas gift to mankind, which exhausted the wealth of the universe. In Jesus Christ He had given us all things, both the riches, and fulness, and glory of the Godhead. We could not give back anything to Him personally, for all that we had and were was His, and came from Him. But still, He had surrounded us with the objects of His loving kindness, through whom He would accept the smallest gifts, deeds, and thoughts of sympathy and good-will, as done unto Himself. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren," said he, turning the palms of his hands outward toward the poor creatures before him, who were weeping at his words, "ye have done it unto me." Through these, the least of His little ones, these children may each present a Christmas gift to the Saviour of the world, who, in His manger-cradle, brought life and immortality in His baby hand, and gave the greatest gift to all mankind

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that God could give and man receive. It was infinitely striking, and the whole company seemed as if listening to a new gospel. I never before heard or saw those passages applied by such illustration. Then the hymn was resumed, and the voices of the happy little multitude careered from unison to unison in a rhapsody of harmony, until those who had joined with them from the congregation gradually fell off, as if to listen to the melting melody of those young and happy hearts. No pen that I can wield could describe that spectacle. It would require the pencil of a master-hand to have portrayed its leading features. Perhaps the imagination of young friends may draw a picture of the scene. Can you not, then, see, in the foreground, the father of the children-families, a tall man, with his kind eyes and long hair of silver gray, and a voice modulated to the sweetest accents of benevolence, with his heart full to overflowing with gladness and gratitude to God, for the working of His grace to such a surprising regeneration of the natures of the young beings that clustered around him? Then see those sixteen boys and eight girls standing in the first rank, on each side of him, with their arms full of Christmas gifts to the poor old men and women before them, their heads inclined a little to one side, and with their eyes turned upward in fixed ecstasy, as if listening to music made in heaven, instead of their own. See that little boy, of a dozen summers, with white hair and florid cheeks, with a loaf of bread in his arms, half as large as himself, and a dozen pairs of clog shoes, of his own make, singing with all the rapture of his heart's gladness. Can you not make a visible picture of it?

While the hymn was pealing upward on the swelling tide of all these voices, a movement of the eye from the father toward the four representatives of the Swiss-house family, gave them the sign, and they stepped forward without dropping a note, and laid

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the gifts of their house on the table, before three or four of the decrepid old men, and then fell back into the line, singing all the while with increased enthusiasm. Then the representatives of the Beehive family stepped forward and laid its Christmas offering on the table, and were succeeded by the delegates of the other families in their turn. The table was piled two feet high with these gifts, but the hillock of them built up before the old woman of ninety-six, almost hid her from the sight of the givers. I will not add another word to the description. I believe our young friends can see, in imagination, the spectacle presented at this moment of consummation; and I would leave uppermost in their mind this aspect of a "Christmas at the *Rauhe Haus*.

THE MOONLIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY.

This physical outward world, with all its stereotyped economies and phenomena, is incompetent to furnish a parallel to the working and manifestation of that invisible world of spirit, of which the being and attributes of God are the soul and centre. If such a parallel or parity could be found to things spiritual and eternal, in all nature's doings and development, we might say, with close approximation to truth and propriety, that the civilization of the present day is the moonlight of Christianity. It is more than that; and it is the fault of the figure that the parity it portrays is so pale and defective. Modern civilization is more than the moonlight of Christianity, in several vital qualities. In light it is more; in warmth, a hundred-fold more; in germinating faculty, a thousand-fold more. In essence it is more in all these qualities; and in action, intensely progressing and everlast-

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ing. In light it is the same, but more, in continuous and endless expansion. The first full moon that beamed upon Adam and Eve through the listening foliage of Eden, never borrowed from the sun an additional ray of light, for human eye or foot, from that hour to this; and never will, to its last rising. Christianity is the sun of civilization in a better, broader dispensation than this; and all the progress that mankind have made from the Egyptian darkness of barbarism has been by its light. There was a cold, fitful illumination that flushed the Mosaic work and marble pillars of Grecian civilization in the day of Pericles, which perhaps this sun did not supply, even by indirect reflection. For even cold, inanimate substances of nature's realm contain and emit a luminous semblance, independent of sun or moon. When both are absent, and all the stars are veiled with clouds, the deep-drifted snow lightens, by several shades, the darkness of the night; and there is the same quality inherent to certain putrescent woods. And much more may the human intellect, in the phosphorescence of its mounting thoughts, produce a luminous glow without the light of Divine Revelation; and this may be called civilization; but for all that, it is like the light of snow, uncertain, dim and cold, and treacherous as a guide. Take it in its best illumination; in the brightest day of Pericles, and test its properties. What did man do by it then? Which way did he walk by it? What were the perceptions of moral purity and immortality, widening and deepening, which he grasped as he followed in its wake? Look at his gods he invented and worshipped! Look at his gods! at Jupiter, Bacchus, Vulcan, or Venus! They were the sublimest embodiments of holiness, wisdom, and purity he could conceive! These were the divine ensamplers he set up; these the highest authorities in the universe that claimed his obedience and adoration! These he worshipped and imitated.

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Conscience — like as the sunflower shut from the light, still upturns its yellow face to the path of the luminary which gives it its name — conscience, shut from the light of Divine Revelation, in Greek, Helôt, Parthian, bond and Barbarian, in like manner lifted up the blind petals of its innate sense to the existence and outgoings of some other God than these incongruous deities. Intellect, the most brilliant that ever shone in absence of Revelation — intellect, that had harvested in all the fields of human science from the flood, and treasured its arts, tastes and talents in Athens, until it became the school of ethics, arts and literature to the world — intellect made its greatest effort to satisfy this craving and clamor of conscience, and set up a marble image in honor of "THE UNKNOWN GOD;" and further than this it ventured not to go. Those who were exercised with misgivings in reference to the character and administration of Jupiter and his subordinates, might ascribe to this new deity whatever attributes they chose, and worship him as they pleased. That was all, the very best, that heathen civilization could do for the human conscience and its uneasy wants. This was plainly admitted to Paul by the Athenian doctors and literati. Then that bold apostle of Jesus Christ stood up in the midst of Mars' Hill, and Him whom they had ignorantly worshipped declared he unto them. Over against the Mount Olympus of their gods, he unveiled Mount Calvary. Against the throne of Jupiter Tonans, he ranged the red and rugged cross of Christ, bleeding in meek humiliation for the salvation of the world. Through His cleft side he pointed them to a new world of holy immortality; in every drop that followed the spear, to the seal of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, of whatever country, condition or color; in the celestial rays that haloed His thorn-crowned brow, to the streams of divine life flowing from His heart in heaven into the human soul, transforming

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it to His likeness and filling it with His spirit. Strange doctrine as well as new! It was sheer foolishness to the Greeks. They rejected and scorned it, as the vain babbling of an enthusiastic lunatic. They turned away with jeering incredulity to their schools. They turned away to their gods with more vehement homage. But as they worshipped at their shrines, Mount Olympus began to dissolve. It slowly flowed down at the presence of the Godhead bleeding on Calvary. The throne of Jupiter trembled and fell, and all the secondary deities of his court fell like fictions to the ground. Few, scattered, and weak were the immediate disciples of Christianity at first, but there were myriads who followed it afar off — who found themselves indirectly affected by its teachings. From out of the false and shifting axioms of morality, it revealed a sublime and immutable standard, which showed the aberation and obliquity of the dogmas of heathen philosophy. Little by little, the proud and fastidious civilization of Greece and Rome, which had spurned Christianity and scourged and burnt its teachers, began to be affected by its influence. Gradually it absorbed into itself an element of that immortal life it sought to annihilate. Gradually the light it essayed to extinguish fell with wider revelation upon its own features, discovering their barbarity. One by one the bloody and cruel customs of idolatry fell with the fallen gods of paganism. Few and weak were still the followers of the persecuted faith, but, in realization of the promise, they were the light of the world, or the medium through which it shone outward — outward, farther and farther, even indirectly upon regions they had never seen. Rome fell; but over the surges of barbarism that engulfed and buried it, shone out with steady ray the sun of Christianity. Anon and for a season, its light seemed to be drowned in the flux and reflux of clouds breaking like black seas over the firmament. But behind them

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was still the sun, and before it they thinned, blanched, and vanished, revealing it shining on its brightness, reaching with its rays the remotest regions of Scandinavian paganism, and melting its icy superstitions. One by one the northern and nomadic tribes gave their idols to the moles and the bats; then rites, customs, ideas, and prejudices, that belonged to their worship. And all this while, few, scattered, and weak were the real followers of Christ; but they were the light of the world; and it shone far, far beyond them, in constantly lengthening radiations. It created the civilization of the Teutonic and northern populations of Europe, out of thick darkness; whilst it gradually transformed the old civilization of Greece and Rome more and more into its own likeness. The popular perception of the spirit and teaching of Christianity was faint and fitful;—for the eyes born blind to its truths saw them at first, as one saw once men, "as trees walking." Hence some bloody and cruel usage belonging to dethroned idolatry was occasionally baptized even by teachers of Christianity into a rite and service of their holy religion. In the universal frenzy and enthusiasm of this delusion, all the nations of Christendom rushed into the Crusades, and thought to win heaven and life everlasting by wresting from infidel hands the sepulchre of a risen Saviour and the site of his cross, on which he bled alike for all the families of mankind.

Few and scattered were the real followers of Christ, even at the moment when nearly all the kings and chieftains of Christendom were battling with the Saracens as the champions of the cross. But they were the light of the world, according to promise, and with longer reaching rays; and they shone on from year to year, and from century to century. And as time rolled on, customs that had outlived many of their cognate iniquities, could not brook the light of a civilization penetrated and illumined by so

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many beams of Christianity. One by one they also loosed their tenacious hold on society, and fell under the feet of men. And now a day has come; and, comparing its revelations with those of other years, many are prone to call it the *noontide* of civilization. But this is a great mistake. The sun of Christianity is not shining at its noon yet, perhaps not by many centuries; and there will never be an afternoon of its power and light, whilst this above, that lights and centres our planetary system, shall hold its place in heaven. And until that hour, civilization will not have reached its meridian. Up to that hour, it will become more and more transfused with the light and surcharged with the elements of Christianity. Up to that hour, public customs, private habits, and universal ideas, which now bask seemingly in the sanction of the Gospel, will, one by one, see by its shining that they are evil, and men will put them away with the things that have gone before. Already, civilization has become a kind of diffusive conscience, covering, like an atmosphere, most of Christendom; and its moral sensibilities are becoming more and more lively and perceptive. Practices which half a century ago were deemed consistent even with professions of personal piety, are now condemned and rejected as immoral by those who make no such professions. Laws that were regarded as sanctioned by Divine authority, and indispensable to the good order of society, are now remembered almost as relics of barbarism. Reproduce any of these customs and institutions at the present hour, and the atmosphere of public sentiment would thunder and lighten with indignation. Suppose some seemingly devout and praying Christian should go forth from his communion to the shores of Africa, to trap or trade for human beings for the slave-market of Cuba or Brazil, as professing Christians have done within the remembrance of the living. In one of the provincial towns of England there stands the mound

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of the block, on which human heads were once struck off by the axe for the crime of stealing articles of so low a value as *thirteenpence halfpenny;* and the by-law that ordered it stands in round, full type, in the records of the place, as if printed more recently than Baxter's *Saints' Rest.* Suppose that block should be remounted, and heads should fall again for the same crime. Or imagine that law to be re-enacted, which stood unrepealed in the statutes forty years ago, by which two men dissatisfied with the decision of the civil court, might refer their case to a personal combat, at which the judge in his robes should be bound to preside in virtue of his office. Let any one of these public institutions or private practices be revived at the present day, and what a thrill of horror would run through the heart of the community! Look at Intemperance, Slavery, and War, not in the *moonlight* of Christianity, but under its *sunlight,* shining through the civilization which it makes and raises, higher and higher, like an ever-mounting flood, in which the Law of Sinai and the Love of Calvary are blended and mirrored in one image of the divinity that is shaping the destinies of mankind. Look at these gigantic evils that have so long desolated the world. There they stand, like three huge, central citadels of sin, to which the minor systems of iniquity have fled, half-drowned, or refuge. There they stand, swaying, trembling, dissolving slowly before the beating surges of that shining flood. Will they fall, melt away, and disappear? Ask Isaiah, or any of the holy seers of old, to whom visions were given of the things that should come on the earth in the latter days of its existence. Will they melt away and disappear? Look at three icebergs, dragging their deep, frosty anchors southward from the frigid zone. See them slowly floating into the summer seas of the Equator, beneath a tropical sun. Will they dissolve and be seen no more? So will Intemperance, Slavery, and War. These

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vast sinbergs are floating abreast slowly into that sea of public opinion lying close under the vertical sun of Christianity. Abreast they swim; abreast they will sink, if we read aright the signs of the times. Behold, how equally the sea-waves of human opinion beat against them! With what equal ray falls upon them the sun of that civilization which borrowed no beam from the snow-light of Grecian ethics in the palmiest day of their glory! Which of them will fall first? Who can say? Who need to know? Every love-drop distilled from Christian charity into the sea that is mining and minishing their foundations; every act, however small or secret; every prayer, and hope, and wish that opens the individual heart or the public conscience to a new perception of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and to a deeper reverence for the duties and affections that attach to those sacred relations, contributes to hasten the downfall and dissolution of these gigantic evils.

WARDROBE-WEBS AND TABLE-TIES OF BROTHERHOOD.

We wonder if our young friends have ever taken any lessons in the physiology or anatomy of the great Earth on which we live, and seen what a surprising provision has been created to make one country dependant upon another for its luxuries, comforts, and even necessaries. If they have not done this, we hope they will begin to make it a regular study. It is the most interesting department of science that we ever tried to look into; and we are sure they will find it so. Suppose, then we take a lesson

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together in this study, which has not yet been introduced into common schools. We will begin with the geography of the dinner-table, and the wardrobe. These shall be our maps and illustrations. You have seen maps for blind people, with *raised* letters, figures, etc.? Well, the dinner-table, with all its different dishes, fruits, condiments, etc., shall be our chart, with *raised* letters and figures which we can feel, too. With this chart before us, we may get at a clearer meaning, perhaps, of that sublime declaration of St. Paul, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth. We shall see how all the face of the earth has been made for the dwelling place of one great family, united by the bonds of peace and love.

Let us suppose that the island of Great Britain had been the only portion of dry land that emerged from the waters that covered the earth at the time of the Deluge, and that it were peopled now with its present population. All that is absolutely necessary to sustain life they might draw from the island. There would be plenty of pure, wholesome water to drink. If all the land were cultivated with care; if every acre were made to produce food for man or beast, there would be plenty of bread and meat for the people; there would be plenty of flax and wool grown to make comfortable and even elegant garments for them all in winter and summer, spring and autumn. They would find plenty of iron, copper, tin, and lead stowed away in the cellar of the island, and coal enough lying by to melt it with, and to make bright fires and light by night in all their houses. They could *live;* all their absolute wants might be supplied, if there were not another piece of dry land on the globe. To be sure they would not be able to have tea, coffee, rice, tropical fruits, and a thousand little delicacies for their tables, or cotton, or silk, or costly furs for their wardrobes, or precious stones and woods, or pearl, ivory, or the treasures of the

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deep foreign seas, or gold, or the choice metals dug from the bowels of distant lands, or medicinal herbs and minerals, or things whereof to combine colors for the canvas or for the dyeing of raiment. But what of that? They could live without these articles, and perhaps, be quite comfortable, if so disposed. Now what would be true in the case of Great Britain, in the condition we have supposed, is now true with regard to the actual condition of every country upon the earth. The climate and soil, or surrounding sea, of every country will just supply the absolute wants of its people; so that if all the people in the world would be satisfied with the mere *necessaries* of life, or with merely living, in the sense in which the tribes in the centre of Africa or Asia, or in some undiscovered island of the Pacific Ocean, live, then they might live independently of each other — without any trade or intercourse — without feeling that one was necessary to the other in any way; in a word, as if God had not made them of one blood for to dwell upon all the face of the earth, as blood-relations, in peace and amity. This is the barbarous state of peoples, — the state of mutual alienation, hatred and war. But as soon as a people feel the want of something more than the mere necessaries of life, they must go abroad for it — they must go and talk in a friendly way and trade with another people, living, perhaps, on the other side of the globe. And it is a very beautiful fact in this system of wants, that the countries most widely divided by distance are most strongly bound to each other by their need of each other's productions. Let us see if we cannot illustrate this by the figure we commenced with.

We supposed the island of Great Britain the only tract of habitable land on the globe, and possessing its present climate, soil, and population. Now, then, suppose a line drawn from London to Bristol, and the island cut in two. The people on one side of

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the line can raise just what their neighbors can produce on the other. There is no table-tie to connect them; the tie of neighborhood, of intimate social intercourse, is the strongest that exists between them now. But, we will suppose the southern half of the island begins to float southward, leaving the other fast anchored in its present position. It has receded two degrees, and the sun shines more blandly upon it, and the morning dews are warmer on its green things, and fruits will ripen well on its northern side which would not come to delicious maturity on the southern side of the other half of the island; in a word, better peaches, pears, and apricots can be grown in South Britain than in North Britain. This difference creates a delicate table-tie between them — it is a mere string — but it is something which they feel binding them together. But keep a sharp watch of that string, as the southern section of Britain recedes from the other, and you will see it grow and grow into a mighty cable, which all the swords in the world cannot cut in two. South Britain recedes slowly towards the equator. Another year has rolled around, and it has anchored for a season under still warmer skies, and the warm night winds of the south breathe balmily on its vineyards, its orange groves and fields. It can now send back to its twin sister island, fruits which its people never saw before — delicious grapes, figs, oranges, etc. The taste and sight of these products of another clime delight every sense — then every sense yearns for them; the children ask longingly for them; some of the younger ones, perhaps, cry for them. And now these beautiful, novel fruits, which the North Britons never dreamed of, never asked or wished for before, become a *want*, a *necessary*, to satisfy the appetite they have created. Then the grape, the orange, the fig, and each of the other fruits sent by the South Britons to their brethren, constitute each a new table-tie, to be twisted in with that solitary string, which

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we had before, into a rope which holds the two islands more firmly together, the further they recede from each other. See how that rope grows in size and strength — how a new strand is added, as South Britain approaches the equator. It anchors again for a year in a still warmer clime, and its fields are covered with the luxuriant sugar-cane, cotton and coffee plants, and rice. It now sends back to its northern sister a stock of these wonderful productions, over and above its oranges, lemons, pine-apples, and other delicious fruits. The sugar is tasted and declared the very thing for the table, and the children wonder how they could have been comfortable without it. Gradually it finds its way to every table, however frugal, and all declare that it is not only a luxury, but a *necessity*. The coffee is tried — a little suspiciously at first — but it is soon found to be an excellent substitute for cold water at breakfast. Hundreds of ingenious people are set at work making cups to drink it in; and it finds its way from the tables of the rich to the tables of the poor, who drink it from tin, iron, or pewter basins, or very rude vessels of earthenware; and then the people all begin to feel that they cannot get on well without coffee, and it becomes a *necessity* also. The rice is fair to look upon, and is served up delicately to invalids and to people of delicate appetites, and gradually to people of common appetites, and is found an excellent article of food; and, where a man bought it at the apothecary's by the ounce, for a child recovering from the measles, he now buys a pailful of it of the grocer at a time, for puddings of a family size; and mothers and matrons decide unanimously that they cannot get along well without rice; and so it becomes a *necessity*. Here, then, we have three more table-ties, each larger and stronger than the whole rope which connected the two islands before. But we have another larger still to twist from the *cotton*. The arrival of this new product is hailed

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with wonder. Queer ideas are circulated about it, and many children are of the notion that it is a kind of wool that grows on wooden sheep. Some of it is spun into thread and sold for needle-work in little balls; some is woven with common sheep's wool into cloth; and even garments are made of it entire, and found excellent. The next year more of it comes from South Britain, and machines are made for spinning and weaving it, until hundreds and thousands of men, women and children are employed in working it up for general use. And soon cotton is declared an absolute *necessity* to the North Britons. Cotton becomes the first wardrobe-web between the two islands, a tie larger and stronger than either of the table-ties we have described. Every one of these ties grows larger and larger every year. Let us twist them into one great cable, and then compare it with the string which connected the sister islands when divided only by the distance of two degrees. We shall see how clear it is, that "God made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth" in such a way, that countries the furthest apart should be the most strongly tied together by their need of each other's productions.

We have only been watching the growth of that string which South Britain cast to its sister island as it receded southward. But North Britain also cast her receding sister a string of equal size, which grew into another cable, to hold the two together with giant strength, when separated by a distance of four thousand miles. The Southern island had table wants and wardrobe wants which her sister could only supply, and the two cables grew, strand by strand, to equal strength and size. Suppose you contrive a diagram of these table bonds of brotherhood. Get some book containing the amount of articles brought into Great Britain from countries within 1,000 miles south of London, during the year

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1847, then of articles from countries within 4,000 miles of it in the same direction. Let every million of pounds sterling worth of these articles be represented by a cord of one quarter of an inch in diameter. Divide the island as we have supposed, and when the two halves are 1,000 miles apart, give the size of the rope that will connect them at that distance, allowing a quarter of an inch to every million of pounds worth of the produce exchanged between them. Do the same when they are 4,000 miles apart; or when the one supplies the other with cotton, coffee, rice, sugar, tea, spices, and all the fruits and other productions of tropical climes; and receives in return all that Great Britain now sells to the countries which produce these articles. This you can easily do, and the difference between the ropes or cables, at the two distances, will show that the table bonds of brotherhood between two countries increase in number, size, and strength, with the distance which divides them.

Now, war goes prowling about with its sharp sword, to cut these ties, and to leave nations to float away from each other into the black abyss of discord and ruin.

"WILL IT BE SAFE?"

If "the children of this world are *wiser* in their generation," they are still, in a far higher degree, *braver* in the service of their master, "than the children of light." Contrast, for a moment, the courage and obedience of the hired soldier of the carnal weapon order, with the courage and obedience of the soldier of the cross, who has professedly enlisted for life under the Captain of his salvation, and to whom a crown of immortal glory is promised, as the reward of "a

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good fight of *faith*," and of obedience to the commands of his Master, unswerving and *enduring* to the end. Here are thousands and tens of thousands of men, "living without hope and without God in the world," who can be hired for a shiling a day to do and endure, without a question or a murmur, whatever a godless man shall command. For a stipulated period and price, they make this godless man their god, and yield him an obedience which the King of kings does not ask of the saints and subjects of his sceptre; for He, in the sublimest revelations of his sovereignty, has associated with all his commands evidence, as unquestionable as his existence, that they are holy, just, and good, and that in keeping them there is not only a *reasonable, reasoning, rational* service, but an exceeding great reward to the obedient. But, in the covenant which the common soldier enters into with his military commander, no surety is given him that the commands which he will be compelled to obey will be just, or good, or reasonable, or designed in the least to promote his own happiness. Reason and conscience are excluded from his obedience. Reason is treason to his contract. The service demanded of him is the unreasoning, unquestioning, unmurmuring service of a tongueless slave. In this character, and for the lowest wages of sin, he marches away to the field of battle, a mere machine for murder, locked closely in the serried ranks of particolored automatons which have sold themselves into this degrading servitude for the same price per head. The soldier of the cross knows what commandments he will have to obey before he enlists under the Captain of his salvation; and he enters his service with his eyes open to its responsibilities. But the carnal-weaponed slave of the military commander of this world follows his leader in the blindest obedience, not knowing what new and God-defying orders will come on the morrow for him to obey. With reverence we say it, the battle-

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field is the Mount Sinai of the only decalogue he is permitted to obey, and in the midst of its quaking thunders, and lightnings, and groanings unutterable, and rain of iron and rivulets of gurgling blood, he both receives and obeys the new commandments of his "superior officer." See him now marching up to the mouth of the loaded cannon without winking at the glare of the lighted match. Does he tremble, and turn back to his commander to ask, if it *will be safe* to obey his orders? See him springing with his fellows upon a thicket of bayonets, bridging the breach in the walls of a beleaguered city? Did he and his companions, before they impaled themselves upon the sharpened steel, stop to inquire if it would be *safe* to make the plunge; to question whether the order that bid them do it were just, and good, and reasonable? No! they deem themselves to have nothing to do with the consequences of their blind obedience, nor any other reward for it than the *advance pay* of a shilling a day, which perhaps they have already received.

Now turn to the professing Christian, who claims to be a soldier of the cross, and fighting the good fight of faith for a crown of eternal life and glory, which is promised him if he endure unto the end. The fight of *faith* is the name of his warfare — faith unshaken, unswerving and enduring to the end, in the Captain of his salvation; — faith, fortified by personal experience, that He and all his commandments are holy, just, and good; that in keeping them there is great reward here and hereafter; that they were given expressly to promote his own best good, and that obedience to them is his most *reasonable* service, as it secures the best promise and condition of this present world, and in the world to come, life, and glory, and honor everlasting. "If a man love me, he will keep my commandments," says Christ. Well, the commandment comes to our Christian soldier, "Love your enemies; bless

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them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." He knows that this commandment is as holy, just, and good, as any one ever issued from his Divine Master, and that unquestioning obedience to it is his most reasonable service. But does he imitate the obedience of the common soldier to his military commander? No! he halts at the first step towards his duty, and asks with timid suspicion, "*Will it be safe?*" Test his obedience to the series of these great commandments, by which alone he can prove his fidelity to his Master.

"Resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

Christian Soldier. "*Will it be safe?*"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

Christian Soldier. "*Will it be safe?*"

"Put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Christian Soldier. "*Will it be safe?*"

"And is *safety* to our persons, property, convenience, or comfort, the indispensable condition of our obedience to the commandments of our Heavenly Master? Where or what would be the fight of *faith*, if the Christian soldier should demand, on enlisting under the banner of the cross, a guarantee that he should be *safe* in every extreme case of conflict, in every hour and act of duty? O shame! shame! shall the carnal weapon soldier plunge upon the paling of serried bayonets for the poor pittance of his prepaid shilling, without questioning the reason and justice of the godless mortal that bids him do it, and shall an heir of immortality, in the beginning or in the midst of his warfare for a crown incorruptible, and starred with the brightest jewels in heaven, re-

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coil from obeying the first command of his Lord and Master, to ask, "*Will it be safe?*"

THE LAST WARRIOR.

MOST of our readers are well acquainted with that masterpiece of Campbell, "*The Last Man.*" Perhaps they have also contemplated with admiration the sublime grandeur in which the artist has represented him, standing on the grave of universal nature, and in the pride of his immortality, pointing his boastful exultation at the cold, leaden sun, paling into a shadow of death and night everlasting. What majestic circumstances are thrown around this human being by the poet and painter! How the great globe, the moon and stars, with all their elements and arrangements, are rolled away like a veil of vapor, to reveal the hidden proportions of his destiny! The Last Man! How tall and terrible towers the stature of his immortality among the decadent pillars and *débris* of the material creation! Who can contemplate that image and idea without a feeling that sobers his admiration to awe!

But there is another being, shadowed forth in cloudy delineation by thousands and tens of thousands of professing Christians, on both sides of the Atlantic, which competes with "The Last Man" for our admiration. This is *The Last Warrior.* No artist has yet embodied the features and faculties of this ambiguous being in human personation; but they are distinctly drawn in the lines of a logic which we would invite our readers to review.

With all the encouraging progress which has been made in the convictions of the community in reference to the wickedness, folly,

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and waste of war, we are not warranted in the belief, that more than one in ten of the professing Christians of Great Britain and America have come to the full and fixed conclusion, that Christianity prohibits or condemns a recourse to arms in every case that may occur. One in ten would marshal a million of professing Christians into the ranks of peace; into a host of its missionaries or advocates, every one of whom, at the trial-time of his faith, would be ready to say, in the spirit and language of that early disciple of the Prince of Peace, "I am a Christian, and cannot fight." No; not yet can we count upon one million; perhaps not upon half a million, on both sides of the Atlantic, who have arrived at this conviction. But, blessed be His name, whose is the will that this work shall be wrought out to the fullest issues in the hearts of His children, and crown the consummation of His kingdom, the number coming to this fundamental conviction is increasing year by year; not rapidly, but encouragingly. But the great majority of those who have not espoused this principle, profess to believe that Christianity is ultimately to abolish war, while it sanctions it in certain extreme cases, the necessity of which is to be left to the decision of the nation which feels itself injured. And as these extreme cases may occur, they admit that it is not only a right, but a Christian duty to be in a state of preparation for them. When pressed a little further, they concede that this military preparation should be proportioned to the armaments of neighboring nations, otherwise it would be ineffectual in case of an invasion. Then one question more brings them generally to the admission of a doubt, whether the standing army of Great Britain or the United States is a whit too large, considering the military establishments of other powers. Thus they make Christianity uphold and sanction the practice which it is to abolish. Some are free to confess that ninety-nine wars out of a hundred that have

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been fought, cannot be justified on the principles of self-defence; but that the hundredth may come yet, and in view of that possibility, it is the duty of a Christian nation to be prepared for it continually. This state of preparation must be a permanent condition, — not a sudden running to arms at some extraordinary aspect of peril. Thus Christianity is made to sanction the preparations for ninety-nine wars out of a hundred, which they grant it would condemn as aggressive or unnecessary.

But, we are told, when the principles of Christianity have pervaded the whole earth, then wars will cease, because there will be no occasion of war; no offence that will call for a recourse to arms; that until that sublime triumph of the Gospel, the prophecy must remain unfulfilled — "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more;" that up to this threshold year of the millenium, Christian nations must expect war; and expecting, must prepare for war; and preparing, must learn the art of war. Following this principle to its legitimate end, one must arrive at the conclusion, that when the dominion of paganism or infidelity has been narrowed down to the territory of some small island in the ocean, it will still be necessary that the Christian world around shall be a world in arms. Pursue the principle a little further, and we have before us, in the Christian, the last man in arms; the last to sheathe his sword, and learn war no more; THE LAST WARRIOR. Here is a subject for that master-pencil which drew "The Last Man." With what thrilling and graphic circumstances might the artist surround this soldier of the cross? Who cannot fancy some of the leading images and ideas of the picture? There stands the hero, serene and erect, in the great triumph of Christianity. Faithful to the commission of his Divine Master, he has gone forth into the world, and preached his evangel of redeeming love to every creature. Its power has subdued the heathen; and

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the last pagan has burnt or buried his gods of wood or stone, and bowed to the sceptre of Emmanuel. And as he bowed and worshipped at the cross, he broke his weapons of war, and the dominion of hate was broken in his broken spirit, and his face gleams with the light of the love of God and man that lives in his heart. The Christian missionary stands contemplating this crowning triumph of the Gospel. Believing that it was the power and wisdom of God to subdue all nations, kindreds, and tongues to the sceptre of His Son, he has nevertheless doubted that it was the power and wisdom of God for his personal defence and safety. Up to the conversion of the last pagan he has, therefore, worn a sword by his side, as a preparation against the sudden assault of ungodly men. But now, when all the other swords of the world have been beaten into ploughshares, he breaks his, and throws its fragments on the ground; and, with uplifted eyes and hands, rejoices in the full and final triumph of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In this attitude and aspect, let the artist sketch him as THE LAST WARRIOR.

Such would be a truthful picture of the Christian, if the doctrine be true, that Christianity sanctions war in certain extreme cases, as nine-tenths of the professed disciples of the Prince of Peace maintain. We would earnestly entreat such to consider seriously the tendency and issue of this doctrine; to examine it prayerfully and honestly, and see if it can be consistent with the mind that was in Jesus Christ.

THE FINGERS OF CHRISTIANITY.

If there be one sentiment which, more than any other, is common to Christians of all denominations and countries, it is the

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sentiment inspired by the conviction, that the principles and spirit of Christianity are alone capable of exterminating from the earth, war, slavery, and all other forms of violence, oppression, and wrong. Thousands, and perhaps millions, of truly devout and pious persons believe and affirm that the simple preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, accompanied by the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, must and will do this great work. And thousands of the same belief feel that it is almost irreverent to associate with the principles and doctrines of the Christian religion any considerations or interests founded upon mere humanity, economy, or political and commercial expediency. They would have the doctrines they profess all and in all, and above all, in the great victory to be won over the monstrous evils which afflict the world. Why, then, they sometimes ask, should professing Christians, men and women of undoubted piety, associate themselves in Peace Societies, Anti-slavery, Temperance, and scores of other Societies, to do a work which ought to be the conquest of Christianity, and the mission of the Christian church? Have not the first and foremost, the most indefatigable and unwavering advocates of these different enterprises of humanity, been members of the Christian church, — godly, prayerful men and women?

Certainly.

Have they not arrayed against the systems of iniquity and wrong they combated, the principles and doctrines of the Gospel, which the Christian church alone professes to hold, preach and apply in their purity?

Certainly.

Then, if both the principles and the men, that constitute the working vitality of these different Societies, are taken, as it were, from the very heart of the Christian church, why should they "come out of her," to a certain degree, in order to concentrate

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their benevolent activities in other associations, into which unbelievers may be admitted? Can any Society on earth be better adapted, by its social organism, to eradicate war, slavery, intemperance, violence, and wrong, than the Christian church?

Certainly not.

Then what plea of necessity can you institute for the association of Christians in these extraneous Societies?

To give Christianity a *finger.*

To point its eternal principles and prohibitions straight into the face and eyes, of sins and systems that have defied Christianity, and trampled humanity in the dust.

Give Christianity a *finger!*

Yes; to give it such a finger as John the Baptist pointed at the sin of Herod, when he said, in the audience of his parasites, "It is not lawful for thee to do this thing." Herod had braved the generalities of the Decalogue. He thought he had "got around" Moses, and made a satisfactory composition with the Scribes, Pharisees, and Levites of his day, in the matter of his brother's wife. But when that austere missionary of the wilderness stood in his presence, and, seemingly with all the fiery javelins of Mount Sinai sharpened to barbed lightning in his finger, pointed at *him* and his *sin* by name, he quailed, conscience-struck, before the personal application of the commandment. Had John contented himself with the abstractions of the law, and, like the Pharisees, tithed away its power upon the conscience, by revolving before the eyes of the sinner generalities which he might escape, Herod would not have been troubled, nor the man of God thrown into prison. Perhaps if he had only said, "It is not lawful for a man to have his brother's wife," the tetrarch might have parried off the divine prohibition, and John have worn his head till the day of a natural death. But the faithful herald of the Son of God gave a

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finger to the commandment, which nailed the culprit to his crime. "It is not lawful for *thee* to have *her!*" "Thou art the man," and this is the sin upon *thy* soul.

The Peace Society is only the *finger* of Christianity, pointed, like John the Baptist's, at a monstrous and blood iniquity, which out-Herods all human crimes, — a finger that aims at the conscience of every human being the piercing point of the commandment, "It is not lawful for *thee* to kill *thy* brother man upon the field of battle." It is not lawful for thee to lay thy hands with murderous spirit and intent upon a human life; to shorten the probation of a human soul, and to peril all the precious possibilities of its immortality, for any evanescent consideration of time and sense.

The Anti-slavery Society is only another finger of Christianity pointing the great rebuke of the Gospel of Christ against the slaveholder of every clime, country and color; saying to him with the emphasis of John's declaration to Herod, "It is not lawful for *thee* to have and to hold *thy* brother man in bondage." It is not lawful for thee to bind, beat and *chattelize* thy fellow-being, who, by the purchase of the Son of God, may wear his immortality in the first rank of the redeemed in heaven.

And were these and other *fingers* of Christianity unnecessary for the welfare of mankind, and for the honor and vitality of the Christian religion? Had not Christian men and women waited long enough to see whether that simple preaching of the Gospel, which did not point its principles and prohibitions against specific systems of iniquity, would abolish those systems? Had not the most godly and powerful divines of the modern world, lived and preached prior to the great slaughter-day of Waterloo? And was the morrow of that awful day of blood too early for God-fearing men in different countries to associate themselves in

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Peace Societies, for the purpose of arraying the truths of divine revelation against a system which had proved itself to be the embodiment and aggravation of all human crimes? When African slavery had gone on, for one hundred and fifty years, accumulating horrors and atrocities in its steady accretion of iniquity, and that, too, in the face and hearing of what was called "the simple preaching of the Gospel," was it too early for Christians of all denominations to associate themselves in Anti-slavery Societies, for the purpose of arraying the principles of their religion against a practice which had proved itself to be the sum of all villanies?

But we cannot concede to the persons who advance these objections, the justice of the terms they employ. That is not the simple preaching of the Gospel, in any truthful and honest sense, which leaves, untouched and unnamed — practices which dishonor religion and degrade humanity, — systems which involve the suspension of all the moral laws, and give ascendency to all the passions and malignities of which human nature is susceptible. Suppose the prophet Nathan had terminated his message to David with the mere recital of the parable of the poor man's ewe lamb, and then politely bowed himself out of the royal presence, leaving his sovereign to deduce from the allegory an application to the hidden and darling sin of his heart. Would that have been the simple preaching of the Gospel he was commissioned to proclaim in the ears of the sinning king? Would God or his own conscience have been satisfied, if he had contented himself with the moralities he had thus generalized in his parable? No; "*Thou art the man!*" was the finger and voice which carried the commandment into the very heart of the guilty monarch's conscience, and "his sin revived and he died" unto the law.

But we need not travel back to the remote regions of the past,

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to find a proof of the position which we have illustrated by this example of the plain, pointed preaching of the Gospel. If there be a town in the United States, which might be regarded as the citadel and capital of American slavery, that town is Charleston, in South Carolina. Still, perhaps there is no town in the southern States in which there is a greater provision for "the simple preaching of the Gospel," as it is called, than in this metropolis of that inhuman system. Perhaps, in no town on the American continent, do the ministers of the Christian religion affect to preach its fundamental doctrines with greater power and purity, than those who fill the pulpits of that city. There, that "simple preaching of the Gospel," that never points a rebuke against human slavery, has been tested for more than a century, by all denominations of professing Christians. There, all the precepts of the moral law, all the truths of divine revelation, all the sentiments that are deemed just, generous, and humane, have been generalized and revolved, Sabbath after Sabbath, for a hundred years, without disturbing the conscience of the slaveholder. What lacks this administration of the Gospel? What attribute or faculty does it need, in order to fulfil its mission, "to break every yoke," and to let the prisoners of slavery go free? It lacks a *finger*, — an honest, unwavering finger, which shall point the lightnings of Sinai at the conscience of the slaveholder, until he shall gladly let the people go, whom he has made to grind in his house of bondage. And such a finger the Anti-slavery Society is organized expressly to supply.

But we trust that the time has come, when Christian philanthropists will not be pressed for an apology for associating themselves in Peace, Anti-slavery, Temperance, and kindred Societies. Why, the very existence of these Societies is a standing and palpable apology in itself, — an apology for the short-comings

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of the Christian church; a kind of extraneous supplement to her integrity; a kind of half excommunicated faculties which should have been as dear to her as the apple of her eye; faculties which she should have wielded, with unanimous purpose, to the glory of God and the good of mankind. If, at the Reformation, the Christian church had incorporated into its faith, practice, and preaching, those principles of the Christian religion which the friends of peace, freedom, and humanity have arrayed against war, slavery, and every form of oppression and wrong, there never would have been an apology for a Peace society, or any association of kindred character. The existence of such a society would never have been dreamt of. And even now, we would confess, that these Societies are merely an apology, in its diminutive sense, for what the Christian church, in its permanent and mighty organism, might do for the abolition of all the evils against which we contend. If every one of the hundreds of thousands of Christian congregations, scattered over the face of the globe, would have a finger, like John the Baptist's, pointing the rebuke of the Gospel, with unsparing honesty and unwavering precision, against all the systems of violence and oppression which fill the world with misery, lamentation and woe, the Peace Society, and all the other Societies that have recently celebrated their birth-days in this metropolis, might disband to-morrow; and all the populations of the earth might sing, with a hope that has its hand upon the reality of its aspiration.

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THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

We hear much about a *first law of nature*, to which a Christian may yield obedience in certain "extreme cases." In the ordinary actions of life, and in most of the trying conditions through which he may be called to pass, it is unanimously admitted, that he should be led by the spirit of Christ, or obey the first law of that nature which is created in him by the regenerating influence of that spirit; and which law is love. Men have been found in every age ready to obey this first law of the divine nature, — of the new man in Christ Jesus, in the extremest cases of trial, danger, and assault to which human beings could be expossd. The first martyr, Stephen, like his Divine Master, acted out the great vital instinct of this nature, when he forgave and prayed for his murderers. His love-breathing prayer for them was not a forced expression of good will. It cost him no agonizing struggle with the old man within him. The old man was dumb and dead, with all its laws, its instincts, its lusts, and passions. The new man, the new nature, was uppermost, was all, in him, at that moment, and its great attribute, and instinct, and law, — *love*, beamed forth in one sublime expression and utterance, which made his face like unto an angel's, and brought his crucified Master's prayer to his lips: "*Father, forgive them!*" The *nature*, then, whose first law is referred to by those who insist upon the right of killing a fellow-man in self-defence, is the lowest condition of the "old man;" or human nature not only in an unregenerated state, but reduced to an equality with the nature of brute beasts. And, indeed, this *first law of nature* is often regarded as paramount to the first law of grace, because it is equally the first law of the bestial nature! We often hear professedly Christian people refer to the operation

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of this law among beasts of prey, for an evidence of its divine sanction and origin. Persons often point to the talons, and claws, and teeth of carnivorous birds and beasts, as the weapons furnished them for self-defence, and for maintaining the first law of their nature. This law, then, is not claimed to be any thing more than an *instinct*, either in man, bird, or beast. It must then be as virtuous, as rational, in the beast as in the man. The nature of which it is said to be the first law, must be morally the same in man and beast. Then there is not an attribute of religion or reason in either. They not only belong to the old man with its deeds, but to the brute beast with its deeds, impulses, and lusts. This "first law" is as much opposed to the first law of grace, or of Christ's nature, as that divine nature is opposed to the nature of brute beasts. The spirit of Christ can no more be said to inspire or sanction this "first law," than it can be said to inspire the lowest instinct of the brute beast. The instinct, then, that impels a man into a deadly or physical force struggle with an armed assailant, who springs upon him in an unexpected moment, is a mere bestial instinct; it is not an inspiration, or suggestion of religion or reason. Nay, more; if self-preservation be his first duty, as some maintain, then he violates this duty by yielding to that instinct which has been denominated the first law of nature. Let us look at the case in this light for a moment. And we will consider the exigencies of one of the "extreme cases" which are so often brought forward as "posers" to the peace principle.

The good man of yonder house is aroused from the deep slumbers of the night by the glare of a light, or the noise of a footstep near his bed. The first object that arrests his sight is a ruffian bending over his bed, with a long sharp knife pointed at his breast, or a loaded pistol at his head, and before he can think twice,

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the low hoarse summons comes — "*Your money or your life!*" The animal instinct, or the first law of nature, to which we have referred, would impel him instantaneously into a deadly struggle with the hardened ruffian, for self-preservation. But let reason have the play of six consecutive thoughts, and it would tell him that such a struggle would be a reckless violation of the rational law and duty of self-preservation. Reason itself would do this, even were religion silent at such a crisis. It would set before him the conditions and liabilities of the struggle, somewhat after this fashion: — "*My money or my life?*" Then he does not want my *life?* His uplifted dagger has not been sharpened for revenge; if it were, he would not ask for money. No; he owes me no deadly grudge for any injury I have done to his person, property, or reputation. He does not want my life; he says he does not; nor the life of my wife or children. He merely wants my money. Then my life and theirs, my dearest earthly treasure, are safe, if I do not peril them by a struggle to retain my gold. If self-preservation, then, be the first law of reason as well as nature, it should be my duty to risk my gold for it sooner than my life. But shall I merely retain my life and that of my wife and children, if I lie passive in the robber's hands? "*My money or my life?*" Then he will not run off with my house? No; he will not take even the bed from under me, nor the heavy articles of furniture. He has not come with a two-horse waggon, or a railway car, to fill with the plunder of my premises. He will leave me all the necessaries and most of the comforts of life — my house, lands, barns, grain, sheep, oxen, and swine, and other materials of wealth and comfort. "*My money or my life?*" That means, what money I have on hand; not what I have in the bank or in the stocks. He wants merely to empty all the loose change I may have in my pockets or drawers into his, and then be off with a load which

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shall not weigh him down in his flight. Then give him the money and let him go, says reason; for a struggle may cost you both that and your life. For, consider the chances against you if you enter upon the desperate conflict. If you were to meet the ruffian by appointment, in full day-light, and fully armed, and, for self-preservation, submit your life to the hazard of a regular duel, you would incur a fearful peril. But what would this be to the one which you would encounter now, should you attempt to take his life, or to disarm him, whilst he stands bending over you with his dagger gleaming within an inch of your bosom, or his loaded pistol pressed against your head, watching the first motion of your hand or eye that indicates resistance? See you not that there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that he would kill you, should you adventure upon the struggle against such fearful odds! The duty of self preservation demands that you should not expose your life and that of your family to such almost certain destruction, merely for the sake of retaining your money, which must be equally endangered by the insane conflict.

Such would be the arguments of mere reason, should its dictates be allowed to overrule the instantaneous impulses of instinct in this "extreme case." But let us ask the advice of religion, and see what the sublime instincts of the Divine nature, or the spirit of Christ, in the good man's heart, would suggest for his consideration at such a moment. The religion of Jesus would commence where reason left off, and its great arguments of love would tower heavenward to their Divine author and finisher. "*My money or my life!*" Who makes this demand? Ah! a poor, wretched sinner, sliding and stumbling toward the slippery precipice of perdition, with the impetus of this new sin in his heart. Father, forgive him! he knows not what he does! Father, save him! pluck him even from the brink of ruin! he knows not whither he goes!

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My money or my life! Why, poor man, though dead in trespasses and sins, my life is hidden in Christ; and whilst he lives, I live in him. My life! neither principalities, nor powers, nor things present or to come, nor height, nor depth nor any other creature, can take away my life — it is immortal. "My money or my life?" Poor brother man! Thinkest thou I would tempt thee to take upon thy soul the red crime of blood, to add to the great crimson sins that are dragging it down to ruin; or that I would seek to send it, reeking with all its flagrant iniquities, to the bar of God, to be banished thence to utter darkness and despair? "*My money!*" Why, poor, unfortunate man! I would not shorten thy probation by an hour, or abridge one hope of mercy to thy soul, to gain the wealth of the world. *My money!* take it — take it as a gift of pity; and may God forgive, as I do, the crime that blossomed in thy heart to this thought and deed.

Such would be the language of religion and reason in "the extreme case" we have described. We leave it to every candid mind to decide, whether the precepts of that language are not paramount to the instantaneous impulses of that animal instinct which has been dignified with the appellation of "*the first law of nature.*"

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES.

If the ladder by which a human soul seeks to mount to heaven proves too short by one round, it might as well have remained on the ground. The greater even will be its fall, the higher it ascends, and the less it comes short of the kingdom of God. And, to a certain degree, the same is true in regard to His moral government, its obligations and rewards. "He that offends in one

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point is guilty of all," is a Divine truth, full of solemn import and application to every subject of that government. "Heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or tittle of His law shall fail," before one of His commandments shall change by a shade, or lighten by a scruple, its obligation; before it shall release the human soul from complete obedience to its utmost requirements. Every one of His commandments is complete and unchangeable. It is holy, just, and good, from the beginning to the end of its obligation and obedience. In keeping it, there is great reward; therein it is good for the obedient. In conforming the life and disposition to its requirements, the rights and happiness of others are regarded and promoted with sincere solicitude and care; therein it is just. In coming from God, as the expression of His mind and will, of His purity, righteousness, and love; therein it is holy. Here the enlightened conscience may see the source, the working or effect, and the end of the commandment; holy in its origin, just in its operation, good in its result and reward. The line of duty defined by this commandment is frequently called a *principle*. The principles of Christianity, the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, are terms of almost daily and universal use. But they are not to be confounded with what are called the principles of philosophy or science. They do not come from human observation, speculation, or experience. They do not come like the *data* which the astronomers of fifty generations have collected as the basis of future calculations. They are not the deductions of logic, nor axioms of human wisdom, nor prescriptions which the morality or moralists of bygone ages have laid down in their chart for the guidance and well-being of mankind. They do not derive their authority or obligation from human law, reason, or experience. They "come down from the Father of lights with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning,"

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voiced with the everlasting yea and amen of His word, changing not by a shade, turning not by a hair, to coalesce or concur with the hereditary habits, ideas, or dispositions of human nature; else, how could they change the current and bias of that nature, and turn it heavenward? Neither are the principles of Christianity, so enveloped in the serial revelations of the Divine mind and will, as only to be deduced, inferred, or collated, or codified by astute reason. There they are, and act, in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, simple, direct, out-spoken and complete, each bearing the seal and superscription of the Godhead, "*Thus saith the Lord.*" They are not half principles, which admit exceptions in certain extreme cases of trial; which bend to the waywardness or weakness of human nature in certain exigencies. The great principle upon which the cause of Peace is based, is not merely deducted or inferred from the general spirit and teaching of Christianity. It stands in the Gospel among the prime commands of God to man. Is there one of the whole list given to regulate our dispositions and conduct towards our fellow-beings more direct, clear, and complete, than that enunciated by our Saviour on the mount, "Resist not evil; love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you." There is the letter of the law itself. There is the command, holy, just, and good; and heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or tittle of its obligation shall fail. Who, then, that believes in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, can doubt the authority, extent, and application of this command? What circumstance can admit the shadow of such a doubt? Is the command a hard saying to human nature? So is that which enjoins repentance and faith in Jesus Christ; so is that which charges home upon the conscience the conviction of sin, and sentences the old man within to crucifixion, with all its deeds, even those it hoped to mount to heaven on. A hard saying! who can hear it?

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A hard requisition! who can perform it? Who asks this? — a Christian, whose unregenerate will has been dethroned and slain, to make room for the mind that was in Christ? Is this command harder to His disciple than are the emotions and acts which precede the sinner's pardon and salvation?

Examine the context of the Saviour's precepts and life, and the living commentary of His apostles, and where can you find the warrant of a doubt in reference to the authority of this command? Is it confined to a single isolated utterance on the mountain which He ascended to teach the people? Go to that other mount which He ascended to die for a lost world. Do you lack evidence or example as to the extent and application of this command? Draw nigh to His cross. "*Love your enemies.*" Is this a hard saying? Look at Jesus Christ! see what manner of enemies are gnashing their teeth upon him; see with what manner of love He loves them! "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his *friends:*" but these are His murderers, and He dies for them. "Bless them that curse you." Is this a hard saying? Look at Jesus. Hear what malignant curses pour forth from the mad multitude. "Father, forgive them!" "Father forgive them!" It is His last prayer, the most fervent and effectual ever addressed to the Throne of Grace. What manner of blessing invoked with His dying breath upon those who pierced, and those who mocked His agonies! "Do good unto them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Is this a hard saying? Look at Jesus, as he hangs lifeless on the accursed tree. Was there ever hatred, was there ever persecution so murderous and malignant as this which has nailed him to the cross? "*It is finished!*" All the good the everlasting Son of God could do on earth for his haters and persecutors, is finished, and He as-

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cends to his Father's throne to mediate and intercede for their salvation; to hear and answer prayer; aye, His own prayer for their forgiveness, the last He offered in the form of man.

In the covenant-bow of God's promise to man which encircles the cross, are blended the attributes of His being and government as harmoniously as the colors of the rainbow that spans the summer cloud. The foundation principle of Peace is revealed therein in lines of light and love, that shine for ever in the diadem of the Son of God.

INHUMANITY OF WAR.

CONTRAST the arbitrament of the sword with the spirit and dictates of humanity, and you have an incongruity as insane and wicked as those we have contemplated. In the progress of civilization and Christianity, a spirit of benevolence has been infused into all the administrations of justice. The penal systems of all Christian countries have been transformed by the best qualities of mercy. But war has lost scarcely a feature of its horrid inhumanity. It is to-day the same tempest of fury and revenge that it was in the barbarous ages. Science, which has softened with its civilization all other systems, has added torments and ferocious barbarities to war. Go to all the recent theatres of human butchery, whether they lie smoking on the plains of Hungary, or Algiers, or China, or Mexico, and you will read in their records of blood the evidence of this fact. Ask any general of the age, who has organized or witnessed these horrid *mêlées*, and he will tell you that no humane influences can live in the fiery atmosphere

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of the battle-field. When Sir Harry Smith, who was called the hero of the Sikh war in India, returned to England, with his military honors blushing upon him, and was feted by his fellow officers in the British army, he said to them, in a response to a toast in honor of his exploits: "*Gentlemen, ours is a damnable profession!*" The truth of this statement may be clearly established by the evidence of every battle-field, it matters not under what national colors the awful scenes are enacted. A lieutenant of the British army, describing a scene that transpired at a battle with the Chinese at Ning-po, says:—

"At this juncture Capt. Moore's howitzer came up; and being run to the front, opened upon the living wall before them with case-shot, at a distance not exceeding twenty to thirty yards. The effect was terrific; for the street was perfectly straight, and the enemy's rear, not aware of the miserable fate which was being dealt out to their comrades in front, continued to press the mass forward, so as to force fresh victims upon the mound of dead and dying which already barricaded the street. The head of the column fell literally 'like the mower's swath at the close of day;' and the howitzer only discontinued its fire from the impossibility of directing its shot upon a living foe, clear of the writhing and shrieking hecatomb which it had already piled up. It had however been fired only *three* times, and the destruction would have been far greater had not the short distance prevented the grape-shot from spreading."

The same officer thus describes one of the after-scenes of a battle with the Chinese. "In one of the houses, the bodies of seven dead and dying persons were found in the room, forming a group, which for loathsome horror was perhaps unequalled. The house was evidently the abode of a man of some rank and consideration; and the delicate forms and features of the sufferers

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denoted them as belonging to the higher order of Tartars. On the floor, essaying in vain to put food with a spoon into the mouths of two young children extended on a mattress, and writhing in the agonies of death, caused by the dislocation of their spines, sat a decrepid man, weeping bitterly, as he listened to the piteous moans and convulsive breathings of the poor infants, and looked upon the ghastly relics of mortality around him. On a bed near the dying children, lay the body of a beautiful young woman, her limbs and apparel arranged as if in sleep. She was cold, and had long been dead. One arm clasped her neck, over which a silk scarf was thrown, to conceal the gash in her throat which had destroyed her life. Near her lay the corpse of a woman somewhat more advanced in years, stretched on a silk coverlet, her features distorted and her eyes open and fixed, as if she had died by poison or strangulation. A dead child, stabbed through the neck, lay near her; and in the narrow verandah adjoining the room, were the corpses of two more women, suspended from the rafters by twisted cloths wound around their necks. They were both young — one quite a girl, and her features, in spite of the hideous distortion produced by the mode of her death, retained traces of their original beauty."

Turn from this to any other battle-field, whatever region of the earth it reddens with human blood, and you will witness the same unmitigated outrages upon humanity. Whose heart can endure the contemplation of that horrid transaction in Africa, when the French roasted alive, in the cave of Dahra, the Arab families that had fled down into its sides to escape from the exterminating sword? Who can contemplate, without feeling his soul sicken within him, some of the passages in the history of the late Mexican war? Let the most hardened American soldier that took part in the bombardment of Vera Cruz, tell us what kind of music

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fell on his ears, when the American commander ordered the cannon and mortars to be opened upon the defenceless part of the city — upon the habitations of women and children, that their shrieks of agony, and the sight of infants blown to quivering atoms, might compel the armed men of the castle to surrender their stronghold. An American soldier has described one of these scenes, and the feelings with which he witnessed it. Says he: "While I was stationed with our left wing in one of the forts, on the evening of the 21st, I saw a Mexican woman busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded of both armies. I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food, and then carefully bind up his ghastly wound with a handkerchief which she took from her own head. After having exhausted her supplies, she went back to her house to get more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, to comfort other wounded persons, I heard the report of a gun, and saw the poor innocent creature fall dead! I think it was an accidental shot that struck her; I would not be willing to believe otherwise. It made me sick at heart, and turning from the scene, I involuntarily raised my eyes towards heaven, and thought, Great God! and *is this war!* Passing the spot next day, I saw her body still lying there, with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd, with a few drops of water in it — emblems of her errand. We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, cannon-balls flew around us like hail."

Yes; this is war, with its malignant attributes all unchanged; this is war, with its inherent and inseparable barbarities, under the noontide light of civilization; war, with its murderous train of inhumanities, unsoftened by one quality of mercy.

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THE COURAGE AND CONQUESTS OF PEACE.

"WHAT!" exclaims Sergeant Pipeclay; "what! is the Christian to be a mean, cowardly poltroon, and let his enemies tread him under their feet, as a worm?" Stay, Mr. Pipeclay; — who said anything about the soldier of the Cross being trodden under foot by his enemies? or of his being a coward, or anything of that nature? Did his Captain say any such thing? No; nothing like it. He orders him into the breach of all the evils of this world; to front, unblenched, powers and principalities; nor can he surrender or retreat at discretion, like you. He is not only exhorted, but commanded, to overcome evil and enemies. Mark that, Sergeant Pipeclay! Mark that! The Christian soldier is not only to overcome his enemy, but to overcome the evil in that enemy's heart. You may run your murdering bayonet through an enemy's heart, but you can no more overcome the evil in it, with such a tool, than you can shoot a sin-stone dead by firing into eternity. That, sergeant, is a material difference between you. The Christian soldier can run his spirit-sword through an enemy's heart, and slay its enmity, and leave him living with a life he never lived before. — Do you know anything of English grammar? Very well. Then, sir, Love is the great *verb active* and *transitive* of Omnipotence, and in it are conjugated all the benevolent activities and dispositions that possess any overcoming power over evil in this world. You, and all your scarlet-colored fraternity have stumbled in the syntax of these great principles. You, and the Governments that own you, have always stuck in the error, that Love was a mere *passive verb*, that whatever power it possessed could not be made

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to take effect upon any other person than the one that exercised it, much less upon an enemy. Now, sir, you recollect very well how you tried to persuade William Penn that Love was a mere *passive verb.* Don't deny it; for it is a matter of history. When he and his followers were about to cross the Atlantic, to settle among the painted savages of North America, you asked him how he was to overcome such enemies, or to defend his colony against their attacks, without soldiers. And when the good man, in the great faith of his heart, replied, that he was going to trust to the power of love or law of kindness, you curled up your lips scornfully, and exclaimed, "*The law of fiddlesticks!*" And this was the way you ran on: — "It is all very well, Mr. Penn; it is all very well for you to talk about trusting to love and its kindly dispositions and exercises. Such principles will do in the Millennium; but, trust me, they will not do in North America. If everybody practised such principles, then it would be safe and right for you to do it; but how can you venture to do it first! Love and kindness, indeed! and you are going, like lambs among wolves, to trust to such a defence!! Quaint man, think of these terrible Indians! think how their savage natures have been infuriated by long wars with the *pale-faces* — or your countrymen, who trusted to the '*long-knife,*' rather than to your law of kindness, as you call it. Think how these merciless monsters of the forest are burning with a ravenous spirit of revenge, because the English colonists have killed a few of their squaws, and roasted some of their babies in the fire of their wigwams, whilst driving them out of the land! And will you and your weak men and women go amongst such inhuman savages, at such a time, with your law of love and kindness? Infatuated, but well-meaning man! your law of love would be an amiable hallucination amongst such creatures, even

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in their best mood; but now it would be madness to trust a hair of your heads to its protection."

Such, Sergeant Pipeclay, was the substance of your expostulation with William Penn, as that good man was embarking for North America, without any soldiers to protect him. You well know the result of his experiment. Every child in England or America who can read, knows it. You see, then, the stone against which you and your masters are stumbling. You deny the *transitive* power of love, — the overcoming power of good. You insist that a man may live and walk the very impersonation of these qualities, without affecting the disposition or deportment of his nearest neighbors towards him. Then you go on to say, that if England should be transformed into a national embodiment of all the dispositions and activities of loving-kindness towards France, the moral power of such a character would not be *transitive* — would not necessarily affect the disposition or deportment of France towards England. You own hesitatingly that the power of goodness and love, in the case of William Penn and the Indians, was *transitive;* that it did take immediate and marvellous effect upon the most unsusceptible party that could be brought within its influence. But there you stick. You will not own that this power — the only one that God has given to men or nations, by which they may overcome their respective enemies — would produce a like effect, if applied to the intercourse of the two most civilized nations of the earth. Or, in other terms, you insist that England might make herself the best friend that France has in the world, and that France might still remain her "natural enemy," unchanged, unaffected by the transformation of her neighbor.

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AN EXAMPLE FOR PARENTS.

We are acquainted with a truly Christian father in Hartford, Connecticut, who was accustomed to adopt this method of withdrawing his children from the seductive demoralization of military musters and trainings. On the morning of the appointed day, before the parti-colored harlequins of the military parade had assembled, or the sound of the piercing fife and the kennel of kettle and bass drums had broken the quiet of common life, he took his two young boys and drove into the country, to feast their eyes and ears with all that nature had to charm in its morning loveliness. He spent the day in this manner, and returned in the evening with his delighted boys, whose dreams during the night were filled with the music of the birds, or the dim visions of beautiful landscapes, or of the great beech by the brook side, where they ate their dinner, and fed the gambolling fishes of the stream with the crumbs from their basket. Not the sheen of a single bayonet, nor sound of the drum or fife, nor the sight of any of the human machinery of murder, or anything to stir a thought of war or strife, was permitted to cross the path of these two boys, from the rising to the setting of the sun, on a "training day," while they remained under the paternal roof. Such days of military show were only associated with family trysting times away in the country. Where would war find its agents and victims, if every Christian father imitated this example? — Would the world need to wait longer than the next generation for the reign of universal peace, if the children of Christian parents were thus educated from their early childhood?

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THE PIONEERS OF PEACE.

We are now on the eve, as it were, of that great and august demonstration to which the friends of peace, on both sides of the Atlantic have been looking forward with such lively anticipations during the last six months. "Peace has her victories no less than war;" and we have recently contemplated two of her great days of progress. A greater day, we believe, is before us. We are strong in hope and faith that the Paris Congress in August will add another and more illustrious victory to the series which peace has won for humanity in these latter years. If the result of the approaching demonstration shall realize our expectations, those who have labored in the cause during the day of its small things may thank God, and take courage to believe that its final triumph is close at hand, and that they may live to join in the general jubilee which shall hail its advent. As the horizon of the new era, predicted by holy men of old, grows brighter and brighter with the young light of its morning sun, we cannot suppress the wish that Worcester and Ladd, and other apostles of peace, now slumbering in their graves, might have been permitted to see with their eyes what we now see with ours, the tangible and expanding realities of their faith. But such a wish would be human to the last degree, and breathe no affinity to the thought of God, in regard to the faith which he inspires in the human heart, or to the longest life of its loving activities. "The substance of things hoped for" is not telescopic *phenomena* revealed to the sharp-sighted vision of the human eye, nor to the eye of faith is it always *tangible*, though a clearly developed and undoubted certainty. Faith is the great activity which sees its field of labor

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through the speculum of the soul's immeasurable immortality, and forthwith beings working by love, and co-working with God, in enterprises of beneficence which shall reach their consummation in distant generations. Such was the faith of Worcester, Ladd, and those who have ceased from their labors in the cause of peace; a faith which would have lost much of its merit and lustre, had they been permitted to know that they should live to see what our eyes now behold. For the faith that works by love, works for the future, without the stimulus of present reward; and such was theirs. The faith that works by love, is content to sow, and see from afar the golden sheaves which other generations shall reap; and such was theirs. But, in their brightest hours of hope, little could they have deemed that the harvest was so near. Why, it is but little more than twenty years ago that William Ladd thought it a little victory in the cause, when a religious newspaper in America consented to insert the notice of a small upper-room gathering of the friends of peace as a *paid* advertisement. It was not our privilege to see the face of that great-hearted pioneer in the cause of peace, but we well recollect following the track of his apostleship through the western part of the State of New York, a year or two after he had rested from his labors of love on earth. In every town he visited he left the memory of the blessed in the hearts of those who looked upon him, or listened to his words. Everywhere on his route we heard people speak of his earnest faith which worked his life away by love. It was the last missionary tour he made; his strength waxed weaker and weaker; his faith, hope, and love, stronger and stronger; and when, towards the close of the course, his limbs trembled with weakness, and he could no longer stand upon his feet throughout his discourse, then he would kneel down in the pulpit, and, in this affecting position, pour out his great gospel thoughts of peace and

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brotherhood upon the still assembly, with his face shining upon them, with his heart at the full of Heaven's light and love! Good man! his faith was all the more illustrious and pure, in that he did not expect to reap himself, the harvest of his twilight sowing; but somebody would gather the golden sheaves in the distant years to come; somebody would garner in the substance, the reality of his hopes; somebody would see at its noon the day whose first faint ray he caught with his eager eye flickering up the horizon of humanity; and that was enough for him. Good man! the day of small things is the day of great men; still we could have wished, without wishing it as a reward of his labors, that he had been permitted to see some of these latter days of peace; that he could have been with us at Brussels last year; that, with his heart full of the fresh memory of his two little upper-room meetings in America, he could have sat with us in the council chamber, and around the council table of the Prime Minister of Belgium, surrounded by the councillors and conductors of the nation, meeting, day after day, to deliberate upon the most efficient measures for ushering in the reign of universal peace. We wish he could have been there, and at the opening and close of the first continental Peace Congress, hard upon the field of Waterloo; that he could have been with us at the farewell *soiree* after that grand demonstration, and have drunk in with us the joy of that hour of fraternal fellowship, with hearts beating with sympathies which eyes, in the fault of a common speech, tried to express. We wish he could have been with us at these precious moments; for he would have been as meek, under it all, as when he preached the evangel of peace on his knees, on the last stage of his journey to heaven. But, much more might we wish that he were at the head of the delegation from America, now crossing the Atlantic, to take part in the great Peace Congress at Paris. Not for his reward,

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but for an illustrated lesson to the distinguished man of little faith and great intellect, who affect to be the statesmen of the day, and to all doubters and careful persons, who ridicule "the dreams of good men," would we wish that William Ladd were alive to look upon the World's Peace Parliament, about to assemble in the metropolis of France, numbering, perhaps, a thousand members, representing all the nations of the civilized world; that he were permitted to lead into the assembly the American delegation, and introduce them as the offspring of his ideas, as the contingent of his country to the hosts of peace; that Lamartine and Cobden, and others of their genius and aspirations, might look upon him in his gray hairs, and derive from his presence and experience new faith in the right and true.

"But blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," for although they cease from their labors, "their works do follow them;" and William Ladd's will not only follow, but precede his memory, to the great demonstration at Paris. His works will be there — what an immortality in two worlds! His little upper-room works will be there; and all the incipient and secret acts of his faith in the cause will be there; and the thoughts he uttered on his knees in the pulpit will be there, working still, and widening outward, through the stirred mind of that international assembly, the influence of his life of labor, in circles expanding to the compass of humanity. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" and blessed are they with exceeding blessing to the living, for "their works do follow them," not into the grave, nor out of this afflicted world, but through it, even to the end, lightening the labors of the living, setting them up in existence with a goodly capital of faith and hope in the future; softening down the heat and burden of life and progress which would be too heavy for them were not good works immortal. "Blessed are the dead" who have lived,

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labored, and died in the Lord, for the heritage of good works which they have left behind them; of which neither principalities nor powers nor any other creature, can dispossess the present and future generations of mankind. The Brussels Congress was an evidence, and the grander demonstration at Paris will be another, that the works of good men follow them through all time as well as eternity.

THE TIME AND TEMPLE OF PEACE.

"I agree with him (Mr. Cobden) in thinking that there could not, perhaps, have been a more appropriate time than the present for a demonstration of this nature, because we have now converted this country, I may say, into the Temple of Peace of the whole world." — *Lord Palmerston.*

THERE! that will do pretty well. And who could have expected so much so soon! There is a scope and compass of significance, of the Crystal Palace order, in this sentence. Among the most auspicious and important of the coincidences that transpire in human affairs, is fitness of time and place to a great event or undertaking. "Time," said the eloquent Abbé Deguerry, in his august and powerful speech in the Peace Congress at Paris, "Time is the Prime Minister of God's Providence!" And surrounded and over-arched with the bright manifestations of Providence in these latter days; with all the signs that betoken, and the songs that are greeting, the dawn of a new era, there are thousands and tens of thousands of prudent, far-seeing persons, standing with their backs to the future, and warning the friends of Peace that time is not with them, — that the time has not come to

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favor their efforts and realize their aim. Look into the columns of the London *Times*, which arrogates to its unstable temporeity some of the minor attributes of Time. What has been its standing charge against the advocates of Peace, and their efforts? Why, that they were "counting without their host;" that they were working in advance of time, and expecting and trying to realize the practicabilities of a distant age. And many sincere, Christian men have gone farther still, and said that our endeavors and expectations were outrunning the prophecies; that, in laboring to bring in an era of permanent and universal Peace, we were seeking to realize prematurely, one of the prime conditions of the Millennium. It is a pleasant thing, and full of promise, therefore, that a statesman in Lord Palmerston's position, acting as janitor to the Temple of Janus, so far as its custody is consigned to Great Britain, has turned his face to the future, and read its auguries, and the indications of the present, with such clear-sighted and liberal interpretation, that he has not hesitated to arise in his place, in the foremost Parliament of the world, and say that, in his opinion, "there could not, perhaps, have been a more appropriate time than the *present* for a demonstration of this nature." What a full and unequivocal testimony this to the fitness of time! "There could not, perhaps, have been a more appropriate time than the *present* for a demonstration of this nature!" Of what nature? Why, an effort to induce the British Government to adopt one of the measures advocated by the Peace Congress last year; to lead the leading nations of the earth, by simultaneous induction, into the path of mutual disarmament, and reciprocal confidence and amity. And is not the approaching Peace Congress "a demonstration of this nature?" Come, now, all you hesitating and doubting, who profess to be as sincere friends of Peace, at heart, as its warmest advocates, let us reason together. You say

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what you have said for years, that no one could be more honestly opposed to war than you, and that you intend to do something for its abolition, "when the proper time comes. *But*,"—hold there! —no *but*, please. Are you really willing to lend a hand to this great work, even on the eve of its final consummation!—to thrust in your silver-mounted sickles, and reap the rich sheaves of a harvest which others, in patient faith sowed, almost in tears, in the midst of the sneers and jeering obloquy of the world? Are you willing to come in, even at the hour of triumph, and share the brilliant and bloodless spoils of the great victory of Peace?—to say and sing with the advocates you have contemned, "God hath gotten *us* this victory. He hath established the work of *our* hands, and given *us* the desire of *our* hearts over the great destroyer of mankind!" After having stoutly abjured all sympathy or association with these premature enthusiasts, in their efforts to banish war from the earth, are you willing to *we* yourselves with them, as they are bringing into the harbor of humanity the Golden Fleece, for whose tressed blessings they struggled, for years, with tempest and flood? Then listen to Lord Palmerston. Does he not say to you, as plainly as language can speak, that "there could not, perhaps, be a time more appropriate than the present," for you to participate in "a demonstration of this nature?" for you to attend the Peace Congress, and take an honest and active part in its proceedings; to identify your sympathies and convictions with the spirit, principles, and objects which it would illustrate, teach and attain? Can you wish better or safer authority than this clear, emphatic testimony of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the fitness of the present time for your full and sincere adhesion to the cause of Peace?

So much for the felicitous appropriateness of the present for "a demonstration of this nature." Nothing could equal the fitness of

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time, save the peculiar adaptation of *place* for this demonstration. And the last feature of this happy harmony is portrayed by the Noble Lord, in language more elysian than even the very sanguine and poetical of the friends of Peace are wont to employ, in describing the reality of their aspirations. Let us listen to him again. The reason why the present is such an appropriate time "for a demonstration of this nature," he says, is because we have now converted this country, I may say, into the TEMPLE OF PEACE of the whole world." There now! what do you think of that? How hampered and halting are the best conceptions which the prosy and plodding workers in the cause could form of the fitness of place for the coming Peace Congress, compared with this brilliant illustration of the British Minister! It mirrors the reality, as through the Crystal Palace itself. Full of clustering images of blessedness and beauty as is this comprehensive and splendid figure, who can say that he has invested the vista and significance of the facts spread out before him with a coloring, compass, or a meaning which they do not deserve? Yes, Lord Palmerston! the sober, unpoetical judgment of the world shall not check the exuberance of your faith, nor limit its expression, though expanding and warming into the poetry of enthusiasm. You *may say*, that "we have now converted this country into the Temple of Peace of the whole world." For is not this true, in almost every sense and direction? As a place of mere congregation and social fellowship, is not the Crystal Palace as much a centre and source of attraction to all the nations of the earth, as Solomon's Temple was to the Twelve Tribes of Israel? Do not the people of all lands and languages hie and home to it, as the doves of Judea did of yore to their windows in that Temple? Do not they remain as long together, at its shrine of Peace and Concord, as did the Jewish worshippers that assembled beneath the arches of that hal-

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lowed edifice? In this sense, then, Lord Palmerston may say, that this country has now been converted into a temple. But if it be a temple, what less or else can it be, than the Temple of Peace, universal and permanent? At the inception and end of the work, was there any ambiguity or reservation in regard to its design and dedication? No; Peace was enthroned, like a living, speaking, and heavenly presence in the highest place in that temple, with an inauguration such as a world, with its potentates and peoples, could only offer in homage to her sceptre. It were an easy thing to construct some vast edifice, and surmount it with a cold master-piece of marble statuary, and call it Peace, or Freedom, or Plenty. But such is not the Crystal Palace; such is not the Temple of Peace into which this country has been converted, in the language of Lord Palmerston. It is a living temple, and not an Oriental monument, crowned with dead, idolatrous sculpture, in honor and glory of Peace, like the Athenian image dedicated to "The *Unknown God.*" Peace is in her Industrial Temple; not in the cold personation of worshipped marble, but as a moving, speaking, animating presence; as a life, in the highest, widest, and warmest, condition of activity and inspiration. Peace is "at home" here; magnificent beyond the most gorgeous pageantry of earthly potentates, but not in state; not overawing; benignly "at home" to all her multifarious and multitudinous Court of Industries; blandly and blessingly "at home" to all the ingenious artists and hard-handed artisans of the world; alike "at home," in the suavest benevolence of her countenance, to the sons of toil of every clime, kindred and color, who have crowned her brow and hung her neck with the choicest jewellery of their genius; who, with labor patient and hopeful, have made the wildernesses of the world to blossom as the rose; have subdued and domesticated the winds and lightning to message-birds of business

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and friendship; bridged seas, linked continents, subdued elements, and co-worked with God in bringing back beauty to the earth, and unity to the scattered families of His creation. Peace is "at home" with these, and these with her, not as the object of their worship, but of their love and mutual fellowship.

Then there is another generous admission in the language of Lord Palmerston, in his recent speech on Mr. Cobden's Peace motion. He says: *We* have now, I may say, converted this country into the Temple of Peace of the whole world." It is something hopeful when a statesman in his position, speaking for a great Government, or for himself, is disposed to say *we*, with the workers in a great cause. Nothing is more patent to the world, in connection with this Great Exhibition, than the fact, that it did not originate in the British Parliament, but was an undertaking of individual enterprise. Neither was it a sudden and brilliant conception, bowled in among the events of the age, like an unpredicted comet. It came in its due time and order, in the right line of succession of great ideas. The still small voices that uttered thoughts of peace and human brotherhood among the people, whether they would hear or forbear; the men of faith, who stood up and took twenty years of the world's ridicule for the sowing of these principles; the harmless enthusiasts who persevered in the enunciation of these doctrines against satire keen and bitter;—these prepared the way, and hastened the coming of this event. The friendly and fraternal addresses from the towns of England to the towns of the United States and France; the international visits which succeeded; then the great Congresses of the friends of Peace, of different nations;—these have done their work in bringing in this grand consummation of the influences they set in motion. The achievement is made to occupy time, as well as to include a vast range of co-operation, by the language of Lord

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Palmerston. "We have *now* converted this country into a Temple of Peace." *Now*, after so long a time, after so many years of labor in changing the habits and disposition of the country, "we have *converted* it into the Temple of Peace of the whole world." Looking at the long educational process by which this change has been effected; tracing back the august demonstration to the tributaries of public sentiment which produced it, we cannot think it is too much to regard the Peace Congress as the parent, and not the parasite of the Great Exhibition.

THE ADVENT AND ERA OF PEACE.

THERE seems to be a sentiment abroad, a latent thought, which is slowly permeating the mind of the most depressed classes of the people, going down into the lowest lanes of life, into the mines, fields, and factories — a thought that whispers its bright prophecies by night in the ear of dejected labor, and sometimes gives even the slave a song in the burning hours of his unrequited toil — a simultaneous sentiment of popular faith, that

> "There is a good time coming;
> Wait a little longer."

However vague and varying may be these spontaneous hopes of the people; however importunately they may press upon the unrevealed things of the future, there is in almost every community, an impression bearing the seal of Christian faith, that we are gradually and surely approaching one of the grand realities in the destiny of humanity, which were foreseen and predicted by

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the inspired seers of other ages. Blessed be our eyes that are permitted to contemplate that reality from the clearer perspective of these latter years; but blessed and thrice honored of God were the eyes of those holy men, who were permitted to see it across a dark and surging sea of time. Perhaps we may not live to enter upon the full fruition of that reality; but the eyes that shall see it in its beauty, the lips that shall hail its glorious appearing, the hearts that shall embrace it in all the compass of its joy, will attest that it was not a fortuitous condition into which humanity stumbled in the felicitous explorations of its genius, but that it was a condition prepared for mankind before the foundations of the earth, and predicted by men who received from God the life and light of those principles whose power was to regenerate the world. However bright be our visions, however fertile and fervid be our conceptions of this coming day of better things for mankind, our faith will not outrun that of the inspired prophets of old. They saw the same glorious day. Its life, light, joy, and peace were revealed to their eyes, and they grouped them together in living images, full of beauty. Whatever that day may bring to the human race, they who shall go up and possess its goodly realities, will confess that they were all embraced in the condition described by those holy men, "When the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more; when they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; when your officers shall be peace, and your exactors righteousness; and there shall be an abundance of peace so long as the sun or moon endureth." — Here we have a full and glowing description of that new era whose dawning light seems even now to streak the horizon of humanity. The advent of that day is not a newborn illusion of modern fancy; it is not the dreamy speculation

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of a poetical imagination. It is a future reality, secured to the world by the unwavering verities of the Word of God.

But we have not only the inspired prediction of this coming day, and the cheering tokens of its approach, but we have principles given us, full of life-giving immortality and power, which must make the advent of that day inevitable. And these principles are not the offspring of new-born theories; they are not the precarious dogmas of human opinion. They are principles old as eternity; they are the wisdom and power of God among men, for the pulling down of all the strongholds of War, Slavery, Oppression, Violence, and Wrong. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; love your enemies; resist not evil, but overcome evil with good; they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." These, and the like of these, are principles of great antiquity. They have been spurned and ridiculed in all ages. They have been foolishness to the Greek, Jew, and Gentile, and a stumbling-block to thousands in Christian lands. Principalities and powers have warred against them, and sought to exterminate them from the earth; but they were mighty, immortal, and prevailed; and they will prevail, until all principalities and peoples shall bow to their divinity and power.

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth," is not a Greek apothegm, though uttered in the midst of Athens. It is not a maxim of human wisdom, or a new-coined motto of modern democracy. It is a great, everlasting and capital verity of divine revelation, which shall outlive the existence and memory of all unfriendly nationalities. If, in that coming day promised to mankind, "Holiness to the Lord" shall be written even on the bells of their horses, may we not believe that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men" shall be written upon all the banners of the peoples, before

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which the bestial emblems of nationalities, that once led them forth to mutual slaughter, shall hang their heads for shame, if lifted in the air?

And the wheels of time, which are bringing in its glorious day will yield to the progressive impulse of human faith and instrumentalities! Unlike the incoming of that morning which greets the rising sun of our material world, the dawn and noon-tide light of this new era may be hastened by those who will co-work with God and the power of his great gospel of love, for this blessed consummation. The infant heart, whose whispered prayer of faith brings down from heaven the gift of one new thought of good to man — that heart in the tiny compass of its reflection, emits a ray of true millennial light.

THE POWER OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

The full power revealed and prescribed in that simple and sublime precept of the Gospel, "*overcome evil with good*," has never been tested by any people, population, or community, in subduing the evils and enemies that beset and oppressed them, either from within or without. To put it into full operation, requires a capacity of good-will, of forgiveness of injuries, of abnegation of natural instincts, which the population of no town, or province, or state, has ever acquired. But, at long inervals, and a little more frequently of late, a case has occurred here and there, in which a considerable community has acquired the ability of sustaining for awhile the lowest, feeblest, manifestation of this power, or a condition of *passive resistance* to oppression, armed

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with a force which could instantly crush any violent opposition, they might attempt to array against it. Within the last two or three years, several of these cases have transpired in different parts of the world. In one of these, a little English colony at the Cape of Good Hope, *passively*, but successfully, *resisted* the great Government of the British empire, backed with all its navies and armies, in its attempt to make the home of their small population a receptacle of criminals, crime, and convicts from England. Then, almost simultaneously with this successful experiment with the force of passive resistance, there comes the report of another, from the distant islands of the Pacific Ocean, tried under circumstances of more imminent peril and oppression, and crowned with more illustrious triumph. The weak little Government of the Sandwich Islands, in order to diminish the use and effect of intoxicating liquors among their people, imposed a heavy tax upon French brandy and wine. This irritated the French, and they sent thither a great ship of war to compel the government to remove the tax; and the captain gave them but a few hours to comply with the demand. But they absolutely refused to obey. Then they must take the consequences, and these would be terrible. The lady of the French consul — good, kind, compassionate woman — went with her husband from house to house, and entreated the foreign residents to take refuge on board the French ship, for the island was to be blown up, or sunk, to punish the wicked government for taxing French brandy, and making drunkenness a dearer luxury to the people! But not a single person accepted of the refuge. The government held fast to its resolution without wavering for a moment. The French commander landed with his marines in battle array. Men with lighted matches stood at the great cannons of the ship. The hour of vengeance had come. Poor little people! what will become of you now?

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What will you do to defend yourselves against this resistless force? Do? do nothing but *endure*. "The King," says the report, "gave peremptory orders to his people to *oppose no resistance* to the Frenchmen. The gallant commander, therefore, landed his marines and took possession of the fort, custom-house, and some other Government buildings, *no resistance being offered*. All was still and peaceful in the streets, business going on as usual. Here they remained for some days; when, finding that the government would not accede at all to their demands, though they offered to leave the whole question to an umpire, the chivalrous Frenchmen went to work to dismantle the fort, and destroyed everything within its walls. After having finished this Vandal-like work, they marched off with flying colors." How full of illustration is this case of passive resistance! The simple, quiet force of *endurance* which the government opposed to the French, wet their powder and turned their bayonets to straw. Against this unexpected force the marines were powerless. They had no arms to contend with such an enemy. All their weapons, and discipline, and bravery, were fitted only to overcome brute force; and of this they found none, except its shadow in the fort and its equipments; and with great valor they fell upon this shadow, and mutilated it terribly, and then marched back with flying colors! So far was this invasion of bayonet-power from inducing a settlement to the advantage of the French, that the government even refused their offer to submit the question to arbitration, or to put the law at any hazard of modification, in face of all the brute force that France could marshal against it.

These are examples of the irresistible power of *passive resistance*, when opposed by a people to foreign enemies and oppression. But almost simultaneously with these, we have examples of this kind of resistance when arrayed against domestic oppression, or

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the despotic acts of dynasties that have at their command vast military organizations, ready to do their will. The most striking of these is the case of Hesse Cassel. Here, the force of resistance has been tested for a longer period, and by a larger population than ever have illustrated its virtue before. The result has not yet transpired, nor can we conclude what it will be. We can hardly believe that it will be crowned with complete success; for we cannot believe that the Hessians will be able to *endure* unto the end which they seek. We fear they will lose their impregnable strength, by being seduced into a manifestation of brute force. But the teaching of their experiment, even up to this stage, will be invaluable to the people and the cause of popular freedom everywhere on the Continent of Europe. It has established the fact that despotism, backed by the mightiest armies, cannot serf or subdue a people or a population, or rob them of their rights, or barricade their way to rational freedom, if they can only acquire the capacity of a *passive resistance*, which the most aggravated oppression can never weary out.) Up to this hour, the Hessians have manifested this capacity, and practised this virtue; and the bristling bayonets which virtually surrounded them have become as stubble. While they possess their souls in patience, and refrain from the slightest act of violence, the whole soldiery of the continent will be powerless against them. How full of glorious illustration and consequence is this spectacle! The eyes of despotism, like those of beasts of prey, are glaring upon them from every side, watching to spring upon them at a single bound, the first moment that they venture from their stronghold of *passive resistance!* What a sublime sight in the moral world! It is said that the poor peasants, and the poorest day-laborers in Cassel have signed a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks, and that they are watching over each other with the keenest vigilance, lest, in

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an evil hour, some sudden act of oppression should make them mad, and they should fall from the grace of patience, and peril their country's all by a deed of violence! Contrast that discipline with the spirit and deeds of a brute-force revolution! How the people rise, rise, rise to the highest stature of moral being, under such a process of self-education! "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Yes; the Elector may take the city of Cassel, with 60,000 Austrian and Bavarian troops; but they will be to him as mere shadows, so long as the Hessians shall be able to rule their spirits after this fashion. The cause of popular freedom, progress, and prosperity has an immense interest at stake in the issue of this grand experiment with a force which the God of the poor and the oppressed has given to them in his great Gospel of love:—"I SAY UNTO YOU, RESIST NOT EVIL, BUT OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

THE DIGNITY OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

We have recently dwelt at some length upon the irresistible power of *passive resistance*, when opposed to oppression, either from home or from abroad, by any population or people, great or small. We contemplated its capacity as a force, which any community or country might employ successfully in repelling and disarming despotism, whatever amount of bayonet power it might have at its command. This was illustrated by the example of the little community at the Cape of Good Hope, in thwarting the attempt of the British Government to make their country a penal settlement; of the Sandwich islanders, in repelling the aggressions of the

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French; and of the people of Hesse Cassel, in resisting the despotism of a dynasty, threatening to trample their rights under the feet of foreign soldiery. But, it will be said, in these cases, the people "*made a virtue of necessity.*" Passive resistance was all they could oppose to these acts of oppression. Very good. But, as it was effective to this end, would it have been less a *virtue*, if it had not been a *necessity*? If the king of the Sandwich Islands had at his command a standing army of 100,000 men, and a Gibraltar full of cannon, could he have more completely expelled, chastised, and humbled the French than he did, by putting them into the condition of pirates before the world, and by forcing them to fight the air, and then retreat to their ships from very shame at the result of their martial prowess? We can see many lips curl at this proposition. What! stand by with 100,000 armed men, and see a regiment of foreign soldiers land, to compel the Government to abrogate its laws, without opposing that physical force resistance organized at great expense for such an emergency! Would not "endurance cease to be a virtue" at such a point? Could passive resistance, friend Broadbrim, be compatible with a nation's dignity in such a case? Neighbor Firelock, thou thinkest these to be hard questions, and hard to be answered by human nature. And so they are; but religion, and even reason, can do it easily. But from what Scriptures comes that precept, "There is a point at which endurance ceases to be a virtue?" There is no divinity in the Scriptures from which that maxim is taken; they are human, in a very low manifestation of reason and experience. Christianity says, "endure unto the end; not to the end of your patience, but to the end of wrong, evil and oppression — to the goal, to the crown of your triumph and rejoicing. Now, neighbor Firelock, before we proceed to consider these hard questions, let us examine the maxim which thou hast quoted,

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as if it were from the New Testament,—"There is a point at which *endurance* ceases to be a *virtue*." Then what does it become, when it ceases to be a *virtue?* — a *crime!* Says the maxim, the endurance of wrong and oppression is really a virtue up to a certain point. From the starting, to this terminating point of patience, the greater the oppression, the more virtuous is its endurance. To this extent the virtue of patience is measured by the pressure of wrong which it sustains; but when it reaches this point, and confronts a severer trial, it becomes criminal in it not to give way and relinquish the struggle, although it possesses the capacity of enduring, unto the end, all the wrongs and outrages which oppression can oppose to its resistance. For the maxim speaks only of a contingency in which endurance ceases to be a *virtue*, not a *possibility*. Now, what would become of society and its moralities, if all the other virtues should follow the course prescribed to this? If men were to be taught, by maxims couched in a Bible *tournure*, that "There is a point at which truth, temperance, or honesty ceases to be a *virtue!* — that there are trials and temptations to which it is virtuous to yield! — tests too severe for purity, probity, or any other grace, before which it is graceful to fall!" Surely, the evidence of such a false maxim must be rejected from the consideration of the question. Let us, then, look at the case of the Sandwich Islands, in the light of national independence, dignity and honor.

The Government had enacted a law, for the good of the people, which diminished the use and sale of French brandy and wines. The French attempted to compel the Government by violence, to repeal that law. It was a direct and aggravated attack upon the sovereignty of the Sandwich Island State. That attack was repelled and thwarted by the *passive* resistance of the Government and people. But that was the only resistance which they had in

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their power to oppose to their assailants, it is urged. Grant it; but was it not as effective as would have been the broadsides of fifty ships of the line, if such a fleet had been at the command of the king? But, says another, passive resistance invites attack and insult, and repetition of outrage. Prove this, if you can, by any evidence drawn from history, or any argument from philosophy; prove it by the result of this very experiment. See if the French venture again to compel this little Government, by force, to repeal or modify one of its laws to their commercial advantage. But, if the Sandwich islanders had possessed on army of 100,000 men, would passive resistance, in such a case, have been compatible with their national dignity, even if it had been more efficient and successful than the strongest array of brute force? In this question comes the tug of the principle, in the minds of thousands, who can follow it to a certain length. The greatest dignity that a nation can acquire, is to be always in the right. Right is not only its highest dignity, but its moral power. This dignity and power combine to create in a nation's heart an indomitable will to maintain them. Now, passive resistance puts in force all the energies of this will, and raises the smallest nation to the foremost rank among the great powers of the earth. It defends its territory, its rights, its honors and dignity, by the sheer force of its will. It conquers and triumphs by its will. Did ever Alexander, Cæsar, Bonaparte, or Nicholas, more than this? On the other hand, brute-force resistance weakens the will of a nation — dethrones it from its first place and power — subordinates it to precarious contingencies — throws it headlong among the veriest hap-hazards of the battle-field — in a word, compromises its dignity, by pitting it against the blindest chances of success. The Sandwich islanders repelled the attack upon their rights, by the mere force of their will. Compatible with their dignity! Why, that will was the

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embodiment and energy of their dignity; and they not only maintained, but elevated it, by the passive resistance which they opposed to their assailants. The French retreated before that dignity — the quiet dignity of right. They, too, had a will, when they left their ship-of-war, and drew up their forces on the shore, for the attack; but they had no dignity to sustain it, nor force to carry it into execution. But they hoped to acquire both, before they had marched twenty yards. How? from whom? From the Sandwich islanders themselves. They expected and intended to tempt the Government from its impregnable position of passive resistance; to descend from its dignity, or share it with them by ordering them to be fired upon. The discharge of a single musket, on the part of the islanders, would have transferred the transaction to the ground of a regular contest, in which right and wrong would be in equilibrium; in which the former relinquishes all its moral advantage over the latter, and hazards its all upon the even chances of a die, the result of which cannot be affected by any moral discriminations between the contending parties.

To conquer by the moral manifestation of the will, is to conquer like a God. To conquer by the manifestation of brute force, is to conquer like a beast. The dignity of passive resistance lies between these parallels.

THE PATRIOTISM OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

We have considered the power and dignity of passive resistance, when opposed to assaults from without, or oppression from within. We have tried to show that necessity does not make it

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a virtue in any case; but that its inherent virtue always makes it a necessity. We now proceed to demonstrate its patriotism. We deem it due to the principles and advocates of peace, to rebut the charge that is often brought against them, that they are "the complacent allies of despotism — that they would stand by and see, without concern or remonstrance, communities, peoples, and nations manacled hand and foot, by tyrants; their rights, liberties, hopes, and aspirations, trodden out of existence by the iron heel of oppression." The imputation of cowardice, unmanly imbecility, a crouching, abject spirit, is involved in this charge. "What! would you have us lie down in the dust, and be trampled upon by these despotic powers and governments! Would you have us permit them to enslave us, and hold out our arms and feet to the fettering without a struggle or a murmur?" And then, having filled their bosoms to bursting with patriotic indignation at the course and disposition described interrogatively by these triumphant questions, they exclaim, "No! we would spill the last drop of our blood; — we would see our cities burned with fire; — we would perish with arms in our hands on the battle-field, or pine in exile in Siberia or Botany Bay, before we would tamely submit to be slaves! Liberty or death!" These are the most striking and usual terms of comparison in the vocabulary of martial patriotism. Frequently the sentiments they express take a figurative form more fearful still. We recollect one employed by the editor of an American journal, pending the Oregon controversy, to this effect: "Sooner than relinquish our just rights to the disputed territory, we would shed every drop of blood in the heart of the nation!" Mr. Borrow, agent of the Bible Society, records "a broken prayer for my native land, which, after my usual thanksgiving, I breathed forth to the Almighty, ere retiring to rest that Sunday night at Gibraltar;" a prayer *for* his native country which

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contains this passage — "May'st thou sink, if thou dost sink, amidst blood and flame, with a mighty noise, causing more than one nation to participate in thy downfall!" And these are regarded as the outbursts of a patriotic feeling — of a love of country so intense that they would see it engulfed in fire and blood, and even the last vein of the nation's heart pierced, and its existence extinguished, rather than endure insult, injury, or oppression! They measure their attachment and devotion to their country and its institutions by the awful calamities which they would bring upon it, in defending its honor and rights. What a fearful antithesis of alternatives! How many peoples and nations have "sunk, amidst blood and flame, and with a mighty noise," in the abyss which yawns between these alternative conditions! How many patriots of this order have seen their country a smoking sea of ruin, without finding a bulrush ark in which to float "the immediate jewel of its soul" — the charter of its existence as a nation!

We wish no one to accept or share the responsibility of our convictions, or of the views we wish to express in reference to this aspect of the subject. If peace has its victories no less than war, it has its heroism and its patriotism. The men of peace can find no attribute, in the great Gospel principles of their faith, that can side with despotism, or wink with indifference at oppression. They are not cowards. They counsel no tame, unmanly submission to wrong; but to oppose to wrong a courage of the human will that shall never faint or waver at any extremity of endurance; — aye, to "resist unto blood," if it be unavoidable, — to give their own necks to the axe or to the halter, on the block or the scaffold, but never to shed themselves a single drop, or perpetrate a single act of malevolent injury on any human being, under the severest pressure of despotic rule. Peace has its heroism,

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serene and dauntless, that neither trembles nor pales before the guillotine, the halter, or the knout. Peace has its patriotism; deep, earnest, unselfish, self-sacrificing, and sensitive, — a love of country that would bleed to the last vein, but never wound, for its rights, honor, and prosperity. Peace has its battle-fields; bloodless; but brave to a degree of heroic endurance of wrong and outrage to which martial courage could never attain. The patriotism of peace, like the first grace of Chistianity, "is first pure, then peaceable;" pure from those intense emotions of selfishness which are generally the heart and soul of the patriotism of the warrior. The history of nations, from its first to its last chapter, is full of the examples of those who have gloried in dying for their country. These last years have produced multitudes of the like. This patriotic sentiment is popularized among the millions, and set to the music of the songs of labor; and the hardy, humble men of the sewers often cheer the hours of their toil by singing, *sotto voce*, the joy and the glory "*Mourir pour sa patrie.*" The leaders of the depressed peoples of Europe, who have struggled, again and again, to recover their freedom and independence by the sword, are loud in the profession of their readiness to die for their country, and thousands of their countrymen echo the same sentiment. But under what circumstances would you die for your nation's freedom? Would you mount the scaffold, and die for your country, as Jesus Christ died on the cross for the world, amid the scoffs and scorn, and cutting taunts of your own countrymen? How would your patriotism stand the test of such an ordeal? How would the military heroes of the world, who have acquired fame for dying on the battle-field for their country's good, have trembled and recoiled like cowards from such a scaffold! Tried by such a test, how often would the patriotism of the warrior be seen to be nothing more or better

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than an intense love of self, the eager ambition for a name that shall outlive the memory of the good!

THE PROTECTING POWER OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

THE principles of peace, as a protection and defence, are equal to any enemy or emergency. They are a safe resort in "extreme cases." They carried William Penn through as an extreme case as any Christian nation can fear to get into. Armed with these divine principles — trusting to no Egyptian reeds of steel, no mailed arm of flesh — he came among the red savages, whose bare breasts had been scarred in their long and bloody wars with the puritans of New England, and the *Long Knives* of Maryland and Virginia. The memory of burnt wigwams, and the cry of their children as they were thrust into the flames on the bayonets of professing Christians were fresh in their hearts. — Among their painted chieftains, strode many a *Logan*, sombre, stern, with long-brooding revenge rankling in his bosom. Penn came among them from the land of their deadliest foes; he spoke their language, and his face was pale like theirs. But he came with peace in his eyes and peace on his lips. He took hold of their rough red hands, and called them brethren; and their strong hearts grew soft at his words. And there they sat down and held sweet counsel together. There they burnished the silver chain of friendship bright; for the music of the good man's voice was peace. And their old men called him father, and their children, and their children's children called him father. No oaths were used in that covenant of peace, and none were broken.

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THE ECONOMY OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

HERE, for example, is a people that have been subjected to a foreign and despotic rule, which has become intolerable to them. They are penetrated with a sense of the wrong and outrage which are inflicted upon them. They arrive at the conclusion to wage a desperate struggle to shake off the yoke of their servitude, and to regain or acquire their freedom as a nation. Unanimity of will and purpose, a strong and common sentiment of the justice of their cause, the concentrated and enduring energy of the whole population, are indispensably requisite to give such a struggle a possibility of success. Now, then, what are their position and their prospects? What are their forces, and what are those of the despotic power with which they have to contend? They have the right and the will to defend it. The powerful Government that oppresses them has the wrong, and the military force on its side to maintain it. What, then, are the chances of the battle-field? In the trial by battle, right has not the slightest advantage over wrong. So the prime force of the oppressed people is virtually put *hors du combat* in the struggle; and their will falls to the ground powerless, with the weapons they lifted to sustain it. At the disastrous issue of brute force with their colossal oppressor, they fall, not half-way, but to a lower depth of depression than before. When they entered on the struggle, they felt the hazard of the fearful odds; they knew the issue would be doubtful; successful or discomfited, they expected to suffer great calamities; to sacrifice thousands of human lives; to consume the resources of the nation, and bring wailing, desolation, and ruin, to numberless homes. But so strong was the will of the people,

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that they tried "the hazard of the die" of battle, in face of these terrible and visible certainties. Now, then, let us suppose the same people, with the same deep sense of right, and the same unanimous will to maintain it, at the cost of any amount of suffering, shake off the yoke of the oppressor, and oppose to his power the mere moral or passive resistance of that will. Simultaneously, as at the declaration of war, every man, woman and child secedes from obedience to the despotic Government, and prepares for the consequences. No tri-colored banner is raised; no bodies of men are marched through the streets to the sound of martial music. The only battle-word of the nation is written on the door-posts of every house:—"*No political change is worth a single crime, or a single drop of human blood!*" The only soldiers employed are like the peasant-sentinels of Cassel, who watched over their fellows, lest oppression should make them mad, and, in a sudden trial of their patience, they might fall to an act or word of violence. Now what force can the despotic Government employ to subdue the will of that people, arrayed against it in this impregnable state of opposition? It has no moral force, that is clear; and every act of violence puts it more and more in the wrong; that is, increases its moral weakness, and the moral power and dignity of the other side. Its soldiery is powerless, because every breast in the nation is defenceless, and every man possesses his soul in quiet patience, and withholds his hand from the slightest act of violence. Its generals and officers can find no other field of glory or prowess than the scaffold, where they may superintend the hanging of a few leaders of the revolution, for exciting in the people a spirit of patience under oppression; for saying on the platform, or in the journals of the country—"Endure unto the end; but do violence to no man." How is this people to be subjugated? It cannot be hung, put in prison,

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or transported, entire, or by sections. A dozen or two, in every considerable town, might be hung, hundreds imprisoned, and hundreds exiled. Thousands might be spoiled of their goods. But all this loss of life and treasure, and calamity of other species, would not equal the bloody casualties of a single battle. Not a farthing's expense is imposed upon them by their own Government or leaders to sustain this struggle. No agricultural laborer is called away from the plough, no mechanic from the loom or the anvil. Every soldier's post in the conflict is in his own field, workshop, or counting-room; and every man of the people, and every woman and child that can endure, is a soldier. In these long campaigns of patience, there is no individual subjected to the despotism of military rule, or to the inequalities of the camp. The heroes of this warfare are those who have best ruled their spirits under the sharpest trials. The veterans to be remembered and rewarded, when the crown of their freedom is attained, are such as have given to the people the most illustrious examples of endurance of wrong, of a patience which oppression could not tire, of a capacity to rule their own spirits under the pressure of the most stinging provocations. Could the dignity, power and courage of the human will be combined and presented in a sublimer manifestation, than in such a spectacle? Here patriotism puts off self, and walks serene in the pure white robe of its majesty. Here the steady bravery of the human heart looks gigantic despotism in the face with an eye that makes it cower in the midst of its Cossacks. National independence! 'tis more than gained and guaranteed; that people has conquered it by its will. Democracy! it is already established, with attributes of popular sovereignty which ally it to Omnipotence. Democracy! that term falls below the dignity of this people's prerogative and power, even while the faggot blazes, and the block drips with the blood of their pat-

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riots and heroes, in every town and village of their land. The experience of ages has given a meaning to that word too gross and physical to describe the sovereignty and freedom of this self-governing people. With them it signifies not the brute force of the mass, not the capricious sway of its impulses, but "THE POWER OF GOD WITH MEN." With them it is true, for the first time in the history of humanity, "*vox populi est vox Dei;*" because the battle-word of their conflict and conquest is the sublime voice of His Gospel, "*Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good.*" Is there any man who aspires in his heart to see "*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,*" illustrated in the life and being of a republic? Here you have those conditions realized to the full. The armies of the aliens, the banded despotisms of the world, may encamp around such a nation; but they can no more withhold from it the freedom it has won by its capacity to enjoy it, than they can withhold the communion and friendship of the Holy Spirit from the individual soul that has worked out its own salvation with fear and trembling.

We do not believe that despotism, in any of its manifestations, has foes more decided and unwavering, or popular freedom and progress friends more earnest or efficient, than are the advocates of peace, on both sides of the Atlantic. For one, we trust that the last experiment to win liberty by the sword, to attain to the capacity and dignity of self-government, by unchaining and stimulating to frenzy the worst passions of the people, has been tried and found wanting. The fearful and sanguinary struggles of the last few years, we hope, will serve to this evidence, without a repetition of these terrible lessons. If there be any oppressed and aggrieved people, that are nourishing in their heart the determination to struggle again for the national being and freedom they have lost, there is only one way given under heaven

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among men by which they may reach the consummation of their longings; and that is, *Passive Resistance.*

AN "EXTREME CASE."

COLONEL SABRETASH, you have the reputation of being what is called a *brave* man, and you ask, with an air of triumph, what we would do with our peace principles in "extreme cases," in "foreign invasions," etc.; whether we would sit still and see our wives and children murdered before our eyes, and our houses burned over our heads? We will answer you after a Yankee fashion, by asking what you would do in certain "extreme cases" that might occur, with all your bravery? You belong to the American army, and are ready, you say, to march against any foe of your country, and avenge any insult or injury with their blood. Well, now suppose that Great Britain had perpetrated a long series of aggravated wrongs upon your country, until all its inhabitants should rise up and demand her punishment, with one heart and voice. Let us make the case as extreme as possible. Let us suppose Great Britain to be unmitigatedly guilty and incorrigible, and that a war is declared against her with all the solemnity of a sentence of death pronounced upon a murderer. You are the high sheriff of the nation, and are commanded to execute this sentence — to punish Great Britain for what she has done, not for what she may do. Declining to come to "execution's dock" to be punished, you are sent with a *posse* of 100,000 armed men to inflict the sentence upon her in her own habitation. You arrive in the harbor of Liverpool on a Sabbath morning — for your

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duties, you say, are paramount to the duties of religion — and draw up your force at the head of the quays. In the meanwhile the news of your arrival and attitude is communicated to the mayor and city authorities, whilst engaged at their devotions in church. Preceded by the mayor, they immediately wait upon you, and ask the nature of your commission. You reply after this manner: —

"Great Britain has perpetrated on my country a long series of the most aggravated injuries, which have been borne until 'endurance has ceased to be a virtue.' She has been convicted and condemned at the bar of American justice, and I have been sent to inflict the sentence of God and man upon her; for every minister in America has declared from the pulpit, that the voice of their people was the voice of God calling for vengeance."

The mayor and aldermen listen with profound solemnity to this serious communication, and when you have finished, the former thus addresses you: —

"You say that Great Britain has been found guilty of murder, arson, and other capital crimes, at the tribunal of your country, and that you are sent hither to execute the awful sentence of death upon thousands, whose blood can alone appease the vengeance of the American people, and of God, of whose wrath they claim to be the executors. Thus condemned at the bar of Divine and human justice, it does not become us to resist the execution of the law. This is one of Her Majesty's cities. Our population are assembled very conveniently for your purpose. They are mostly collected in our places of worship, praising and praying to the same God whom your countrymen worship, and whose recent tokens of grace encouraged us to believe, that He was not so angry with us as his hired servants in America have declared from their pulpits to be the case. Divide your army into companies,

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and despatch one of them to every house of God, under the direction of an alderman or guide, whom I will furnish for the duty. There you will find the inhabitants of the town conveniently grouped for execution. In the first pew is the minister's family, — a wife, a son of tender age, and two little daughters. In the next sits the oldest elder of the church, and by his side a son in the prime of manhood, and grandchildren ranged according to their age. Here are our councillors, statesmen, editors, merchants, sea-captains, and men, all proportionately responsible for the crime you allege against our nation. Pass down the aisles and bayonet as many men, women, and children as you think may fall to our share of suffering in this ministration of vengeance, human and Divine; and when the bloody work is done, fire as many of our chief buildings as you think necessary for incense to the human sacrifice, and then pass on from town to town, through the kingdom, doing the like in each, until the demands of justice are satisfied."

"But," resumes the mayor, "your men look too weary and spiritless for such a painful and arduous duty. Perhaps the ocean storms or English mists have quenched the fiery ardor of their eyes; or, perhaps, they have been put on short allowance for some days past, and need refreshment. Let them be marched to the market-place, where our wives and young daughters shall serve each soldier with food of their own hands' providence; and when your parti-colored regiments are well refreshed, let them begin their work, and pierce the bosoms of those who fed them like mothers, daughters, and sisters."

Nay, Colonel Sabretash, be not so impatient of the time, nor look with such uneasy air upon the ground. You are reputed a *brave* man, and wear a sword, a diamond-hilted sword, woman's meed of praise, perhaps, for running two Mexicans through the

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body at Monterey. You have been through many "extreme cases;" you are always talking about "extreme cases," and know well how to meet them. What would you do in the "extreme case" I have described? Consider well the conditions of this case. Great Britain, it shall be granted, is guilty of all the aggravated crime charged upon her. You are sent to execute judgment upon her for what she has done. The penitence of the criminal at the gallows is not to save him from the execution of the law, you say. Then Great Britain is as guilty in a *non-resisting* attitude as in one of open war; and you are bound, according to the justice of the sword, to execute sentence upon her, to follow the directions of the Mayor of Liverpool, and to slay at the altar and at the board spread for your hungry soldiers. Now what would you do in this "*extreme case?*" Could you run that sword of yours into the bosom of the Mayor, as a signal for the general execution? Could you bring your soldiers up to the slaughter of those who had resorted to the gospel mode of "repelling foreign invasions,"—feeding their enemies, and giving them drink; "aiding and comforting them," as it is described in that code which makes high treason of obedience to the direct precepts of Christ? What would you do? Nay, own it honestly—if you are a brave man—would not you and all your host "go backwards and fall on the ground," before such an array of the omnipotent principles of peace?

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THE POLICEMAN AND THE SOLDIER.

THERE is a broad, deep, dark river without a bridge between the policeman and the soldier, between all the agencies and enginery of war and those of civil government. Sophistry may seek to bridge that dividing river with an arch of fog, but the sunlight of truth must dispel the baseless fabric, and merge its framed subtleties into air. There may have been a time, in the barbarous infancy of civil government, when that river was narrower than at present; but even then, as now, it created a bridgeless division between police or penitentiary agencies and those employed in war. At the very beginning the former of these agencies were *souled* with a humane thought, which gave them a benevolent tendency and impulse. In every civilized country they have obeyed this inherent inspiration. In many countries this humane thought has wrought and wrought, like a spirit of heavenly grace, in police and penitentiary systems, until the State Prison has become, perhaps, the best barometer of the philanthrophy of the country. It has become even now an institution of merciful and benificent ministry to thousands — the very gate of salvation to souls arrested from the steep, broad road to ruin. The humane thought which *souled* it at first, will work on, and work out new qualities of mercy and goodness to man in the ministry of the Prison. And if the Prison — the end of human law, the theatre and limit of its severest penalties — has been thus gradually transformed, all its preliminary and auxiliary agencies have been equally affected by this transformation. Take the Police corps, for example, and you have a body of men set apart ostensibly for the public good, safety, and convenience. They are generally sedate, well-behaved men, courteous, and even kind to the people. They are pro-

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fessionally temperate and vigilant, and patrol town and country by day and night, for the prevention of crime and for the protection of life and property. In the dark and stormy watches of the night they try window-fastenings and door locks, to ascertain whether the slumbering inmates are secure from burglars; and this they do with apparent attachment to the interests of their multitudinous charge. Their cardinal function or duty is to save life, not to destroy it; to elevate, not to degrade public morals. The central idea of their establishment is a benevolent one, which must go on developing new phases and facts of philanthropy.

If the penalties of crime, as administered in the Penitentiary, shall be calculated and designed to work godly sorrow and transformation in the heart of the criminal, then we may believe that the police corps, in its *preventative* service, may not only be employed in preventing crime, but also in preventing the tendencies and extremities which lead to crime. Or, in other words, if it be now the policeman's duty to enter a building suspected of being a theatre for crime, it may, hereafter, be equally his duty and inclination to enter a squalid tenement suspected of being the scene of human want and suffering, for the purpose of arresting their desperate importunities by the vigilant charity of a paternal government. Thus he must merge more and more into the missionary of good and mercy to the poor, ignorant, and degraded.

Now, then, look at the soldier! He has been described by a celebrated English writer as "*a mere machine for murder.*" This term naturally strikes one as severe, when applied to a fellow-being, possessing an immortal soul, and sustaining individual and tremendous responsibilities before the Judge of all the earth and of all worlds, which no human legislation can affect. But no milder term can express the ostensible character and functions of that unfortunate being. There is no quality of mercy, no humane

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or moral tendency in his profession. The soul of soldiery, at the beginning, was a murderous idea, and all its tendencies and ramifications have been downward and demon-ward. His tools are all instruments of murder. There is not one of his "infernal machines" shaped, pointed, or sharpened for less mischief to human life than murder. The upshot and end of his drilling and discipline are murder. The value of his immortal soul, and of all the capacities of his being in time and eternity, is comprehended in the estimate of his worth as a mere machine for murder. As such a machine he is led forth to the slaughter, not as a lamb, but as a dumb gladiator, to kill whom he may be commanded to kill, without opening his mouth to any question of guilt or innocence. To run his bayonet through the bosom of the mother that bore him; to cut down his father upon the threshold of the home of his childhood; to redden his steel in a brother's blood, are possibilities imposed upon him by the terms of his bond, and the conditions of his oath, on becoming a soldier. The hangman who sends a human soul to the bar of God from the scaffold, can quote for the deed the strongest evidence of guilt against the criminal. But the soldier can derive no such opiate for his conscience, if conscience survive through his functions on the battle-field. Every man he shoots or stabs may be as innocent of the cause of the war as if he were born in the moon. Not the slightest assurance can he have, on selling himself into the machine state, that he will not be set like a blood-hound upon his own countrymen and neighbors, to silence their murmurs under cruel outrage, or stifle their audible breathings for freedom of speech and conscience. In almost every age and country he has been a mere thumb-screw of tyranny, ready at a moment's notice to work out its bidding against the people. If the people are to be robbed of the dearest prerogatives of their peoplehood; if the press is to be

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silenced, the pulpit barred, the right of petition and public meeting violated, the hired soldier is the machine for the business. If his conscience retain any other sensibilities than his cartridge-box and he shrink at his machine-work; woe to him! he may be hung for treason. The *machinery* of the soldier is not confined to the perpetration of mere murder. The end and aim of his profession are war. To this bloody consummation the line upon line, and precept upon precept of his discipline converge and determinate. And war has been denominated "*the concentration of all human crimes.*" To kill, steal, deceive, covet, bear false witness, to lie, break the Sabbath — to break all laws given by God and man, are the crimes of war. Crimes! nay; they are the *virtues* of war, the cardinal virtues of its moral code. The *concentration* of all human crimes? Then these human crimes must reach that concentrating point by converging lines. They must be trained somewhere to burst like bomb-shells on the field of battle. And this somewhere is that preparatory school of vice, the barracks. The receiving-room of this Institution is the gin-shop; the usher is the recruiting-serjeant. "Tall frames and low morality" is the motto of this official. If the morality of the candidates for this martial tutelage be above the enlisting point, he "*does*" them with beer or gin. "No person with nice scruples about religion" will make a mere machine for murder; none such are admitted, or retained after a declaration of such treasonable sensibility. The march of an army in war is said to be marked by desolation, fire, and blood. The preparation of an army *for* war, in the stillest times of peace also makes its mark upon the face of society — a kind of Cain-mark, a deep, dark trace of demoralization.

The policeman and the soldier are mutual antagonists in community. The one is a conservator, the other a corrupter of the public morals. The moral distinction between them grows wider

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and wider with the gradual development of humane ideas in civil government. The policeman is rising to the missionary of charity and benevolence; the soldier's soul is fettered to the low morality of war.

RECIPROCAL FAITH.

Reciprocal faith is the basis of all intercourse among gentlemen — faith in each other's integrity, honor, generosity, and sense of right and propriety. Without such faith no social intercourse could exist. Upon what terms could a social circle be maintained, if one of the number should claim to be the only true gentleman — and should treat all the rest as if they were, collectively and individually, all meanness, without integrity, honor, generosity, or sense of right or propriety? Not even two could walk together upon such a condition. In the social intercourse of nations we have a right to expect the most refined perceptions of honor, integrity, justice, and propriety. We have a right to expect that the courtesy of courts shall be based upon mutual respect and faith, and all those conditions of confidence which regulate the intercourse of gentlemen. And, with the exception of one gross and anomalous violation of the law of true honor, our expectation is not disappointed. The different ambassadors do, indeed, treat each other like gentlemen, like equals in rank, honor, integrity, etc. The different Cabinets of Christendom do the same. Through them, nations recognize in each other equals in rank, honor, justice, and humanity, and their in-

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tercourse is conducted upon the reciprocal faith which these qualities inspire. What a violation of all the laws of justice, common sense, and decency it would be for one ambassador to treat another daily as if he were in disguise, a pickpocket, highwayman, or devoid of all honor, justice, or sense of propriety. What greater insult could be perpetrated upon a nation, than to treat their representative in this fashion? Common sense and propriety repudiate such conduct as unworthy of civilized society.

Still, however punctilious nations are in the observance of all the conditions of international courtesy and intercourse, they are all addicted to one hereditary habit of deportment towards each other, involving the grossest breach of honor, justice, and propriety. This habit is the suspicion of felony, dishonesty, highway robbery, arson, sacrilege kidnapping, rapine, and the sum of all villanies, in every other nation. The terms of this indictment are pretty much the same on both sides of the Atlantic and of the English Channel. In America the popular sentiment is expressed in this way:—"If the United States should disband their army and dismantle their navy, Great Britain would be down upon us, and burn our cities and make us slaves." But go from Maine to Texas, and you will not find a man who would not spurn the idea that Canada would incur any danger of an invasion from the United States merely by being left without a soldier or a field-piece. In England you everywhere meet that hereditary presentiment or prophecy—"If we should disband our army and dismantle our navy, France would be down upon us and take away our liberties," etc. Perhaps it may be safely assumed, that half of the annual appropriations in France for their war establishments, is occasioned by a similar suspicion of the malicious designs of England.

Now let us arrest and try this universal suspicion or presenti-

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ment of "foreign invasion." It is certainly an impracticable thing to certify to what other nations would do in such and such cases, but we can come at what our own would do, under similar circumstances, by the dictates of our national conscience, of which our private one is an element and faculty. The question is between England and France. We take the honor, justice, and generosity of the latter at the estimate which England herself has established in their international intercourse. And that estimate recognizes no difference in the rank of national morality, to the disadvantage of France. England admits that France is her equal in honor, justice, and generosity, and would be no more liable to violate the laws of either than herself. There is nothing in their past history to show any difference in this respect, in favor of England. During the last 700 years she has been at war with France 200 years, carrying over the territories of France all the havoc of "foreign invasion." The people of France, then, have as much ground for the presentiment that "if they should disband their army, and dismantle their navy, England would be down upon them and take away their liberties," as the people of England can have for the same presentiment with regard to a foreign invasion from France. Let us try the Frenchman's suspicion before an English jury. The guilty proposition covers this ground:—

"France has disbanded her army, and dismantled her navy and fortifications; every cannon is dismounted along her shores. Her soldiers have all been sent back to the field and workshop. There are none within her borders to learn or to teach the art of war any more. France rests upon the security of a good conscience toward all nations. The magnectic telegraph has been strung across the English Channel, and it communicates, in the twinkling of an eye, to the English Parliament the defenceless

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attitude of their old neighbor. A Cabinet Council is held without delay. Next morning the Premier brings in a Government plan for a sweeping invasion of France. She is defenceless, and he urges that consideration alone in favor of the enterprise. France, says he, is perfectly within our power. We can easily overrun her territory, burn her cities, sack her temples, destroy her shipping, commerce, and manufactures. We can rifle all her banks, bring away all her wealth, make all her men hewers of wood, and enslave all her women. 'Let slip the dogs of war.' Let all our fleets and armies be concentrated against our old 'natural enemy,' and annihilate her for her confidence in our honor, and sense of right and justice."

Can we mistake the verdict of an English jury in such a case? Is there a man, woman, or child, prince or peasant, born within the compass of the British empire, whose cheeks would not burn with the reddest blush of shame, if it could be proved that the nation were capable of the acts involved in this suspicion of the popular mind in France? Could a nation be reduced to a more degraded reputation than to be suspected of the capacity of perpetrating such cold-blooded villany as that which must be proposed by an English Premier before the presentiment we have noticed could be realized? Would not every true-hearted Briton prefer to see his sea-girt isle sink fifteen cubits beneath the ocean, than to have it crimsoned with guilt unknown to the blackest records of human depravity?

Then does not this verdict condemn, with equal justice and evidence, the guilty mischievous suspicion that if England should disband her army and dismantle her navy, France would be down upon her with all the havoc of a foreign invasion? Go to any city or village in France, and try this suspicion at the bar of public opinion, and the same verdict of unqualified condemnation will be

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returned. Then why shall the substance of the people of Christendom be devoured, and the fruits of their industry be thrown into the bottomless gulf of war expenditures, as a suicidal sacrifice to a suspicion more groundless than the baseless fabric of a vision?

THE DANGER OF FOREIGN INVASION.

A stereotype series of "extreme cases" has been arrayed against the practicability of the peace principle. When war is denounced as a sinful waste of life and treasure, and as foolish as wicked, the old question comes up, in a tone of indignant surprise — "what would you do if the French, British, or Americans should land an invading army on our coast?" — or more generally, "what would you do, if a ruffian should spring upon you in the night, while you were asleep in your bed, or travelling alone in a dark wood? Would you not endeavor to kill or disable the murderous assailant? If so, may we not defend our nation's existence, honor, or interests, on Waterloo, Austerlitz, or Bunker Hill?" Let us examine, for a moment, this position, and see wherein nations are like individuals in moral character, mutual relations, liabilities to assault, temptations to assail, or in any of the casualties to which private parties are exposed.

The family circle of Christendom embraces about a dozen nations, capable of waging war with each other. Were it not for this masculine capacity, we might call them twelve sisters; but in their present attitude and disposition, it would be more proper

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to call them twelve male neighbors; ranking in the power of position perhaps in this order: England, France, United States, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Spain, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Portugal, and Belgium. These twelve nations are twelve individuals, in thought, word, action, interest, character, and position, though millions of minds, hearts, and hands, think, feel, and act in each. They are very respectable individuals. They profess and manifest "a nice sense of honor." They treat each other generally like gentlemen of fine sensibility; with punctilious etiquette. They recognize in each other equals, peers in the order of nations, and rank of morality. They are connected by every kind of relation calculated to produce mutual amity and good understanding. Each has a large household, and each household a multitude of wants, which cannot be supplied without a daily exchange or trade with all the rest. This is not all. To promote and preserve an uninterrupted amity, each family sends a beloved son to live constantly in the bosom of every other family of the circle; to be there not so much a guest as a constant inmate or member; and there he personates the dignity and disposition of his father's house. The central idea of this social economy is this: that these twelve national individuals, or individual nations, may virtually live together under one roof, gather around one hearth, around one table, and constitute one family circle. Thus France, the United States, Russia, Prussia, and the rest of the individual nations enumerated, virtually live under the same roof with England, through their respective ambassadors at the court of St. James. Now, wherein do the relations subsisting between these twelve families resemble those which subsist between 30,000,000 of individuals living under one and the best government on earth? What resemblance in variety of character, circumstances, and disposition, can you trace between the two parties to be compared?

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In the first place, these thirty millions embrace almost as many varieties of moral character, ranging from men of the highest moral and intellectual eminence, to the most depraved of human beings, who live professionally by crime. But, in the case of the twelve individual nations, there can be only twelve varieties of character, position, and circumstances; and the lowest of these cannot sink below the line of self-respect, or the respect of the rest of the fraternity. A nation cannot play the highwayman, the midnight arson, or robber, and conceal its crimes. It cannot hide by day behind a hedge, or prowl in the forests, or abscond, or change its name or dress.

Let us assign to every individual of a nation a circle of ac quaintance embracing a thousand of his fellow-citizens. These persons have either seen or heard of him, or traded or corresponded with him, and are rather friendly to him. Well, then, of the thirty millions of his countrymen, twenty-nine millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand will have no more personal acquaintance or correspondence with him than if he lived in the moon. They will live and die without the slightest knowledge of his existence. At the distance of ten or twenty miles from home, he finds himself in a world of strangers. Now, can any people or country, in the family circle of nations, be placed in a situation similar to that of this individual? There is not a government on earth that does or can guarantee a subject against assaults upon his person or property, or promise to arrest or punish the assailant, or even to prevent him from perpetrating the same outrage upon others. Take the English Government, for instance, and let us see what it can do for the security of life, property, and personal rights, with all its vigilance, care, and power. Its police force is diffused through the realm, and men with leather-topped hats are patrolling its towns, villages, roads, and lanes, by day and

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night, to prevent crimes, and arrest criminals; to watch over the lives and property of the people. Yet, notwithstanding the lynx-eyed vigilance of this constabulary force, it would be a low estimate to suppose, that one thousand British subjects in these islands are daily assaulted, insulted, abused, maltreated in person or property, or at least compelled to receive from their fellow-subjects what would constitute a *causus belli* if perpetrated by one nation upon another. Perhaps half of these violent individuals are arrested by the police and daily punished. Suppose, even, that not one of them escapes the hand of justice, and that a severe punishment is sure to reward every breach of the peace. Even in that case, could the Government guarantee any subject against "extreme cases" of assault, injury, insult, and other maltreatment? Surely not. After all it can do for the protection of the lives and property of its subjests, every one of them is at least a thousand times more exposed to "foreign invasion" of his rights, to "extreme cases" of outrage, injury, and insult, than is his nation to similar treatment from foreign countries. Logically, there ought to be thirty millions of nations, with thirty million varieties of moral character, to bring one of them into the same danger of extreme cases of injury to which every individual in the United Kingdom is exposed. By that rule, every British subject would run thirty million chances of "foreign invasion," where his nation ran one. But, by the statistics of violence and crime, who will say that he is not at least a thousand times more exposed to outrage, insult, and abuse, than is his country, notwithstanding all a vigilant government can do for his security? Then why does he not avail himself of the argument he institutes in favor of "national defences," and go armed to the teeth for his own personal defence? If self-preservation be the first law of nature, why does he not carry with him a loaded pistol newly primed to the market,

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to church, to bed? Upon whom or what does he rely for safety in his walks abroad or at home? Not upon his government, surely; for, after all its vigilance and care, he knows, by the daily records of outrage, that he is a thousand times more exposed than is his country to extreme cases of injury and insult. Whatever he may say about "national defences"—"wooden walls"—"long ranges"—iron "peace-makers," for his country, he himself reposes for his personal safety upon the protection of Divine Providence and the disposition of his fellow men. If this sentiment of security assume a more religious tone, he derives it from a "conscience void of *offence* towards God and man." If this sentiment of security be a virtue, it is a very common one, and, perhaps, almost hereditary in every individual. At least it ranks among the most ordinary of human virtues. Then why may not a nation exercise this faith, and practise this virtue of individuals of even low morality? Why should a family circle of a dozen nations, all co-partners in a common commerce, all inter-fraternized in the way described — why should they deform their mutual attitude and belie their social intercourse, by each taking his neighbor fondlingly by the beard with one hand, whilst he sharpens a dagger for his fifth rib with the other?

THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

UNDER the attraction of the centripetal or social principle of humanity, the numerous tribes and provinces of the civilized

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world have been peacefully absorbed into a few large circles of society. And these, in their turn, are gravitating into a union, into a brotherhood of nations, which, in the language of Lord John Russel, must ere long render a war between them as unnatural and barbarous, as a resort to arms would now be regarded between Brussels and Antwerp, York and Durham, or New York and Boston. At the present moment, there are but few more complete, independent nationalities in Christendom, than existed on the island of Great Britain during the heptarchy. Even now, England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and the United States — a family of half a dozen nations — have absorbed nearly all the moral, political, and commercial power and wealth of the civilized world. These great States determine the questions of peace and war between civilized nations; for no war could occur in Christendom without their participation or consent. Here, then, we have all the various tribes, races, and communities of the civilized world virtually reduced to six great nation-families. Now, to arrive at the first stage of that condition of peace and brotherhood predicted by inspired men of other ages, these six nation-families must be connected by the relations, united by the intercourse, attracted by the social affinities, and governed by the laws of order, which produce the harmony and good-will existing between six highly cultivated private families, who are living upon terms of the closest intimacy with each other. Bring them into this condition of relationship and intercourse, and everybody must concede that they could not entertain the unnatural and barbarous idea of going to war with each other, to settle any difference that might arise between them. Let us illustrate the condition which, every rational mind must acknowledge, must preclude both the idea and possibility of resorting to arms for such a purpose.

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Let us suppose that there are on the island of Great Britain only six large families, each living at the distance of a hundred miles from its nearest neighbor. The respective heads of these families are persons named *England, France, Germany, America, Italy, and Russia.* They live on terms of the closest intimacy with each other. They follow different occupations. One is an agriculturist, another a manufacturer, the third follows the sea, the fourth is a miner, and deals in iron, coal, copper, etc., each producing something which is indispensable to the comfort of the rest. Their intercourse increases yearly, with the increasing members and wants of their respective families. Every day in the week, a waggon, loaded with manufactures or produce, arrives at the warehouse of each, from each of the other five houses, and is followed by its family carriage, filled with its members, who have come on a friendly visit. Daily these six families become connected by new relations. They intermarry their children, or send them to live permanently in each other's houses. They become co-partners in business, and invest their capital in each other's prosperity. They try to diminish the distance which divides them. They construct railways and electric telegraphs, and carry their means of communication to such a perfection, that they can whisper short messages of business or good-will to each other across the square of one hundred miles, or call in after dinner, take tea, and return home the same night. To make the union and intercourse more complete, each sends a beloved son to live permanently in the family of every other member of the circle, not only as a proof of fraternal friendship, but as the representative of the whole family which sent him. In other words, they try to live permanently under each other's roof by proxy.

Here, then, we have the model of a society, based upon all the relations, embracing all the harmonies, that can connect and

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cement a circle of private families. Bring the six great nation-families of Christendom into this condition, and perhaps every one would concede that the time had arrived when they might properly "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." But have they not already been drawn into the sphere of this condition by the attraction of that social principle to which I have adverted? What relation have I described as existing between the different members of this circle of private families, which does not exist, in far greater completeness and strength, between these six nations? Let any one answer who can. Is it said that they were the only families on the island, and were obliged, by irresistible necessity, to trade with each other? But are not these six nations compelled to trade with each other, not only by the same, but by a stronger necessity, created by a difference of climate, soil, and capacity of production, which does not exist in Great Britain? Their social intercourse was intimate, because the first want and predilection of human nature is *society*, and they could not satisfy that want without friendly intercourse with each other, because there were no other families on the island. But are not these six nations in the same condition, but aggravated by a more intense emergency? Are they not subject to a stronger necessity of mutual and friendly intercourse, and are there any other nations on the island of humanity with which they may associate? Go to London, Paris, Hamburg, Berlin, Rome, or St. Petersburg. Take the census of the hotels, of the watering-places, of the steam-packets on the Atlantic, on the Mississippi, the Rhine, the Danube, or the Loire, and see if these nation-families do not feel and obey the same necessity of social intercourse as that between the private families I have described. As a permanent bond of union, as a right hand of fellowship, each of these families places a beloved son under the roof of every

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other member of th circle, to watch over their mutual peace and harmony; to communicate kind words and wishes; to explain, or receive friendly explanations of all unhappy incidents of deportment which may transpire in their intercourse. But has not each of these nations a representative for the same object at London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Washington? But, it may be observed, these private families are bound by law to keep the peace. Then release them from all law and make the most of the argument. If not a single legislative act existed to regulate their intercourse, could it be possible for them to think of resorting to arms to settle a difference, whilst connected by such relations? If there be no positive law or solemn treaty in existence to regulate the intercourse and transactions of these nations, then the blame of such an abnormal condition rests upon themselves. But these intimate, vital, and inevitable relations which exist between them, even without international law or treaty, should render the very idea of war between them insane and preposterous to the mind of every rational man. Do they not every year congratulate themselves on the increasing strength and variety of these relations, and express a wish and intention to multiply and strengthen them? Then why refuse to accept the conditions which these relations prescribe, by maintaining immense military armaments in preparation for war with each other, to settle any difference whatever?

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NOW.

TIME and Providence, in all the vicissitudes and events which mark the experience of individuals, or measure the progress of nations, bring but one *now* to man, or to any human enterprise. Every great event or undertaking, that has blessed the world with its beneficence, has had its own peculiar *now*; its own providential preparation of the popular mind for its reception and fruition; its own contemporaneous coincidence of auspicious circumstances, co-working to facilitate its realization. And if the present year is not the *now* which God has given us for the consummation of the hopes we entertain and the measures we propose, that *now* will come; "for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it." It will come; but not by observation. It will come; but the star of its advent will be recognized only by a few shepherds longing and looking, with skyward eye, for its appearing. It will come; but the faith of the few will only discern and hail its approach, while the million will persist in their incredulity, and ask in derision, "where is the promise of its coming?" What was true in regard to the great event of this year, will be true in reference to the more august reality towards which we look and labor. Who discerned the fact, that this year was the *now* of the Great Exhibition? Was it the spontaneous and universal conviction of the public mind, that the set time had come for this magnificent demonstration in the Crystal Palace? No; its advent was comprehended by the faith of the few. Even to them it did not come by observation. They did not walk by sight or certainty. They had no pathometer wherewith to test the sentiment of the world towards their proposition. It was not in their power to feel the

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pulse of the divided populations of the earth, to ascertain whether their multitudinous heart beat in sympathy with the idea of this grand gathering of the nations. And without this spontaneous sympathy of the people of different lands and languages; without the animated consentaneous co-operation of their best will, genius, and activity, no human legislation could have produced the event which now fills the mind of the world with delight and admiration. How, then, did the princely author of this monarch-thought of the age, and his dauntless coadjutors in the conception, ascertain that its *now* had come? that the mind of the world was ripe and ready for its realization? that the predilections of peoples and the pathway of Providence were in happy conjunction for this brilliant consummation? The circumstances under which they put out their great thought, are full of instruction and encouragement to our faith. Ten years ago, there were no interests in the commonwealth of nations so mutually antagonistic, so jealous of competition, so adverse to reconciliation, so ambitious of precedence, or determined to rise on the ruins of another, as the mechanical and agricultural industries of the different populations of Christendom. Years of elaborate legislation had arrayed these interests against each other in lynx-eyed and tireless hostility. The artisans of one country were taught to regard their brethren of the spindle, hammer, and spade of another as their natural enemies in the battle of life and labor. They were taught to conceal their skill; to lock away their mechanical genius in close, dark laboratories, lest it should be purloined by foreigners. "*No admittance here except on business*" was written, in barking, bull-dog capitals, over their factories and workshops. Abundant admittance to *buy*, but none to *learn*, was the meaning of this threatening monition. Even to the first day of 1851, the jealous tariffs of different countries seemed "like lime-twigs set to catch" and cripple the

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thought of bringing the arts and sciences of all nations into one Central Palace of Peace and Concord. In addition to this circumstance, a deluge of angry agitation was rolling over the continent of Europe. During the last months of 1850, thousands and tens of thousands of the well-skilled artisans of Prussia, Austria, and other German States, had laid down the peaceful implements of their handicraft, and were training their fingers to the bloody trade and weapons of war. And was this the time? was this the juncture of favoring opportunities for the Great Exhibition of the Arts and Industries of all nations? So its originators believed. Against the mind of the million they believed it steadfastly. To their faith, the *now* had come for the complete realization of the magnificent conception. Unaided by legislation, with no governmental power or authority to lean upon, they sent out their idea, dovelike, among the divided populations of the earth. It dropped into the hearts of peoples like a still small voice of Divine Inspiration. It permeated the minds of the masses, and touched the sympathies of the finest issues. It worked upward into the highest ranks of human society, and downward into its lowest conditions; and pervaded and united all with the common sentiment, that the great day of UNIVERSAL LABOR had come, when it was to be crowned with glory and honor, and the homage of potentates and peoples. Away upon the sea, to distant islands and continents, flew the summons of that thought; and the sons of toil of every handicraft, and clime, and color, opened their hearts to its message; and it thrilled their fingers with such ingenious activities as never before wrought in the mechanical creations of human skill. The great day of LABOR had come. The queen of all the earthly conditions of humanity was to be brought to her throne, with kings and queens as her train-bearers, with shoutings of grace and glory to her sceptre from the many-tongued myriads of her sub-

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jects. Labor, patient, peaceful Labor, that from the closed gates of paradise went forth weeping into the wilderness of life, and tracked it with the red pathway of her bleeding feet; Labor, that had made bricks without straw in Egypt, and lain pale and hungry, and begged for crumbs on the door-stones of palaces, which her blistered hands had filled with dainties which the eye and appetite of ungrateful luxury could not enjoy; Labor, that had walked and worked her way through the barbarisms and feudalisms of the past, with the fetter-prints of bondage still fresh and crimson around her limbs; meek, lowlyminded Labor had come to her immortal *now*, to the day of her august coronation. And her lowly men of might, who bore in their sunburnt foreheads and in their horny hands the dusky signets of their loyalty, felt that her day was come. And with a new sentiment of dignity, the pearl-divers of distant seas, with strong and downward beat, descended to deeper fathoms of the ocean's depths, and searched its shining bed for "gems of purer light serene" than ever shed their lustre on regal courts; the diamond-diggers of different zones hunted with new ambition for the costliest stones of the earth's treasury to stud the coronation jewellery of Labor; and the trappers of frozen regions, and the fishermen of the poles, the men of the mines of deeper fathoms than the sea; the diggers and workers of all the precious and useful metals and minerals which the earth contains; the workers of the spindle, shuttle, and needle; the artisans of hostile countries forgot their nationality in the sentiment of the dignity of their common condition, and all wrought, with the highest enthusiasm of their genius, to bring the masterpieces of human art to the crowning of Labor. And the kings and queens of the earth felt that the first jewels of their crowns owed their lustre to Labor, and they brought them forth to shine among the gems of her coronation, in the great Temple of Peace

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and Concord. And the first queen of the world acted as bridesmaid at the royal robing of Labor, and in the sight of the congregated nations she set the tiara of the world's homage on her brow, and gave her, a glorious bride, to the dignity of universal humanity, as the first-born and fairest of the earthly offspring of Omnipotence. And who among the thousands that filled, or the exulting millions that surrounded, the Crystal Temple on that august occasion, could doubt that its illustrious *now* had come, with its world-full of finger-prints and finger-guidings of Divine Providence; with its favoring sympathies beating fellowship in the bosom of nations; with attractions and unprecedented opportunities for the realization of this magnificent scheme of peace and human brotherhood?

But the result of this grand experiment has a bearing upon our efforts and expectations far beyond the value and significances of an illustration. The wonderful demonstration which has congregated the peoples of the earth in fraternal fellowship in yonder Crystal Temple of Peace, is not a mere collateral event, by which we may prove the existence and force of a current of public sentiment running parallel with that which this Congress represents. Great as are its triumphs, immeasurable as may be its consequences, it did not transpire on a line of human progress which may, in some dim, distant future, converge into the road which we are pursuing. No; the lines of the Great Exhibition and the annual Peace Congress of Christendom have already merged into the same highway of peace and human brotherhood. It is not our doing. It is the work of Divine Providence, and it is "marvellous in our eyes." It is not our saying. Let no one charge us with the ambitious assumption of this fact. Others have said it for us; others of the highest authority, and in the audience of the listening world. At the grand inauguration in the Crystal Palace,

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on the 1st of May, Prince Albert declared to the assembled thousands of different kindreds and climes, and to the millions of Christendom who caught responsive the echo of his words, that "the undertaking had for *its end* the promotion of all branches of human industry, and the strengthening of the bonds of peace and friendship among all nations of the earth." Peace, permanent and universal; peace, rooted in the well-being of nations; peace with its tendrils clasping all the sensitive and nourishing fibres of human industry; peace, interwoven with the mutual affections and interests of the peoples of the earth, is the object of the Congress of Nations, now holding its pacific sessions in the Crystal Palace. All the ideas and associations connected with the event merge into this grand object and result. The originators of this demonstration, and those who glory loudest in its triumphs, claim for it, as its highest honor, this result. Their fervid orators, in the glow of enthusiastic eloquence, point to the Great Exhibition, and say, this is the true Peace Congress. They claim for it the character and object of our annual Peace Parliament of the People. They promise to realize the result for which we labor; to be first at the goal, and carry off the prize. They do not say that they are against us, or competing with us in a parallel race-course, but that they are far in advance of us, on the same high-road, toward the object of our efforts and aspirations. Then, what becomes of the charge that we are going too fast and too far, when the originators of the Great Exhibition are almost boasting that they have taken the cause of peace out of our hands, and are carrying it forward to its final consummation with railway speed, because that our expectations and progress are so slow? The world, almost without a dissenting voice, admits that the set time had come for this event; that the preparation of the popular mind of Christendom was complete for the realization of this scheme,

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even beyond the boldest expectation of its originators. And it had but one single end from the beginning; and that was peace. Let us grant it gladly and gratefully. That is the only end of our annual Peace Congress. Then will not the sympathies and activities of nations, and the co-operation of Divine Providence, which have crowned their undertaking with such mighty success, accrue to the realization of our aim and efforts? If their *now* has come, with such a superabundance of happy circumstances, can ours be far off? We trow not.

THE POWER OF PEACE.

THE beauty of peace has been acknowledged in all generations and communities of men. Its beauty and loveliness have been seen and sung by Pagans and Christians, in all ages. Peace! among the painted Indians of North America, peace was the smile of the Great Spirit, that beamed for a moment upon the green earth like a dream of light. Peace in the Christian world has been long regarded as an accidental and temporary condition intercepted between two periods of war; a transient, precarious lull in the tempest of human passions, which is to sweep periodically over the world. Peace! it has been deemed a small segment of time crowned with a rainbow, — bright, beautiful, but evanescent; — a short-lived serenity, foreboding a coming storm; in short, a season given to nations, in which they should prepare for war. And for war the Governments of Christendom are still

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preparing, as if it were the only normal condition of nations, and peace an unfrequent and uncertain exception in their experience. Peace! "Oh, it is all very beautiful. Yes, it is all very well. It will do very well in the Millennium, but we cannot expect it to be permanent and universal this side of that happy period." If peace were merely a thing of features, a marble image of beauty, or a living embodiment of face-loveliness, then, indeed, would its sceptre be a straw, and its sway a dreamy fiction, even in these later days of civilization and Christianity. But peace is not that thing; no, not that thing. Light is beautiful, but it is not beauty. It is not a luminous incident, or a fitful and pleasant circumstance to this earth. Behind the light there is something of which it is the reflection; there is a mighty faculty, an irresistible heart-power, that does something more to the world than *shine* upon it; an overcoming power, before which sea-faring icebergs melt in southern seas by night, when there is no sun, nor moon, nor stars visible in the heavens. And, like light, peace is beautiful, but not beauty. Behind peace there is something, of which it is the reflection, — an irresistible heart-power, which does something more to the world than *shine* upon it; an overcoming power, before which incarnated icebergs melt in the southern seas of human existence; before which iron-hearted warriors and the multitudinous and stubborn wills of great nations melt; before which the fierce natures of lions and tigers, and the sharpest-teethed creatures of the jungle and forest, melt to the mood and fellowship of frisky lambs. Behind the light is the sun; and light is the *beauty*, but heat is the *power* of its sunhead. Behind peace is love; and peace is its *beauty*, but heat is its *power*, its melting power, which neither Caffre, nor cannibal, nor painted savage, nor anything with heart of flesh and blood, nor will steeled with wicked purpose, nor the great governments and com-

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munities of the world, swayed by sceptre or democratic symbol can resist. Love is God's power, the concentration of his omnipotence, — his overcoming power. The great Incarnation of his Love on Calvary was also the sublime Manifestation of his Power, whereunto every knee shall bow and every tongue confess: and the knee and tongue of nations shall do it most reverently, too, in the good time coming. On Calvary, the two great powers of the universe were brought into presence, as the French say — into active antagonism for the supremacy. On the Cross, God opposed to the aggregated malignities of mankind and demonkind from the creation, his Love. They, in their turn, oppposed Hate, the mother of murderers and of all the minor malignities. To their Evil he opposed Good. On the eve, as it were, of the grand conflict between these two forces, the Son of his Love and Power, the Captain of his Salvation, gave this battle-word to the soldiers of the Cross in all ages: "*Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good.*" To make the direction clearer, and to reduce the principle to practice, he said again, "*If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.*" What could be plainer or more natural? To evil oppose good, because God does it. To hate oppose love, because God does it; and because love is the power of God, and hate is the power of the prince of darkness, the father of lies and murderers. The professing Christian who pits hate against hate, evil against evil, reviling against reviling, goes over to the enemy; he takes upon him the enemy's uniform and tactics. He strengthens the enemy's power, which is arrayed against the power of God.

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ARMED NEGOTIATION.

When we look a nation in the face and speak to it, we address it as a *Government.* That is the title by which each is known and approached. In that capacity it moves, acts, and is respected at home and abroad. We see in it the embodiment of legislation, the administration of law. It personates a Supreme Court of Justice, to which every individual in the State is amenable; aye, more than this — to which the State itself is amenable — its Sovereign, its president, its Parliament, its Judges, and its authorities. The most absolute monarch in Europe would hardly venture to appropriate to himself the vineyard or the windmill of the humblest subject, without compensation or leave. The Queen of England would hesitate even to close a footpath across a royal domain, which had been trod by successive generations of the people. Every one of these Governments represents and enforces the common law of the human conscience, which everywhere makes murder, lying, stealing, assault and battery, etc., crimes. Besides this, they hold and obey other laws in common, which are indispensable for the regulation of every civilized society — laws which evidently are the authoritative recognition and enactment of those natural principles of justice and equity to which the human conscience yields spontaneous homage. Thus, under all these Governments, it is not only a recognized principle of equity, but probably an established law of the land, that all commercial transactions, all compacts, covenants, treaties or agreements between individuals are "null and void" of obligation, if it can be proved that one of the contracting parties was under personal fear of the other, or was in any way restricted in the exercise of his free

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will in signing the agreement. We doubt not that this is not only a principle of equity, but a positive law in Russia itself recognized and enforced in the transactions of common life in that country. The justice of this principle is so self-evident, that it enacts itself into law in every civilized society; and it may be found in force and practice, even among the uncivilized barbarians. The Governments of Christendom make the validity of these transactions depend upon the proof or presumption that the negotiation and ratification were the acts of a sane mind and perfectly free will, uninfluenced by any threat, or hostile aspect, or attitude, uttered or assumed by either of the treating parties. This is a positive law, which these Governments not only enforce but *obey*, in their transactions with their subjects, — and obey with the same homage to its authority, as if it were the statute of a Supreme Court of Nations. Before this august law of equity, all distinctions and disparities of rank, position and power disappear, to a certain extent, as they do before the Throne of Eternal Justice. The State descends to an equal footing with its humblest subject. The British Government, with its armies and fleets, wishes the ground owned by a peasant, and occupied by his cottage. Then it treats with him as with an equal. It would be afraid and ashamed to make the presence or possession of its power to affect his volition, or induce him to part with his piece of land for a farthing less than he would demand of his peasant neighbor who asked its price. When the powerful sovereign of Prussia wishes to incorporate with his royal domain the site of a windmill, owned by a humble subject, he descends to a complete parity with him before this law. He consented that all his power and splendor, that all "the divinity that doth hedge about a king," that all the authority of his will, and all loyal reverence of his wish, should not, in the slightest degree affect the volition of the miller, or the terms of the negotia-

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tion for his piece of ground. Nor did Frederick regard this as an optional act, or a spontaneous impulse of generosity, but a requisition of legal justice. For when the miller stood out against his royal overtures, he went to law with him before the legal tribunal of the land; and, in the august parity of their positions before that tribunal, he was beaten; he lost his case, and relinquished the possession of the piece of land he desired, and even needed, to square or round out his Palace grounds. And that windmill to this day strikes out its bold arms manfully at the Palace of *Sans Souci*, in the triumph of this sublime principle of equity; and as a standing monument of an homage to that principle which is still regarded by every royal occupant of that Palace as ranking among the first honors of the Prussian Crown.

Such is the principle of equity and justice which every Government in Christendom has enacted into a positive law, which they not only enforce, but which they feel themselves honored in obeying, in transactions with their subjects. Now, then, we would respectfully ask any statesman or diplomatist of any country, however affected towards the policy of peace, if the practice of an "*Armed Negotiation*" between these Governments is not a direct, aimless, and aggravated violation of this principle and law of justice and equity? What is the object of this proceeding and attitude? Is it not to base the solemn and momentous treaties of nations upon the precise foundation which renders null and void, by their own laws, treaties and compacts between individuals? What else is it but a demonstration of physical force, intended to overawe or affect the free volition of one or both the negotiating parties; to *compel*, as they say, more favorable terms by the presence or augmentation of armies and navies? If the British, French, Prussian, or Austrian Government, while negotiating with a subject, hides as it were, from sight, its power, lest its very

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shadow should put him at disadvantage in the transaction, on what principle of justice or honor can those Governments negotiate with each other under arms? or make a show of force, intended to affect the arrangement? If we may use such a term, what is the policy, the expediency of that fundamental principle of equity upon which all valid transactions between individuals are based? It is, that the parties shall negotiate, not only in the exercise of unbiassed free will, but in good will, for their mutual and equal advantage; that the treaty or agreement may be ratified by permanent satisfaction. Then are not these conditions equally and indispensably necessary to the value and obligation of the important pacts between Governments, intended to regulate their intercourse and affect the interests of their subjects for generations? And yet we have statesmen, diplomatists, and conductors of public journals, and men of every talent and position, in every country, who advocate the support of large armies and navies, on the ground that they *compel favorable terms* for a nation in negotiating treaties, or other arrangements with foreign powers! To such an extent has this policy and practice perverted the moral perceptions of many men of intelligence and influence, that, at the conclusion of such a treaty, they permit themselves to exult aloud, in expressions like this: "We never should have secured such favorable terms, if it had not been for our army or navy; this comes from an '*armed negotiation;*' from having one or two hundred war-steamers and ships of the line! and two or three hundred well-trained regiments, to back our minister!" And these are *favorable* terms! and these are the conditions of an arrangement between Governments embodying and personating law! But the partisans of this policy admit the precarious tenure of obligations imposed and assumed under these circumstances. They virtually concede that the advantages obtained by a demonstration of brute

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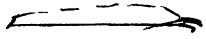
force must be retained by it; that treaties made in the threatening presence of armies and navies, render armies and navies necessary to enforce and perpetuate their authority.



THE GRAND CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

In time past and present, certain men of hopeful expectations, with eye and heart clear to the morning light of the "good time coming," have ventured to think it practicable for the leading nations of Christendom to convoke a Congress in which each should be equitably represented by a delegation of its most experienced statesmen, for the purpose of adopting some regulations which should relieve their social and commercial intercourse of many embarrassing restrictions, and tend to unite them in the bonds of peace and amity. Almost every writer on what is called international law, has testified, most clearly and strongly, to the anomalies and inconsistencies of that jumble of conflicting opinions and precedents which supplies the only code which now regulates the society and transactions of nations. These premature enthusiasts have thought that the highly civilized nations might be able and induced, in the progress of events, to convene such a body as this, and give it power to revise this code, and give it form and consistency, and adaptation to the wants of the age, and invest it with the moral authority which legislation can only give to law. Then there was another step beyond this result, which they believed might follow it. They fancied it would be equally feasible for the nations that had convoked this Congress, to constitute a permanent Court, a bench of two or three judges

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from each nation, who should interpret and apply this revised code in the adjudication of questions of controversy which might arise between them. Their chimera had this extent, no more; unless it were the idea that such a Congress might induce or suggest a uniformity of weights and measures, and of other regulations which simply affect commerce. They never desired or anticipated that such a Congress would at all trench upon the domestic institutions of any State; or affect its politics or internal economy at all. In reference to these prerogatives, it would be as sovereign and independent as before. If it wished to hug to its bosom the corn laws, slave laws, or laws abridging the freedom of speech or opinion within its dominions, it might do it to its heart's content. Only, in their transactions with each other, as sovereign and individual States, they were to regulate their deportment according to this well-defined code of international law, which they had jointly and severally adopted; and, in case of a serious difference, which they could not settle by negotiation, they were to refer it to the decision of the High Court of Arbitration or Equity which they had instituted. To be sure, many of these visionary men of peace hoped and believed that the influence of such a Congress and Court would not only prevent or amicably settle serious differences between these nations, but that it would tend to unite them by new ties of amity. Now, for harboring such ideas, these advocates of peace have been laughed at vehemently, as moon-struck theorists, laboring under an amiable hallucination. Still, many of the far-seeing and prudential class, who graciously drop a patronizing wish, alms-like, to a way-side idea of decent face, have conceded, charitably, that such a Congress or Court might be practicable in the millennium. No doubt that the propounders of these international arrangements have entertained elevated expectations, which they have not supposed could be realized in many

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years to come. But there was one anticipation which the most hopeful and sanguine of them never ventured to indulge. They never expected to see, in their day, such a radical and popular Congress of Nations, as that which has just commenced its pacific session of half-a-year in the Crystal Palace of the World's Industry in London. Here is an event which has boomed into the orbit of vulgar vision, like an unpredicted comet, eclipsing with its glowing train the small, pale, fixed star of peace and order they have looked for so wistfully to appear in the firmament of international society. Here is a Congress more democratic, ultra, and assuming, than any they ever dreamed of. The one that has occupied their imagination for years, was a small conservative body, convened in some neutral and unbiased locality, and carefully limited to a precise sphere of action, which should not touch with a feather's finger the internal economies and industries of the nations it represented. But here is a multitudinous Congress of nearly all the nations of the earth, convened in a palace city of crystal, in the metropolis of the world, opened with solemnities and circumstances unparalleled in the history of human assemblies. Instead of a body of three hundred sedate statesmen, here are congregated three hundred thousand men of all countries, kindreds, and conditions; artists, artizans of every craft, the aristocracy of mechanical genius, and the rough-hewing plebeians of noble labor. Persons and personages, from the first and foremost sovereign in Christendom, to the humblest operative in wood, glass, or iron, are taking part in the proceedings of this international Legislature of Industry. Who, of the visionary peace dreamers, ever fancied that their age would see such a Congress convened, of such a composition and character? What are the aim and upshot, the motive and tendency, of this most extraordinary Parliament of Humanity? Let us appeal to the noble author of the king-idea

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of the age. Says Prince Albert, on the sublimest occasion on which mere man ever spoke a speech:—

"This undertaking has for *its end* the promotion of all branches of human industry, and the strengthening of the bonds of peace and friendship among all nations of the earth."

Its end; not one of collateral objects; not an incidental tendency or result. Its only and specific end, to which all the means, motives, and circumstances of the Great Gathering of the Nations were to converge and determinate. How well defined, concise, and comprehensive! The whole compass of universal brotherhood is concluded in this end. The first hemisphere of this idea is "the promotion of all branches of human industry." Where? In Great Britian? No; "among all the nations of the earth." To impart all one has to give, and to receive all another has to communicate, of mechanical skill. To hold nothing back, but give it all into the common capital of the Commonwealth of Labor. To operate directly upon the domestic economies of all peoples; to effect their national habits and means of life, labor and locomotion! What a scope of action and influence have we here! Could any single national legislature undertake a work more comprehensive and radical in reference to the interests of a people exclusively within its special jurisdiction? But what shall we say of an International Assembly which has for its sole end "the promotion," the elevation, the advancement, the richer remuneration and revenue "of all branches of human industry among *all* the nations of the earth!" As the Divine command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself" is one, its end one, and its result one, to the experience of the human soul; so "the promotion of all branches of human industry, and the strengthening of the bonds of peace and friendship among all nations of the earth," are one, not *two*

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ends of this magnificent Congress of Nations. In the language of Prince Albert, these two results are merged into one integral condition. The realization of the first is the moon at its half; the realization of the other is the moon at its full; and when full orbed, does it not look down upon us with the symmetrical features of one benignant face of light? In "the promotion of all branches of human industry among all nations" we see the grand result half orbed; but in "the strengthening of the bonds of peace and friendship" among them all, we see it at its full. And when the full, the perfect has come, that which was in part is done away, as an object of our contemplation. We cannot see half the full moon's face alone, either with one eye or both. Do what we will, both hemispheres of the object simultaneously meet the vision. And so it is with thousands and millions of every clime and kindred, whose eyes are turned towards this cycle-event. They see its end full orbed. They see in its august and benignant countenance the face of Peace; and all do reverence to the living lineaments of this expression. Peace is palaced and enthroned in an edifice of crystal, to which the imagination can find no parallel, save in the vision of him of Patmos, who "saw the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven," with its walls of translucent gold "like unto clear glass." Peace, like a crowned presence, presided at the grand inauguration of her era on the 1st of May. The first sceptre of the world bowed homage to her throne on that day; and the congregated nations burnt at her feet the incense of that mutual good-will which shall extend and cement her dominion from shore to shore, from the river to the ends of the earth. The Archbishop of Canterbury made that dominion the burden of his supplication; and prayed that this might be the inauguration-day of her kingdom among men. The end of this sublime manifestation of good-will is recognized by

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all. Peace is the theme into which all the tributaries of public opinion, in reference to this event, converge and expand. Peace is the standing toast and topic at all the banquets at which the members of this Grand Congress of Nations assemble. "PEACE" is placarded on the walls, in capitals corresponding with the dimensions of her Crystal Palace. The proprietors of the Surrey Gardens are illustrating the great idea of the age, and are presenting nightly, to admiring thousands, Peace contrasted with War, in magnificent illuminations. Things that do not make for peace, nor comport with its symmetry, are removed from sight. We understand that the Waterloo Dinner at Apsley House is this year to be omitted, out of reverence to Peace, before whose conquests those of the "hero of a hundred battles" and his compeers in the field, pale into insignificance and oblivion.

Surely, the beginning of the end, described by Prince Albert, has come. The future is glassed in sublime apocalypse in yonder Crystal Palace. That mighty, translucent fabric is not a mirror, in which the past may see its face, and glory in the features of its offspring. No; it is a speculum, magnificent and vast, set in the threshold of a new era, through which the congregated nations may see the brilliant and blessed realities of that future predicted in other ages by the holy prophets of God.

MILITARY PROTECTION.

A VERY industrious simple-hearted peasant owned a little garden patch, which, with his persevering industry, yielded him-

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self and family the means of subsistence. His cabbages and other vegetables were in the midst of their luxuriant growth, when a trivial occurrence broke the peaceful monopoly of his mind, and filled it with restless solicitude. A roguish little rabbit had stolen into the inclosure, and finding the bean and pea leaves to his taste, nibbled his breakfast from them, day after day, without dreaming that they were cultivated for shorter-eared folks than he and his dove-eyed companions. So he bobbed about amid the delicious verdure of the unrestricted Eden, and daintily tasted of the choicest things that grew in it, cocking up his ears with delight when ensconced by some plant of peculiar relish. Rising earlier than either the sun or the peasant, his morning repasts were finished without interruption, and he had retired to ruminate in his hole in a neighboring wall, long before the poor man appeared, to detect the continued depredations of a guest that cooked and counted without his host. Annoyed at these surreptitious visits, which had destroyed nearly a shilling's-worth of his vegetables, the peasant determined upon summary measures. With that self-sacrificing spirit which is apt to distinguish the patriotism of the poor, he resolved to "repel this foreign invasion," and annihilate the cotton-coated intruder, cost what it might. To make the means commensurate with the end, he applied to a neighboring 'squire for his whole force of hunters, horses, and hounds, to expel the invader from his territory by "force of arms." The 'squire, willing to give the simple man a proof of his prowess, ordered the horn to be sounded early on the following morning; and the peasant was aroused from his bed by a squadron of horsemen thundering around his cottage, with the neighing of steeds and yelping of dogs chiming in with the tooting trumpets of the chase. At the summons of the 'squire, the simple rustic brought out all his provisions, his bread, beef, beer, and hams, to breakfast

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the hungry host. And when all his stock had been consumed, the charge was sounded. The foaming and fretting steeds fell into a line; "the dogs of war" were loosed; the watchword was given; the whole squadron came sweeping down through the garden, and the next moment every green plant and shrub it contained was trodden into the earth. The rabbit from his hole in the wall, and the peasant from the door of his cot, looked out upon the scene of desolation with astonishment and chagrin. The 'squire and his train disappeared, leaving the impoverished swain to ruminate upon the "costs of war," and the value of "*military protection.*"

The experience of every people that have enjoyed a "military protection," may find an illustration in the experience of this poor peasant.

TAXING THE COMMERCE OF HUMAN AFFECTIONS.

If there be one principle which, more than another, distinguishes the political economy of the United States from that of all other countries on the globe it is this: that the indispensable necessaries of human life are to be held safe and sacred from the griping pinch of taxation. There are certain articles of food which no Administration in this country would ever dare to tax, whatever might be the exigency to which we were reduced as a nation. Now, there is a precious article on which millions of poor men and women in the United States feed with an appetite as hungry as was ever satisfied with bread. It is that noiseless invisible communion with the friends and homes of their youth in the Old World, which can only be sustained by cheap manuscript correspondence across the Atlantic. We insist that this intercommunion

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of these sea-divided families is to them a necessary of the first urgency; and, in the name of religion, justice, and humanity, we ask that this necessary may be held as safe and sacred from taxation as the bread which these poor men and women earn and eat by the sweat of the brow. And who that has a heart alive to the susceptibilities of our social nature shall say that it is not a necessary! Not a necessary? Why, there are hundreds of poor decrepid old fathers and mothers in Ireland and Germany who sometimes put themselves on a short allowance of bread for nearly a week in order to obtain from the postman's hands letters from children across the sea. Of all the prohibitory tariffs imposed upon human productions, that which now presses like a mountain of ice upon the commerce of human affections is the most cruel and wanton. It involves what the most iron-handed fiscal restriction never did, a heavy tax upon the export as well as import of words of affection and loving remembrance. And are these words and thoughts, that make up the cheap currency of family and friendly intercourse, such idle luxuries, when friends and relatives are separated by the sea, that their transportation must be charged more per ounce, when written on paper, than the costliest jewels that ever shone in Oriental diadems? Let us contemplate for a moment taxes analogous to the present postal charges on the commerce of human affections, and see how they would seem to the eye and sound to the ear. For instance, now, *an excise duty on prayer!* How profane and abhorrent would such a proposition sound in our ears. A revenue tax, for the support of armies and navies, laid upon the voiceless upbreathings of a penitent heart to the God of all grace for mercy and salvation! How does that sound? An excise duty upon the silent thoughts that climb heavenward from the soul in its holiest hours of meditation! How do you like that? A postal tariff on the communing

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sympathies that seek to fellowship with God and sainted spirits in Heaven! Think of that. A transit charge on the flight of faith across the sea that divides the home and haven of its love from this inclement island of terrestrial existence! What Government would even dare to name one of these profane projects, though it came within its capacity to enforce it? But next to such a tax as this would be in cruelty and wrong is the present heavy tax imposed upon the intercourse of human hearts divided by the Atlantic; next to this is that crushing excise duty levied upon the widow's dying message to her son across the ocean. Next to this is the postal tariff on the transit of a wish, a word of loving remembrance from brother to sister, from wife to husband, from friend to friend, between whom roll a thousand boisterous leagues of sea.

PEOPLE-DIPLOMACY:

OR, THE MISSION OF FRIENDLY INTERNATIONAL ADDRESSES BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Among other signs of these latter times, which indicate the intimacy of social and friendly intercourse now existing, and daily increasing, between the great nations of Christendom, we would especially commend to the consideration of those who dwell with hope and gladness upon these tokens of promise, one which may have escaped their notice. This is, a kind of *people-diplomacy*, or a friendly correspondence between larger communities than ever before put themselves in direct communication with each other, in such social, natural, and neighborly fashion, upon the great in-

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terests of their mutual well-being. And, considering the object and aim of this extraordinary correspondence, the age in which it has originated, the social sympathies, tendencies, relations, agents and elements which it represents, and with which it co-operates, in perfecting the society of nations, it is well worthy of the attention and approbation of the public mind. Its first and fundamental object is, to bring the peoples of Christendom, as it were, face to face, hand to hand, in direct, free, and full communication upon matters which make for their mutual peace and prosperity; to do this especially when any mote of controversy arises between their respective Governments, which may be chafed into a rupture, if left entirely to unskilful or precipitate diplomacy, — or, in other words, to bring the popular sentiment and opinion of both nations to bear directly upon any question involving, in its solution peace or war, or any other vast and vital issue. Viewed in this aspect, and as only a beginning, as an informal experiment, of this popular diplomacy, which may expand into a great and well-organized system, in years to come, surely it cannot be unworthy the serious consideration of even the first statesmen and diplomatists of the present day.

This interesting system of interpopular correspondence was originated in 1846, in connection with the "Oregon Controversy" between Great Britain and the United States. The question at issue was of such momentous importance, and the solution so doubtful, in the hands of mere official or Governmental diplomacy, that the friends of peace readily and cordially adopted the proposition to bring the great and influential communities of both countries into direct correspondence on the subject of their mutual relations and dispositions. In accordance with this proposition, the large towns in Great Britain *paired* off, as it were, with similar towns in the United States, and sent them right brotherly

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letters, breathing with sentiments of friendship and amity; deprecating every expression of unkind feeling elicited by the controversy, and invoking their coöperation in bringing their respective Governments to an amicable adjustment of the difference. The responses from America to these fraternal communications were earnest, warm, and hearty, conveying frequently a touching tribute to the national attachment which still bound them to " the mother country." There is every reason to believe that these *Friendly Addresses* not only contributed greatly to the speedy and satisfactory settlement of the question at issue, but they also inspired a friendly feeling in the United States toward the people of this country, which will increase the intimacy of their intercourse, and strengthen its new ties of sympathy and good-will in years that are to come.

In 1847, this system of international correspondence was tried upon the French people with a result equally beneficent and beautiful. There was no controversy existing between the two countries at the time. Therefore, the *Friendly Addresses* were not to allay any hostile feeling, or any unhappy sensibility, engendered by some irritating circumstance; but to deepen and strengthen the sentiments of mutual confidence, respect, and amity. The first of these interesting communications was addressed by the people of Southampton to their neighbors across the channel of Havre. It was received with pleasant surprise, and responded to with warm and glowing sentiments of good-will; and other and larger communities in England followed the example of Southampton, and took part in this manifestation of friendly feeling toward the people of France. Large meetings were held in the principal towns, to give a stronger utterance and emphasis to the expression of this sentiment. At the conclusion of each of these meetings, a *Friendly Address* to some French town was adopted with en-

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thusiastic sympathy. Thus Manchester addressed Lyons; Liverpool, Marseilles; Birmingham, Bordeaux; Bristol, Brest; Norwich, Nismes; Sheffield, Strasburg; York, Rouen, etc. etc. The address from Liverpool to Marseilles was not only adopted at a large public meeting, but was afterwards signed by 25,000 adult men of that town. The response from Bordeaux to the Birmingham address was signed by 1,700 of the first and foremost men of that large commercial city. There is good reason to believe that the neighborly and amical feeling produced by this novel correspondence led the way, in a great degree, to the interchange of visits, and other international amenities, which have taken place since that time between the two countries.

About the commencement of the present year, however, almost before the arches of the Great Crystal Palace in Hyde Park had ceased to vibrate with the voices of nations which had seemed, "like kindred drops," to have really "mingled into one" in that grand reunion; while yet all its memories were fresh and fraternal in the hearts of millions in Great Britain and France, certain events transpired in Paris which suddenly produced in the United Kingdom what the present Sir Robert Peel denominated in Parliament "an ignominious panic," or fear of a French invasion. For months, the most able and influential English journals launched epithets and imputations against the French Government and nation, well calculated to sting a sensitive people to feelings of resentment. Under this extraordinary and impulsive emotion of the public mind, the Militia Bill was carried; and the fact was put forth, in unqualified manifestation, that the new belligerent attitude which Great Britain thus assumed in the family of nations, was directed exclusively towards France. This was clearly seen, and said, often with sharp and bitter speech, in the debates on the Bill on both sides of the House. Here,

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then, was a fitting and urgent occasion for resorting to that international correspondence which had been previously crowned with such beneficent results. The serious-minded portion of the community, who deprecated the expression of such ungenerous sentiments, and the sudden assumption of such a distrustful and hostile attitude towards the French nation, most readily and cordially adopted this medium of communication with the people of that country. In the course of a few weeks, more than fifty of the principal towns of the United Kingdom had *Friendly Addresses* to towns of similar position and influence in France, drawn up and signed, generally by the mayor, and other eminent citizens, including persons of all political parties and religious denominations. Thus the movement was a popular one; and the addresses may be regarded as a truthful expression of "the second, sober thought" and sentiment of the most influential communities in Great Britain, towards the people of France.

The manner in which these Friendly Addresses were presented and received, is described in the following narrative, taken from the private journal of the individual who was honored with the commission to deliver them to the different towns to which they were directed. It is a plain statement of facts, in connection with the discharge of this commission; but it may serve as a simple record in the history of a movement which may yet have a great and noble future in the society and well-being of nations.

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PRESENTATION AND RECEPTION OF THE FRIENDLY ADDRESSES FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE.

On Monday, the 16th of August, 1852, we left London for France, via Southampton and Havre, and arrived at the latter port on Tuesday, about 10 A. M., having between thirty and forty people-letters to nearly as many French towns. But among these there was none for Havre, owing to the delay which had attended the preparation of one addressed to this town from North and South Shields. We, however, occupied the day in calling upon different persons, among whom were the United States' Consul, Rev. E. E. Adams, M. Henri Monod, and others, who most cordially facilitated our objects. M. Monod gave us a letter of introduction to Pasteur de Melon, Caen, where we were to present the first of the Friendly Addresses.

On the following day, Wednesday, Aug. 18th, we took the steam packet for the old venerable city of Caen, where we arrived at 2 P. M. Here was to commence virtually the mission of the Friendly Addresses; and the result of the first overture was a matter of peculiar interest and expectation. How would these communications, addressed to the inhabitants of different French towns, by the citizens of foreign communities, be received? with ready cordiality, or with doubt and suspicion? What response would they elicit?—words of cold, constrained politeness, or warm and earnest sentiments of good-will? Much seemed to depend upon this first experiment. Soon after our arrival, we waited upon Pasteur Melon, who was full and overflowing with kindness and courtesy, and entered into the object of our visit with right hearty interest. After dinner, he took us to the residence of the

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mayor, but he was not at home, but presiding at a meeting of an Antiquarian Association in the city. The next morning, having made two more manuscript copies of the address from Chelmsford, so that there might be one for each of the three journals published in the city, we went with Mr. Melon to the mayor's; but, though it was quite early, he was again at the meeting of the Antiquaries, being himself a distinguished *savant* in that, as well as other departments of philosophical research. We ventured to proceed to the Museum, where the meeting was held, and to solicit an interview; and, although in the midst of interesting deliberations, over which he was presiding, and in which men of distinction from a distance were taking part, he came out, and received us with a suavity and kindness of the most friendly tone and aspect. When the object of the interview was intimated, his countenance beamed with benevolence, sympathy, and pleasure; and he insisted on receiving us officially at the Hotel de Ville, and there to accept the words of brotherly greeting which the citizens of Chelmsford had addressed, through him to the inhabitants of Caen. So having taken his *congé* of the Convention of Antiquaries, he walked with us to the "Mansion House," conversing on the way upon the relations between France and England, and the vast interest both nations had at stake in each other's prosperity. He seated us by his table; and, after a few preliminary observations, we handed him the excellent address from Chelmsford, which he read aloud, slowly and emphatically, in English. When he had concluded, we made a few additional remarks, in reference to the prevalence of the sentiments expressed by the address among a great portion of the people of Great Britain, towards their French brethren and neighbors. He then, with a warmth and heartiness of expression we cannot describe, responded to these sentiments. He said they met and were received with the deep

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and complete sympathy of his own heart, and he might say, of the heart of the whole French nation. He was proud and happy to be the medium of communication of such ideas and sentiments to the inhabitants of Caen from their English neighbors. It was the earnest desire, as it was the vital interest, of the French people to live in peace and good neighborhood with England and all nations. Not only the higher and educated classes, but the great working class of France — in fact, all who followed honest occupations of industry — wished for peace. They knew that war would sweep away and destroy all their liberties. Wars of conquest had passed away for ever; and no war could be possible except a struggle for a principle — for the preservation of national independence. We regret much that we are unable to recall his exact words, and to give the manner in which he uttered them. They would have amply rewarded those who got up the address from Chelmsford for all their labor. Suffice it to say, he continued in this strain for some time; and as soon as we arose to leave, he took us warmly by the hand, and followed us in that manner out of the room to the head of the stairs, giving new and more animated utterance to the pleasure he experienced in receiving such a fraternal greeting to his countrymen, exclaiming, among other expressions, "We are all created of one blood!" He was a most venerable man, of about sixty-five, a fine, bland, French gentleman, of the cast and carriage of the great *savant* Arago. Nothing could have been more gratifying and encouraging than the result of this interview. It was a beginning for which one might truly "thank God and take courage." The steamer was to leave for Havre at 11 A. M.; and but little more than half an hour remained to prepare for our departure. But on the way to the hotel, Mr. Melon took us into the old church, in which repose the remains of William the Conqueror. His sword has rusted

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with him to ashes, and shall have no resurrection; while the Olive Leaf, like the principle it represents, shall live in everlasting greenness and beauty.

Mr. Melon took the copies of the address, and engaged to give one to each of the three journals; and we parted, mutually delighted with the experience of the morning. Returned to Havre, and, at six, left that town for Rouen, where we arrived too late to do anything that evening. The next morning, early, we called upon the English Consul, and stated to him the object of our visit. He very cordially offered his services to promote it, and immediately sent a message to the mayor, asking an interview. While waiting for an answer, we made copies of the Friendly Address from York to Rouen, for the three journals published in the city. The mayor appointed 2 P. M. for the presentation; and the English Consul took us to the Hotel de Ville in his carriage. The mayor soon arrived, and we were conducted into his official apartment, and received by him with an easy courtesy, which made one at home with him at once. After a few introductory words from the Consul, we prefaced the presentation of the address from York with a few remarks on the object of this and similar communications to the French people. We dwelt with earnest emphasis on the fact, that a great portion of the inhabitants of Great Britain deprecated the expression of any sentiments, during the debates on the Militia Bill in Parliament, which savored of unfriendliness or lack of confidence towards their French neighbors; and that these Friendly Addresses were one of the means by which thousands of the people of Great Britain desired to correct any unfavorable impression which the passage of that Bill, and the ideas which it represented, might have produced on the public mind of France. We then handed a translation of the address to the mayor, and read to him

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the original. The noble and generous sentiments it expressed seemed to touch his sensibilities, and he replied to them with great apparent feeling. He could say for himself, and the people of Rouen, that they could fully and cordially reciprocate these fraternal ideas and words on the part of their English brethren and neighbors. The interests of the two great countries were identical, and daily increasing in importance and variety. He rejoiced in everything that could cement their union; and would address to the lord mayor of York a response to the fraternal and friendly communication which bore his signature. On rising to take our leave, he took both our hands in his, and followed us to the door, expressing his gratification in the warmest terms at the reception of such a document. On our way back from the Hotel de Ville, the Consul gave us a few items of his personal history, which were interesting. He is a Frenchman, and was taken prisoner, and carried to England, during the last war. He dwelt with honest satisfaction upon the fact, that he now represented at Rouen the interests of the nation against which he once fought; and his participation in this brotherly interchange of kindly sentiments between the two countries pleased him right well.

We reached Paris on the 21st of August, and immediately entered upon the preliminaries to the discharge of our commission to that city; to which the great capitals of the United Kingdom had each addressed a fraternal greeting. The address from London was signed by four members of Parliament; by the secretaries and representatives of several of the prominent Societies; and by more than 1,500 respectable citizens. The address from Edinburgh was signed by the lord provost, by several magistrates, councillors, ministers, and many of the most influential inhabitants of that city. The people-letter from Glasgow bore the signatures

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of the lord provost, of four members of Parliament, magistrates, councillors, ministers of the Gospel, and about 1,800 other citizens, embodying and expressing the sentiment of that great commercial city. The fourth address emanated from Dublin, and bore the signature of the lord mayor, and other eminent citizens of the Irish metropolis. The aspect and augury of this manifestation of brotherly feeling were full of interest. Here were the capitals of the three kingdoms composing the British realm, extending their hands across the Channel to the great metropolis of France, with a warm and earnest utterance of good will and good wishes. It was a right brotherly act of Christian neighborhood — an incident betokening the morning of a better day in the intercourse and reciprocal estimation of these two peoples, who, in mutual antagonism, have filled the world with discord; but linked in the union to which these messagss aspire, may harmonize the nations of Christendom to peace and brotherhood. Owing to the absence from Paris of many of the friends of peace, and other parties whose co-operation was desirable, considerable delay attended the presentation of the addresses. It was a season of the year when every one who could indulge in the luxury was in the country. But we found most earnest, active, and sympathetic coadjutors in Joseph Garnier and Charles Read. The name of the former must be well known to many of our readers, and to all who were present at the three last Congresses of Peace. At first, there was some doubt in reference to the authority to whom the addresses should be presented, or whether they should be placed in the hands of the head mayor of Paris, or in those of the prefect of the Seine, whose jurisdiction is more extensive and political. But the prefect was also in the country, and would not return for several weeks. So we concluded to present the interesting communications to the *doyen*, or

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president of the twelve mayors of the metropolis, who was really a better representative of its municipal interests than the other personage. On Tuesday, August 31st, therefore, in company with Joseph Garnier and Charles Read, we waited on M. Monin-Jappy who received us with the greatest cordiality, and entered into the object of the "mission" with lively sympathy. He hailed with hearty satisfaction every measure, and every manifestation of mutual respect and esteem, which tended to unite the two nations more closely in the bonds of peace and good-will. Such a union was of vast importance, not only to their best interests, but to the progress and development of Christianity and civilization throughout the world. He was sure that the citizens of Paris, and the whole nation, would receive these assurances of friendly feeling on the part of the English people with peculiar satisfaction, as a more truthful expression of the sentiment of the English nation towards France than had been presented in certain London journals, which pretended to represent its opinions. He himself was happy to testify to an interesting and salutary change in those opinions, in regard to the French, from his own personal observation and experience. He had visited England several times, and had marked the progress of this change with great delight. In 1829, he first crossed the Channel on business in London; and was embarrassed and mortified at the prejudice which seemed to pervade even the commercial world against his countrymen. They appeared to be regarded as a mere nation of barbers, and but little pains were taken to conceal this dislike by the men with whom he had dealings. He was treated with coldness, and something that savored of distrust. The next time he visited England, we understood, was in 1841; when he was highly gratified to perceive a decided change in the deportment and disposition of the people towards the French. His country and countrymen had

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manifestly come to be regarded in another light — with much esteem and confidence. He no longer saw or heard those little expressions of dislike and distrust, to which he could not shut his eye or ear during his first visit. He was everywhere treated with cordial respect, and was happy to receive it as offered to his character as a Frenchman, rather than to that of the merchant. In 1851, he again crossed the Channel, and visited several of the chief cities of the kingdom, and was delighted with the progress or the consummation of the change he had perceived when last in the country. Everywhere he was treated with the utmost cordiality and kindness. His character as a Frenchman seemed to be a passport to every good office and act of courtesy. He dwelt with peculiar interest upon his visit to Manchester — upon the most generous and hearty kindness of some of the leading manufacturers of that town. They would take him over their extensive works, and show him, to the minutest details, all the machinery, and every process they employed in producing their celebrated fabrics; thus thoroughly acquainting him with all the means and secrets of their success, to which, as a Frenchman, he would have been debarred admission, a few years before. He was thus well prepared to believe in the sincerity of those expressions of esteem and good-will, which the addresses from the chief cities of Great Britain conveyed to the inhabitants of Paris, and to the whole French nation. He entertained a doubt whether the official reception of these communications came within the competency of the mayors of Paris; but he would covene a special meeting of his colleagues, and would lay the subject before them. If they decided that they were competent to receive the addresses, he was quite confident that they would concur with a proposition which he would submit, to send a collective letter of acknowledgment to the lord mayors of Edinburgh, Dublin, and Glasgow, and to some

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one heading the London address, responding to the friendly greetings which bore their signatures. As we arose to depart, he adverted to the Peace Congress in Paris, and to a very interesting incident connected with it, which had made a lively impression on his mind. Some of the friends of peace from England, desirous of leaving behind them a souvenir of that great occasion, had presented copies of the New Testament to many French persons, and one to himself among others, which he received with especial pleasure. About six months after this, he was confined to his bed by a severe indisposition; and one morning, while his daughter was reading to him, from this very copy of the New Testament, the Archbishop of Paris came in to see him, to whom he related the circumstances in which it had been presented. He dwelt upon this incident with manifest feeling, and it seemed to superadd a pleasant element to the interest of the interview.

Such was the substance of the mayor's observations, so far as we are able to recall them. He spoke at times with great vivacity, and we were unable to recover some of his earnest and emphatic expressions. The next day, after the meeting of the mayors, we waited upon him again, to learn the result of their deliberations. He said that he met at the time appointed, and that he read to them the Friendly Addresses from London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Glasgow, the sentiments of which they received with infinite satisfaction. But after a consultation, which lasted about two hours, they concluded unanimously that the prefect of the Seine was the only authority who could officially receive the communications. They then appointed a deputation of their number to wait upon the *sous-préfet* at the Hotel de Ville; but that functionary did not feel himself competent to act in the matter, in the absence of the chief of the department. As we were anxious to continue our journey to other cities of France in the discharge of

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the commission we had undertaken, M. Monin-Jappy very cordially engaged to wait upon the prefect of the Seine, immediately on his return to Paris, place in his hands the four addresses, and exert his influence to elicit an official response from that authority. This assurance he reiterated in the following note, which we received in Lyons: —

"PARIS, Sept. 7, 1852.

"Sir, — In compliance with the desire you have expressed, on the return of the prefect of the Seine to Paris, I will hasten to remit to him the addresses which you have confided to my care, and ask him to give to them all attention. As to myself, I am happy that this circumstance has procured me the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, and I shall see with satisfaction the augmentation of the relations of esteem, good-will, and amity, between your compatriots and my own, based upon sentiments of reciprocal confidence. I renew to you, Sir, the assurance of my most perfect consideration, and beg you to accept the expression of my profound respect.

"MONIN-JAPPY.

"TO MR. ELIHU BURRITT."

Having thus done all that seemed in our power, to present the addresses to the authorities, we now proceeded to endeavor to present them to the people of Paris, through the medium of the public press. We prepared a manuscript copy of one of the communications for each of the eight leading journals, accompanying it with a letter to the editor, explaining at considerable length the object and origin of these friendly messages.

We took these communications personally to the offices of the eight journals, and had an interview with several of the editors, who expressed themselves in hearty sympathy with the sentiments thus addressed to the French metropolis and nation. This was on Saturday, September 4th; and on the following Monday, two influential journals, the *Pays* and the *Siècle*, published, one the

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address from London, — the other, that of Glasgow, with our letter of explanation, and some excellent remarks from both the editors. These, with extracts from other journals, giving the spirit of the French press in reference to the Friendly Addresses, will appear elsewhere; and we will not dwell upon them here. Suffice it to say, that they realized all that our sanguine hopes could warrant us to expect.

On Monday, September 6th, we left Paris, and proceeded on our journey southward. Passed the night at Fontainbleau, and early next morning, waited upon the mayor of that old palace-town, to present an address to its inhabitants through him, from Fordingbridge, Hants. He is the son of the celebrated Polignac, who figured so conspicuously in the French Ministry — a grave-looking man, of about sixty. He received us without any delay, although it was at an unusual hour, and was very kindly and courteous in his deportment. We entered immediately upon the object of the interview, stating the origin and object of the Friendly Addresses. As we proceeded, he made occasional remarks, signifying his approbation and sympathy, which were frequently reflected in expressions of his countenance. When we had concluded our statements, he replied, saying that the sentiments expressed in these communications found an echo and response in his own mind, and he had no doubt they would be received by the authorities and inhabitants of Fontainbleau with lively sympathy. He would convene the Municipal Council in a few days, and present to them the Friendly Address from Fordingbridge, which we had placed in his hands, and they would determine upon the response to be addressed to the people of that town. For himself, he felt highly gratified with being the medium of communicating such a salutation to the inhabitants of Fontainbleau. His manner was very cordial and easy, and we took

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leave, feeling much encouraged by the result of the interview; as it proved that we might address ourself directly to the mayors of different French towns, without the formality of an introduction.

We proceeded next to the venerable old city of Dijon, the metropolis of Burgundy, and the semi-regal residence of its famous dukes of the olden time. Dundee and Darlington had sent each a fraternal greeting to this goodly city. Having been furnished with a circular letter of introduction to the Protestant ministers in the south of France, by a gentleman occupying a high position in the department of the Minister of Justice, in Paris, we immediately waited upon Pasteur Pertuzon, who received us with the greatest kindness, and rendered us most valuable assistance. We repaired to the Hotel de Ville, and obtained an immediate interview with the mayor, who received us in a frank, unceremonious manner. After a few words of introduction from the Pasteur Pertuzon, we explained at considerable length the spirit, motive, and origin of the Friendly Addresses. He listened with marked interest, occasionally throwing in an expression of assent and sympathy. When we had concluded our observations, M. Pertuzon read the translation of the Dundee address, and, in order to give the mayor some idea of the manner in which these interesting communications had been received elsewhere, he read to him the whole article in the Caen journal, and the Chelmsford address which elicited it. The mayor then replied in a frank, earnest manner, and said he could respond from his heart to the kind and generous sentiments expressed in the salutations from Dundee and Darlington. He most cordially welcomed them, and the people of Dijon would warmly reciprocate them. It was a good thing to interchange such sentiments between the people of the two countries. He would not disguise the fact, that the French nation had frequently occasion to com

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plain of the embarrassments created by the English Government; but an increasing esteem and confidence were being manifested in the English people. The continuance of pacific relations was vitally important to their mutual interests. All the prosperity and progress of the nation they owed to peace; but war, he said, energetically, was a work of mere destruction — the work of the devil *(l'œuvre du demon)*. He would convene a special meeting of the Municipal Council, and present to them the addresses from Dundee and Darlington; and they would decide upon the response which should be sent to those towns. We next called upon the editors of the three principal journals, all of whom expressed a lively interest in these people-letters from Great Britain, and promised to insert them with sympathetic comments.

We now continued our journey southward, and reached Lyons in the evening of Friday, September 10th. Liverpool had sent a noble greeting, full of warm, generous, and fraternal feeling, to this great metropolis of French manufactures — a city in which industrial wealth puts on as stately an appearance as it ever wore on earth, — where human skill and labor ply all their bee-winged and ingenious activities in solid palaces of hewn stone, towering up to six or seven lofty stories. It was a meet and proper thing that Liverpool should say a brotherly word to such a city. The next morning after our arrival we called on the American Consul, as there was no such functionary representing England stationed at this important centre. He immediately entered into the object of our visit with hearty good-will. On inquiry, we found that Lyons was the only city in France placed in the same category as Paris, or where the prefect of the Department is invested also with the authority of mayor of the town. But he was at the moment in Paris, arranging for the visit of the President; so that the General Secretary of the Prefecture was the only authority

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to whom we could present the address. At three. P. M., we therefore repaired to the Hotel de la Prefecture; and, although the ante-room was thronged with persons soliciting an audience, we obtained one without any delay. He received us with frank and easy politeness, and was exceedingly affable. The American Consul, who was intimately acquainted with him, introduced the object of the interview, and we followed with a more full and detailed explanation. When we had concluded, he spoke for a few minutes in an earnest and emphatic manner. He said that the authorities and citizens of Lyons would receive with lively sensibility such an expression of kindly feeling on the part of the inhabitants of the great commercial town of Liverpool. The interests of both these large towns were vitally blended with the perpetuation of peace and friendly relations. Not only the population of Lyons, but of all France, would respond with cordial sympathy to these amical sentiments, thus addressed to them by their English neighbors; and he was sure that the French Government would regard with lively approbation the growth, cultivation, and interchange of such sentiments between the two nations. He would confer with the prefect on the subject, immediately on his return from Paris, and they would feel it a duty and honor to address such a response to the signers of the communication from Liverpool, as its noble expressions deserved. This was as satisfactory as we could have expected; and we took our leave, highly gratified at the result, and fully assured that the friends in Liverpool, who labored with such assiduous faith and activity in preparing such a communication to Lyons, would feel rewarded for their efforts. Having made a manuscript copy of the address for each of the three principal journals of the city, we waited upon its editor, explained the object and nature of the movement, and asked him to insert the communication, together

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with our letter, and such remarks as he might be disposed to make on the subject. They all expressed much interest in this system of inspiring mutual good-will and esteem between the two countries, and promised to insert the papers in their respective journals. This they all fulfilled; two of them making the subject the topic of their leading articles. Our readers will see, from the comments in the *Salut Public*, especially, how this overture of brotherly words from Liverpool was regarded by the editor of that journal. We hope the response of the prefect, superadded to this result, will satisfy our friends in Liverpool that their labor of love was not lost.

The next day, September 12th, we proceeded down the Rhone to Valence, where the greater Bonaparte first "practised recitative," and played at soldiery as an obscure and undeveloped lieutenant. We had an address to this old city from Woodbridge, Suffolk; and early next morning, finding that the steamer would leave for the South between nine and ten, A. M., we repaired to the Hotel de la Prefecture, and asked for an audience of the prefect before breakfast. This was immediately granted, and we were received by him with the kindest courtesy. We immediately entered upon the subject of the interview, and explained at considerable length, the origin, nature, and aim of the Friendly Addresses. He listened with fixed and sympathetic attention; and when we had finished our statements, he said that the mayor was the proper authority to receive such a communication; that he would himself place it in his hands. He expressed himself with much feeling on the subject, saying that he heartily approved of such manifestations of esteem and good-will between the people of the two countries. The great interests of both were involved in the maintenance of peace. Nothing could do more to establish the reign of peace, the reign of love, the reign of Christ on earth,

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than the intimate union and coöperation of England and France. Only let them give each other the hand *(qu'elles se donnent la main)*, and they would bring the nations into harmony, and propel them forward in the path of progress. He spoke with fervor, accompanying us from one room to another, and down the stairway to the door, reiterating these earnest expressions, and repeating, among others, very emphatically, "*Que l'Angleterre et la France se donnent la main.*" We mutually responded to this aspiration, so far as it could be done literally and by proxy, by two humble individuals, on parting. This was peculiarly a pleasant incident, and we did not regret our mistake in waiting upon the prefect instead of the mayor, as the latter will receive the address from the best hands; and the former is a personage of far higher official position, and more intimately connected with the Government. Thus a double presentation of the message will be accomplished.

At about ten the same morning, we continued down the Rhone to Avignon, that old city of the Popes, whose enormous, massive Palace rears its impregnable walls, grim with sullen antiquity, nearly as high as those that girdled Babylon. Ashford, Kent, had addressed a greeting to this venerable city; and immediately on our arrival, we entered upon the discharge of our commission. Called first upon Pasteur Dardier, who readily and heartily rendered us all the assistance we could desire. After translating the address into French, we waited upon Mr. King, an excellent English gentleman, of great wealth, benevolence, and influence, who has resided in Avignon for thirty years. He expressed a warm interest in the movement, and went with us to the Hotel de Ville, where we were immediately introduced to the associate mayors, or the two first aldermen, who presided in the absence of the mayor. After a few words from Pasteur Dardier and Mr. King, we spoke for a few minutes; then the translation of the Address

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was read. The first alderman then arose, and responded in a fluent, earnest manner, saying that the expression of such sentiments would be received with lively sensibility and satisfaction by the inhabitants of Avignon and of the whole country, who would heartily reciprocate and appreciate them. He dwelt upon the desirableness and effect of such manifestations of mutual esteem and confidence with much feeling and fervor. Both Mr. King and Pasteur Dardier seemed delighted at the result of this inserview; especially the former, who had been afflicted at the course of the London *Times*, and several other English journals, which had manifested a disposition to stir up bitterness and strife between the countries, by their virulent attacks upon the French Government. We next waited upon the editors of the two principal journals, who readily promised to insert the communication from Ashford.

From Avignon we proceeded to Nismes, the Acropolis of all Roman antiquities out of Rome itself; yet a kind of Nottingham, in the loom-and-needle activities of modern civilization. And Nottingham had addressed a fraternal greeting to the citizens of this interesting town, and Norwich had sent another, full of noble sentiments. We found Jules Paradon, a member of the small Society of Friends established here, who entered with hearty good-will into the object of our mission. He translated the two addresses into French; and, having made a copy of each for the mayor also, we repaired to the Hotel de Ville, and obtained an audience immediately. The mayor, a large, grave-looking man, of about sixty-five, received us with great urbanity of manner, and listened to our exposition of the object of the Friendly Addresses with marked interest. Jules Paradon then read to him the two communications from Nottingham and Norwich, which seemed to inspire him with great satisfaction. He then drew his

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chair nearer to us, and responded in an earnest manner. He said he was deeply sensible to the noble generosity of such sentiments of good-will and esteem from England. The inhabitants of Nismes could well reciprocate them. They were an industrial population, and derived their labor and sustenance from the maintenance of peace. War could only bring disaster to them. Of all persons in the world, those engaged in manufacture and commerce had the largest interest in cultivating and preserving amical relations between all countries. The working men of Nismes could understand and appreciate the importance of these relations. He continued in this strain for a few minutes, then made some inquiries about the manufactures of Nottingham; and when we informed him that they consisted chiefly in hosiery, gloves, etc., he said those were the articles mostly fabricated in Nismes, and expressed much interest in this coincidence. He said he would present the addresses to the Municipal Council in a few days, and they would address such a response to Norwich and Nottingham, as the salutations of those towns so richly merited. After taking the name of an individual in each town to whom an acknowledgment might be directed, he again reiterated his gratification on receiving such communications to the town of Nismes, and we withdrew, feeling that this quiet mission of peace and good-will was indeed a blessed work. We next waited upon the editors of the two principal journals, whom we found in sincere sympathy with the spirit and object of this enterprise.

We then proceeded westward to Toulouse, where we arrived on Monday evening, the 20th. The city of Bristol had addressed a fraternal salutation to this large and important town, which was the scene of a terrible battle between Wellington and Soult, in which 4,659 men of the allies fell, and nearly 3,000 of the French army, several days after Bonaparte had abdicated. Preparations

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were being made to celebrate the anniversary of this battle, in connection with the visit of Louis Napoleon. It might seem, at the first view of these circumstances, an unfavorable juncture for addressing such sentiments to the public mind of the city, and several friends regarded it in this light at first. But we were persuaded that their utterance at such a juncture was, rather than otherwise, an important and interesting coincidence, and capable of producing a salutary impression. We called immediately on the Messrs. Courtois, a family of brothers and bankers, whose deep, active piety and universal benevolence have made them known and respected all over France. They were most kind and helpful, rendering us all the assistance in their power. They had the address translated, and copies made for the mayor and the journals. We met at their house Passeur Chabraud, who expressed his admiration and delight at such an extraordinary manifestation of friendly feeling towards the French nation, on the part of so many large communities in Great Britain. The idea of fifty of the most important towns in the United Kingdom addressing such people-letters to fifty large towns in France, appeared to him, as he said, a magnificent thought and act. He was well acquainted with the Prefect of the Department, and would present to him a copy of the Bristol address, and describe the movement to him, as he was virtually the municipal head of Toulouse, and chief or controller of the principal journal. The next day, Mr. Frank Courtois went with us to the Hotel de Ville, which was thronged with civil and military officials, in connection with the preparations for the reception of the President. But we obtained a short interview without much delay. The mayor, who was a mere temporary occupant of the position he filled, a grave, *ancient militaire*, received us with serious politeness; and Mr. Courtois immediately entered upon the subject of the audience. He then

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read aloud the translation of the address, and added a few words of explanation. We made a few remarks upon the object of these fraternal communications, and concluded by expressing the hope that the municipal authorities and citizens of Toulouse would cordially accept and reciprocate these friendly sentiments; and that an assurance to that effect would be sent by post to the mayor of Bristol, and those who had signed the address. "It shall be done," he replied, and arose as if this declaration were all he felt it necessary to say in response.

From Toulouse we continued westward to Montauban, one of the whitest, cleanliest, most elegant towns in France, and the seat of a Protestant college of high distinction. We had two friendly addresses to present here, — one from Modbury, Devon, and another from Malden, Essex. It was in the time of vacation, and nearly all the members of the faculty were in the country. So we were obliged to go alone to the Hotel de Ville; where, after a little delay, occasioned by the preparations for the reception of the President, we were admitted to an interview with the mayor, a large, good-humored looking man, with a florid and benevolent face. He was standing with his secretary by his side, and received us very kindly. We immediately introduced the subject of our mission, and explained the object of the Friendly Addresses at considerable length. We spoke with considerable freedom and earnestness, and he listened with marked interest. His secretary also came near, and inclined his ear towards us, as if to catch all we said. When we had concluded our statements, the mayor replied in a cordial manner, expressing his lively satisfaction at the utterance of such sentiments towards the French nation. They would be received with hearty sympathy by his countrymen. It was indeed an easy thing, he said, to bring the people of the two countries into friendly sympathy and harmony with each other.

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On the part of the French, this feeling of esteem for the English nation had of late years become more common and strong. All that seemed to be wanting to perfect this union, was to bring the antagonistic journals into the same harmony; to bring them to represent and express the real opinion and sentiment of the two countries in reference to each other; and to establish the same friendly affinities and sympathies between the two Governments as existed between the two peoples. When this was effected, a complete and lasting union would ensue, which would be a blessing to themselves and the world. He continued in this strain of remark earnestly for a while, and then said, as the temporary representative of the municipal authority of the town, he felt highly gratified to be the medium of communication to his fellow-citizens of such generous sentiments of esteem and good-will on the part of the two English towns whose salutations we had put into his hands, and he had no doubt that the municipal council would address to each a cordial response.

On leaving the Hotel de Ville, we again called at the residence of Prof. G. de Felice, and found, to our great delight, that he had just arrived from the country. He kindly offered to translate the address, and send a copy to each of the journals. He also entered into all our movements with right hearty good-will, and seemed to understand them thoroughly. He is especially interested in the Ocean Penny Postage project, and promised to co-operate in pressing it forward in France. He is well read in the spirit, principles and progress of all the reformatory movements in England and America. His essay on the "*Immediate and Complete Emancipation of the Slaves,*" is a powerful production, to which the abolition of slavery in the French colonies is deeply indebted. He had also commenced a work on the subject of peace, which was suspended in consequence of what he deemed the inauspicious events

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of December. But the friends of liberty, peace, and progress, may count upon him as an able co-worker, profoundly acquainted with all the qualities and characteristics of the French people, and eminently fitted to address them in the most efficient manner on these subjects.

Left Montauban for Bordeaux, which we reached on Friday, September 24. The friends of peace in Birmingham had again sent a greeting of good-will to this great and noble eporium of commerce, which, for elegance and affluence, can hardly be surpassed on the continent of Europe. About five years ago, Birmingham had sent a fraternal salutation to Bordeaux, whose sentiments nearly 5,000 persons, assembled in their great Town hall, espoused by acclamation. A response to this address, signed by 1,700 of the first citizens of Bordeaux, was conveyed to Birmingham by the mayor of the former city, M. Duffour Dubergier, whose zeal in the free-trade movement is well known in England. Immediately on our arrival, we called upon Pasteur Laharpe, who translated the address, and rendered us all the aid in his power in the kindliest manner. The next day we repaired together to the Hotel de Ville, and without delay obtained an interview with the mayor, who received us with great cordiality. M. Laharpe introduced the object of the audience we had asked, and made a few remarks, and then read the translation of the address, to which the mayor listened with a lively expression of sympathy and satisfaction. We then spoke of the circumstances and motives in which those fraternal communications had originated. When we had concluded our observations, the mayor responded very heartily, and said that such manifestations of good feeling on the part of the English people, could not fail to produce a deep and salutary impression upon his fellow-citizens and countrymen. Their great interests were involved in the permanence of peace with all

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nations. They earnestly desired peace at all price, except at the cost of honor and justice. No population could more fully appreciate its blessings than the people of that commercial city, nor be more ready to reciprocate such sentiments as the address from Birmingham conveyed to them. He then said that the municipal council were to meet on the following Wednesday, and he would lay the communication before them; and he was sure that they would return an early and sympathetic response to such a friendly salutation. He gave us his hand warmly at leaving, and reiterated his gratification at receiving such a generous expression of kindly feeling towards the French people. We next prepared copies of the address, and sent them, with our letter of explanation, to four journals of the city, three of which published the communication at length.

We now turned our course northward toward Paris, and reached Limoges, September 28th, for which town we had an address from Guildford. Here, also, we found the Protestant pasteur, M. Lesavoureaux, ready to assist us most heartily. He translated the excellent address, and after having made copies for the mayor and the principal journal, we went to the Hotel de Ville to present it. But, unfortunately, the mayor was not in, and we were obliged to leave it for him, with a note, explaining its object and aim, hoping it would elicit a response which would be gratifying to those who were active in getting up the excellent communication.

We left Limoges at 5 P. M., and riding all night in a diligence, reached the famous old town of Poitiers early in the morning. Youghal, Ireland, had addressed a neighborly and fraternal salutation to this ancient city. Pasteur Poupot entered into this mission of good-will right heartily, and translated the address, and accompanied us to the Hotel de Ville to present it. But the

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mayor had been called out of town, and we could only see his *adjoint*, who received us very courteously, and listened to our remarks with marked attention. He said he would hand the address to the mayor on his return, and leave him to respond its sentiments. We next called upon the editors of the two journals, who were also very cordial, and promised to insert the communications. We left at 6 P. M. for Tours, without having time to see the "lions" of this venerable old city. As the railway train thundered out from under the shadow of its old walls, one could not but wonder at the changes that have supervened since the Black Prince fought his battle here, and filled the surrounding country with his feats of heroic barbarism.

We had an address from Hertford to Tours, and early on the next day, October 1st, we called on Pasteur Fuzier, who immediately rendered us all the help that we needed in discharging our commission. He translated the address, and accompanied us to the Hotel de Ville, where we soon obtained an interview with the mayor, though he was busy supervising the preparations for the President's reception. He received us with a frank and easy courtesy, and M. Fuzier introduced the subject of our mission, and we followed with our usual statements, to which he listened with evident gratification. The address was then read, and its kind and friendly sentiments elicited an earnest and warm response. He said that the citizens of Tours, and the French people generally, would heartily reciprocate these salutations of friendship and esteem from England. The inclinations of his countrymen, as well as their interests, were for peace and amity with all nations, especially with England. The inhabitants of Tours were peculiarly disposed to sympathize with these friendly ideas. Their city had been, in times past, the favorite residence of a large number of English people, whose wealth and benevolence had much advanced

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the best interests of the community of which they were welcome and valuable members. Nothing could be more agreeable to him and his fellow-citizens than to see these amical relations and dispositions so developed and cemented as to render their social fellowship more intimate and extensive, thus increasing the number of English residents in their midst, and inspiring them with the sentiment of home, and its comforts and confidence. He spoke with feeling and fervor, and we regret we are not able to cite some of his emphatic expressions more literally. We took our leave, well satisfied at the result of this interview. Tours is truly a beautiful, clean, elegant city, and we do not wonder that hundreds of English people have yielded to its attractions as a place of residence.

We proceeded the same evening to Angers, for which town we had an address from Banbury. Here also we found a cordial helper in the Protestant pasteur, M. Séry. Although it was Saturday, and he was consequently much engaged in preparing for the Sabbath, he kindly rendered us all the assistance we could desire. Having made copies of the address for the mayor and the journals, he accompanied us to the Hotel de Ville. The mayor being absent, we presented the address to his *adjoint*, who received it with great cordiality, although at first he seemed doubtful what official cognizance should be taken of a communication which did not emanate from a municipal body, but from a number of individuals. He referred to the Peace Congress in Paris, and expressed himself warmly in favor, as an individual, of all good efforts to establish friendly relations, peace, and goodwill between different countries; and could heartily reciprocate the fraternal and kindly sentiments of the address which we had put into his hands. He would hand it to the mayor on his return, who would undoubtedly respond cordially to its expression of good-

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will and esteem towards the citizens of Angers and the people of France. Having taken a copy of the address to each of the journals, we left this antique old city for Nantes the same evening.

Chichester had addressed a kindly greeting to Nantes, and early on Monday morning, Oct. 4th, we prepared for its presentation. Mr. Taylor, an English gentleman, who had long resided in the city, rendered us all needful and hearty assistance, as did the Protestant pastors upon whom we called. Mr. Taylor went with us to the Hotel de Ville; but unfortunately the mayor had not come in from his country residence. This we much regretted, as we had understood he was a Protestant, and a very excellent man, and likely to sympathize warmly with the sentiments of the address. But his *adjoint* was extremely cordial, and received us with great kindness and courtesy. The secretary also came in from his bureau, and manifested the liveliest interest in the commission we had to discharge. We explained at length the nature, origin, aim, and extent of these extraordinary expressions of brotherly feeling towards the French people. He responded in an earnest, animated manner, testifying his deep gratification at these proofs of esteem and confidence on the part of so many large communities in Great Britain towards the French nation. He and his compatriots could heartily reciprocate these generous and friendly sentiments. They were sensible to all the blessings and benefits of uninterrupted peace and amity with all countries, especially with England, with whom they were connected by so many social and commercial ties and relations of good neighborhood. He spoke with much earnestness, and seem d touched by this novel and unexpected salutation from an English town. He said he would put the address into the mayor's hands as soon as he came in, and hoped that such a response would be forwarded to the citizens of Chichester as would testify the lively sympa-

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thy with which their fraternal greeting had been received. He pressed our hand warmly in both of his at parting, and both he and the secretary accompanied us to the stairway, expressing their good wishes for the success of our mission. This was a very interesting interview, and we left the Hotel de Ville very much gratified at the result. We addressed a letter to each of the four journals published in the city, to which Mr. Taylor most kindly added a copy of the address taken by his own hand. These were despatched immediately, and both appeared in all the journals to which they were sent. Thus the widest publicity was given to those sentiments and principles of peace put forth in the people-letter from Chichester.

We left at five P. M. for Orleans, where we arrived about midnight. We had an address from Worcester to this venerable old city, and early in the morning called upon Pasteur Noagarède, who entered into the work with hearty good-will. He translated the address, and went with us to the Hotel de Ville, where we obtained an interview with the mayor immediately. He was much pressed with calls, and, in his haste, began to reply to our statements before he had understood the nature of the communication we presented to him. He conceived that it was a kind of circular appeal, addressed by a number of the friends of peace to all the large towns in France, and the secretary asked if the signatures which it bore were not stereotyped. We succeeded in correcting this impression, which was rather an unfortunate one for the first, and occupied much of our short interview with explanations. He, however, expressed much sympathy with the efforts to promote peace and good-will between different countries. M. Noagarède offered to write him a letter, and send him a copy of the Caen journal, containing the excellent comments on the

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Chelmsford address, in order to give him a correct idea of the character of these interesting communications.

We reached Paris the same evening, Tuesday, Oct. 5th, having occupied just a month in our tour in the south and west of France. Here we remained a few days, and sent by post, to about twenty different towns, the addresses which we were unable to deliver in person. We forwarded with each a letter to the mayor, explaining the origin and aim of these communications, and expressing an earnest hope that he would respond by post to the sentiments addressed to his fellow-citizens through him. Having thus brought this mission to a conclusion, we left Paris for London on Monday, Oct. 11. On our way, we presented an address from Ipswich to Amiens, which was cordially received by the *adjoint* of the mayor, the latter being absent. The address from Leeds to Lille was the last that we had the pleasure to present personally. The mayor received us with the kindliest courtesy, and received the message-words from Leeds with lively manifestations of sympathy. He said that he and his fellow-citizens, and the French people generally, could heartily respond to the fraternal sentiments of their English neighbors, and share their warmest wishes for the continuance of peace and friendly relations between the two countries, which, to a certain extent, held in their hands the destinies of the world. All their great interests were becoming more and more indentified, while their social and commercial relations increased in value and variety from day to day. The whole French people wished for peace; for it was the hope and basis of all their prosperity and progress. And the Government echoed and developed this sentiment of the people in its attitude and policy towards other countries. As a proof of this, he need only refer to the speech of the President at Bordeaux, which he had just received and read in the journal that lay on his desk.

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It enhanced also the sympathy with which these sentiments of good-will would be received by his fellow-citizens, that they came from Leeds, between which town and their own there were important and intimat commercial relations. He spoke with animation in this strain for some time, and concluded with an intimation that an early response would be forwarded to the salutation from Leeds.

This was a very satisfactory termination of our mission; and we reached London the same evening, after a sojourn in France of about two months. During this time we presented Friendly Addresses to the following towns, and in the following order:—

Caen, Rouen, Paris (4), Fontainbleau, Dijon (2), Lyons, Valence, Avignon, Nismes (2), Toulouse, Moutauban (2), Bordeaux, Limoges, Poitiers, Tours, Angers, Nantes, Orleans, Amiens, Lille; in all, twenty-five.

We sent by post, or by *messagerie*, addresses to Besançon, Grenoble, Toulon, Bayonne, Brest, Rennes, Bourges, Blois, Nevers, Barfleur, Honfleur, Bayeux, Soissons, Cambrai, Douai, Calais, Boulogne, Montpellier, Compiegne, Aubenas, Auxerre, Cavaillon, St. Quentin, Livrons, Beauvais; numbering also twenty-five.

In addition to these, an address, signed by the mayor and a large number of the influential citizens of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was sent to Nantes through the French Consul at that port. Another was transmitted through the same medium from North Shields to Havre. A third was forwarded from Chatham to Cherbourg.

We have described the manner in which these friendly greetings have been received by the municipal authorities of the town to which they were presented. But their presentation to the people of France, through the public press, was the most impor

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tant part of the mission, and the reception and response of that press have been most cordial and complete. Copies of the addresses, with the letter of explanation, were sent to about fifty different journals, of which about half inserted them at full length, while several made them the subject of editorial leaders or articles; the spirit of which will be seen in the quotations we have given elsewhere from their columns. Perhaps it may not be too much to say, that three-fourths of all the journals published in France have noticed, more or less briefly, these novel but important communications from Great Britain. The journals of Germany, Italy, and other parts of the Continent, have communicated to their readers the fact of this movement, in short articles or paragraphs. Even the London *Times* has deemed it worthy of its notice and condemnation, — a tribute to its influence and value which we would highly appreciate. Indeed, the enterprise itself would never have seen the light, had it not been for the course of that journal, and of papers and persons that breathed its spirit, toward the French nation. Perhaps this rather extraordinary and direct communication between the great communities of one country and the populations of another, may convey to that *Jupiter Tonans* of the press, and to kindred papers and parties, a gentle intimation that the day is close at hand, perhaps, when a salutary limitation will be imposed to their capacity of mischief; — when neither antagonistic journals nor opinionated diplomacy will find it as easy as heretofore to sting and irritate neighboring peoples into mutual jealousy, defiance, and hostility; but when such peoples, and all peoples of Christendom, shall speak to each other face to face, or find, in the form which these fifty British towns have just adopted, a truthful expression of their mutual sentiments and interests. Most of these despatches of people-diplomacy were signed by the mayors of the towns from which they

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emanated, and by persons of influence of all political parties and denominations. For instance, the address from Glasgow bore the signatures of the lord provost, four members of Parliament, several magistrates and councillors, of clergymen of all denominations, and of 1,800 other citizens, including the first merchants, manufacturers, and men of that great commercial city. Perhaps, no petition to Parliament, or other document, ever went forth from it, clothed with more moral power of expression. Thus it was a *popular* movement in all its elements, tendencies, and issues. We believe it may well take a prominent place among the *faits accomplis* that have immediately preceded or succeeded the Great Exhibition, and worthy the genius of that grand event, both as a fact, a sign, and an augury of glorious promise to mankind.

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